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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

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## BALLADRY IN AMERICA<sup>1</sup>

BY H. M. BELDEN

WHEN I first learned, about seven years ago, that genuine old British ballads were still alive in the hearts and on the tongues of old-fashioned folk in the State in which I was living, I hastened with all the enthusiasm of the novice to publish a plan<sup>2</sup> for the systematic collection and comparison, chiefly through the students in our schools and colleges, of all balladry in America. I knew very little of the work that had already been done in the same field, or of the controversy that had grown up concerning the nature and history of ballads; I had, indeed, no very strict notion of what a ballad might be; but it seemed to me that co-operative collection of traditional song from the mouths of the people would do more than anything else to resolve our doubts as to the origin of ballads, their special character if they had one, their relation to print, to social conditions, and to book poetry; and with the valor of ignorance I asserted that ten years might see the whole problem, so far as America was concerned, cleared up,—collections completed and conclusions drawn. Naturally, a closer acquaintance with the problem chastened my presumption. Seven of the ten years are gone, considerable effort has been expended, and there are still plenty of questions unanswered. I recall my early indiscretion here, only because the plan still seems to me in the main a right one. Considerable progress has in fact been made, and the value of co-operative collection has been demonstrated. Our Annual Meeting seems a suitable occasion for a review of the work of collectors in America since the completion of Child's work, with such inferences regarding the results that may be looked for from the study as our progress justifies.

<sup>1</sup> This paper in its original form was read as the President's address at the Annual Meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society in Washington, December 28, 1911. As here printed, however, it has been carefully revised and considerably supplemented by Mr. Phillips Barry, to whom the author is indebted for much of the bibliographical matter both in the text and in the notes.

<sup>2</sup> "The Study of Folk-Song in America," *Modern Philology*, ii, pp. 573 ff.



Balladry, in the wide sense of the term, is found to be restricted to no one part of America. North and South, East and West, new settlements and old communities, populous centres and sparsely peopled regions, seem almost equally to love and to have preserved traditional popular song. Perhaps the most surprising development in the period under review is the amount and quality of traditional balladry found by Mr. Barry in the New England and Middle States.<sup>1</sup> Nearly four years ago he printed a list of "Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States" that he had collected. It contains 84 items, 28 of which are forms of the ballads admitted to Child's collection. Doubtless it has been very much increased since that time; indeed, several new items have since been made public in the *Journal* and elsewhere. Mr. Barry has found these ballads not only in the woods and remote villages of Vermont and New Hampshire, where one might expect to find them, but likewise in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and close to the shades of Harvard and the Boston State House. Still farther up the coast ("down," I suppose I ought to say), in Nova Scotia, Professor Mackenzie has found a store of ancient British ballads, of which he has printed some interesting specimens, as well as a highly significant account of the status of ballad-singing there and of the provenience of the ballads.<sup>2</sup>

No less favorable to the perpetuation of ballads are conditions in the Southern States. In Professor Child's time, ballads had been reported here and there from Virginia and the Carolinas. A few from the Cumberland Mountains were published in the year 1893;<sup>3</sup> six years later, two "poor buckra" ballads appeared in print;<sup>4</sup> and in 1904, still other songs and ballads of the mountain-folk were made known to the world.<sup>5</sup> In the following year a writer in the *Berea Quarterly* called attention to the notable prevalence<sup>6</sup> of ballad-singing

<sup>1</sup> P. Barry, "Some Traditional Songs," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii, pp. 49-59; "Traditional Ballads in New England," *Ibid.*, pp. 123-138, 191-214, 291-304; "King John and the Bishop," *Ibid.*, vol. xxi, pp. 57-59; "Folk-Music in America," *Ibid.*, vol. xxii, pp. 72-81; "Native Balladry in America," *Ibid.*, pp. 365-373; "Irish Come-all-ye's," *Ibid.*, pp. 374-388; "The Origin of Folk-Melodies," *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 440-445; "A Garland of Ballads," *Ibid.*, pp. 446-454; "The Ballad of the Broomfield Hill," *Ibid.*, vol. xxiv, pp. 14-15; "Irish Folk-Song," *Ibid.*, pp. 332-344; "New Ballad Texts," *Ibid.*, pp. 345-350; "The Ballad of Earl Brand," *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xxiv, no. 4, pp. 104-105.

<sup>2</sup> W. R. Mackenzie, "Ballad-Singing in Nova Scotia," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 372-381; "Three Ballads from Nova Scotia" (*Child*, 4, 46, 81), *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 371-380.

<sup>3</sup> L. W. Edmunds, "Songs from the Cumberland Mountains" (*Child*, 85), *Ibid.*, vol. vi, pp. 131-134.

<sup>4</sup> C. E. Means, "A Singular Literary Survival" (*Child*, 12, 73), *The Outlook*, Sept. 9, 1899.

<sup>5</sup> E. B. Miles, "Some Real American Music" (*Child*, 79), *Harper's Magazine*, 1904, pp. 118-123.

<sup>6</sup> "Mountain Minstrelsy," *The Berea Quarterly*, April, 1905, pp. 5-13.

in Kentucky, and printed three typical folk-songs. Professor Henne-man, at the meeting of the Modern Language Association in 1906, read eight old ballads recorded from tradition in North Carolina; in 1907 Professor Kittredge published in the *Journal* a very instructive sheaf of ballads gathered by Miss Pettit in Kentucky,<sup>1</sup> and in 1908 a ballad from West Virginia.<sup>1</sup> In the next year, Miss Bascom published in the *Journal* a collection of "Ballads and Songs of North Carolina."<sup>2</sup> In the year 1910, J. H. Combs published a fine specimen of Old English balladry from the Cumberland Mountains.<sup>3</sup> Later, at the meeting of the Modern Language Association, came the announcement by Professor Shearin that he had collected in that region over a hundred traditional songs, about thirty of them ballads of British origin.<sup>4</sup> He has now just published<sup>5</sup> a list similar to that of Mr. Barry, comprising "337 titles, exclusive of 117 variants," of traditional songs gathered in central and eastern Kentucky, 21 of them being versions of ballads found in Child.

In the Southwest, Mr. J. A. Lomax has devoted himself with great success to the collection of a special type of popular song, — or, rather, of the popular song of a special occupation, — that of the cowboy. His "Cowboy Songs,"<sup>6</sup> published last year, contains many of the pieces found in Professor Shearin's list, and still more of those in the Missouri list presently to be described. It shows, I believe, only one of the ballads in Child;<sup>7</sup> but, as it is professedly only a selection from Mr. Lomax's gathering, it is safe to assume that the whole collection, when published, will show a larger number of the old ballads. As it stands, however, "Cowboy Songs" is a very valuable contribution to ballad study. It is drawn not simply from Texas, but from the cowboys of the South and West as far as New Mexico and Montana.

A considerable collection has also been made in Missouri since 1904, of which a partial list,<sup>8</sup> containing 145 titles, was printed last year. Checking up the collection a few days ago, I found that it contained 347

<sup>1</sup> G. L. Kittredge, "Ballads and Rhymes from Kentucky" (*Child*, 53, 68, 73, 84, 243), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, pp. 251-277; "Two Popular Ballads," *Ibid.*, vol. xxi, pp. 54-56.

<sup>2</sup> L. R. Bascom, "Ballads and Songs of Western North Carolina," *Ibid.*, vol. xxii, pp. 238-250.

<sup>3</sup> J. H. Combs, "A Traditional Ballad from the Kentucky Mountains" (*Child*, 74), *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 381-382.

<sup>4</sup> H. G. Shearin, "British Ballads in the Cumberland Mountains," *Sewanee Review*, July, 1911, pp. 312-327.

<sup>5</sup> "A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs," *Transylvania University Studies in English*, ii, Lexington, Ky., 1911.

<sup>6</sup> *Cowboy Songs*, collected by John A. Lomax, New York, 1910.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 110 (*Child*, 278).

<sup>8</sup> *Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri*. Printed for the Missouri Folk-Lore Society, Columbia, Mo., 1910.

more or less distinct pieces, besides 293 variants. Only 18 of them are versions of ballads found in Child; a much larger number are descended from British (English, Scotch, Irish) broadsides and stall ballads. Most, though not all, of them have been found in Missouri; some are from Arkansas, some from Illinois, a few from other States.

In the North Central States no great amount of traditional song has been collected. A few ballads from Ohio and Illinois were published by Mr. Newell in 1900.<sup>1</sup> Professor Beatty of Wisconsin presented at a recent meeting of the Modern Language Association eight old ballads that had come to his hands, all but one of them, however, from Kentucky;<sup>2</sup> two years earlier a pupil of his had secured from a Scottish woman visiting in Wisconsin versions of four of the ballads in Child.<sup>3</sup> Miss Louise Pound of the University of Nebraska has made an effort to collect ballads in that State, and has a considerable number; but most of them, she tells me, were learned outside the State, — in Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Colorado. Professor Tolman of Chicago has collected some versions. Dr. H. S. V. Jones of the University of Illinois printed one from that State (learned by his informant in Virginia) in a recent issue of the *Journal*.<sup>4</sup> The number, however, of the ballads in the Missouri collection that are reported to have been learned in Illinois or Indiana from thirty to sixty years ago, and Professor Miller's recollections<sup>5</sup> of "play-party songs" in the latter State in his boyhood, convince me that ballads are still to be found there, if one knew where and how to look for them.

The Pacific coast has contributed only two;<sup>6</sup> but no one familiar with the conditions of traditional popular song in New England, Kentucky, and Missouri, and with Professor Lomax's account of the cowboys' poetry, will be able to persuade himself that a region that was pioneer country of the most romantic description fifty years ago, and has since then been the home of the highwayman, the hunter, the lumberman, and, above all, of the miner, is without its quota of traditional balladry. Several of the pieces in the Missouri collection are the direct result of the movement that peopled California in 1849.

And what is this traditional popular song that has thus been gathered

<sup>1</sup> W. W. Newell, "Early American Ballads" (*Child*, 12, 93), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xii, pp. 241-255; vol. xiii, pp. 105 ff.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Beatty, "Some Ballad Variants and Songs" (*Child*, 4, 53, 84), *Ibid.*, vol. xxii, pp. 63-69.

<sup>3</sup> Arthur Beatty, "Some New Ballad Variants" (*Child*, 26, 27, 40, 181), *Ibid.*, vol. xx, pp. 154-156.

<sup>4</sup> H. S. V. Jones, "Robin Hood and Little John" (*Child*, 125), *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 432-434.

<sup>5</sup> "The Dramatic Element in the Popular Ballad," *University of Cincinnati Studies*, Ser. II, vol. i (1905), pp. 30-31.

<sup>6</sup> Mrs. R. F. Herrick, "Two Traditional Songs" (*Child*, 2), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, pp. 130-132.

by students from Nova Scotia to New Mexico? Frankly, it is a very heterogeneous collection. Of the hundreds of pieces having some claim to separate identity, Mr. Barry has reckoned up fifty-two as being American representatives of ballads admitted by Child to his collection.<sup>1</sup> The rest are of the most varied character and content, having only this in common, — that they are popular song existing in oral tradition. The Missouri collection is, I believe, typical of all the rest, save that it lacks the parodies of recent book-poetry that make up so large a part of the cowboy's repertory in Mr. Lomax's book; and I shall therefore give here a brief analysis of it.

Of the eighteen ballads in the collection that are found also in Child, all but two have been printed in the *Journal*.<sup>2</sup> It does not appear that they belong to any special order of balladry. Most of them are simple ballads of romantic tragedy ("The Pretty Golden Queen" [4], "The Old Man in the North Countree" [10], "Thomas and Ellender" [73], "William and Margaret" [74], "The House Carpenter" [243]), or of a sentimental cast ("Lord Lovel" [75], "Barbara Allen" [84]); one ("Black Jack Daley" [200]) is romance without a tragic outcome, at least in the imperfect version that has come to hand; one ("The Jew's Garden" [185]) is a relic of mediæval calumny of the Jews; one ("Georgia" [209]) is the story of the efforts of a horse-thief's wife to rescue her husband from the gallows; three ("The Yellow Golden Tree" [286], "Shipwreck" [289], "Andy Bar-dan" [250]) are ballads of the sea; one ("The Cambric Shirt" [2]) is a riddle ballad; one ("Bangum and the Boar" [18]) tells of a fight with a monstrous boar in whose cave lie "the bones of a thousand men;" one ("The Lone Widow" [79]) is a ballad of mother-love and the visiting spirits of the dead; and two ("Dandoo" [277], "A Woman and the Devil" [278]) are *fabliaux*.<sup>3</sup> Naturally there are no "border ballads;" we are too far removed in time and place for anything so locally British. Neither are there any heroic ballads, in Professor Hart's sense of the term. Ballads in Missouri are sung, not said, and very seldom (those corresponding to ballads in Child's collection, never) have epic breadth. Indeed, the most noticeable facts about these eighteen ballads are all negative facts. One of them is that themes repulsive to our moral sensibilities are dropped. There is

<sup>1</sup> Child, 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, 12, 13, 18, 20, 26, 27, 43, 45, 46, 47, 49, 53, 68, 73, 74, 75, 76, 79, 81, 84, 85, 93, 95, 105, 106, 110, 125, 155, 162, 181, 188, 200, 209, 210, 214, 221, 243, 250, 274, 277, 278, 279, 281, 285, 287, 289, 295.

<sup>2</sup> "Old-Country Ballads in Missouri" (Child, 4, 10, 18, 73, 74, 75, 84, 155, 200, 243, 277, 278), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, pp. 231-240, 281-299; vol. xx, p. 319 (Child, 209); "Three Old Ballads from Missouri" (Child, 2, 79, 286), *Ibid.*, vol. xxiii, pp. 429-431.

<sup>3</sup> The titles given are those by which the ballads are known in Missouri. The corresponding numbers in Child are given in brackets.

nothing like "Lizzie Wan," "Sheath and Knife," or "Child Waters." Even among the *fabliaux*, apparently, lewdness is taboo. Another is that ballads which in their British forms present more or less distinctly supernatural elements lose these elements in America. The Elf-Knight of the British ballad has become just a seducer and murderer of royal maidens, who at last meets his match and gets his deserts; it is Margaret herself, not a ghost or a dream, that comes to William and stands at his bed's feet; it is the returned lover, not his ghost or the devil in the lover's form, that entices the House Carpenter's wife away from husband and child to perish at sea when the ship has "sprung a leak." Simple human tragedy unadorned with picturesque superstition is all that is left of these ballads in Missouri. The one exception is "The Lone Widow" ("The Wife of Usher's Well"), which of course would lose all significance as anything but a story of the returning dead. Even a bit of old superstition has been preserved in the last stanza of this:

"The tears you have shed, my mother dear,  
Would wet our winding-sheet."

But this ballad seems to be almost extinct; only after some years of investigation was any one found in Missouri who knew it. The third generalization that may be made about these ballads is that they tend to lose the full ballad style. There is a certain modicum of ballad commonplaces (often misplaced), and there are traces of incremental repetition, but nothing like the artistic sequences and climaxes of "Edward," "Child Waters," or "Babylon." Not that they are in the style of the broadside or the ballad hack, — they are as guiltless of the vulgarizing particularity of Buchan's blind beggar as they are of the banal moralizings of the typical broadside, — but they are worn, withered, shrunk almost to the skeleton of their former beauty, even when all the essentials of the story are preserved.

It is merely for convenience that I have described these eighteen ballads found in Child as though they were a distinct division of the popular song of Missouri. As a matter of fact, they are only a portion, though probably the oldest portion, of a much larger body of romantic narrative preserved in oral tradition. Of these I shall endeavor to present some leading types.

The themes are largely those of the broadside balladry of the last two centuries in England. A favorite is that of the returned soldier or sailor lover. This is represented by a number of pieces,<sup>1</sup> all of them known as stall ballads in England in the last century. They range in style from the rude simplicity of "Young Johnny," — which, despite its reference to Ireland, smacks strongly of Wapping Old Stairs, —

<sup>1</sup> Ten of them were printed under the heading "Popular Song in Missouri—The Returned Lover," in *Herrig's Archiv*, vol. cxx, pp. 63 ff.

through the vulgar sentiment of "The Soldier Boy," "William Hall," and "The Banks of Claudy," and the vulgar tragedy of "The Faultless Bride," to the gentle harmlessness of "Mary and Willie" and the polite parlor atmosphere of "Willie's on the Dark Blue Sea." "Young Johnny" has more of the ballad manner than any of the printed versions known to me:

Young Johnny been on sea,  
And Young Johnny been on shore,  
And Young Johnny been to Ireland  
Where Young Johnny been before.

"You are welcome home, Young Johnny,  
 You are welcome home from sea,  
 For last night daughter Molly  
 Lay dreaming of thee.

"Oh, what for luck had you, Young Johnny,  
Oh, what for luck had you on sea?"  
"I lost my ship and cargo  
All on the roaring sea.

**"Go bring your daughter Molly  
And set her down by me,  
And we'll drownd the melancholy  
And married we will be."**

**"Molly is not at home, Johnny,  
Nor hasn't been this day;  
And I am sure if she was, Johnny,  
She would not let you stay.**

**"Molly's very rich, Johnny,**  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . ."

**Young Johnny feeling drowsy  
He hung down his head,  
And he called for a candle  
To light him to bed.**

“The green beds they are full, Johnny,  
And have been for this week;  
And now for your lodging,  
Poor Johnny, you must seek.”

He looked upon the people,  
He looked upon them all,  
He looked upon the landlord  
And loudly he did call,

Saying, "How much do I owe you?  
 I'm ready for a call."  
 "It's twenty for the new score  
 And forty for the old."

Then Young Johnny he pulled out  
 His two hands full of gold.

.....  
 "I did n't speak in earnest,  
 Neither was I just,  
 For without any exception  
 She loves you the best."

Then Molly came a running down,  
 Gave him kisses one, two, three;  
 Saying, "The great bed is empty,  
 And you may lie with me."

"Before I would lie in your green bed  
 I would lie within the street;  
 For when I had no money  
 My lodging I might seek.

"Now I have money plenty, boys,  
 We will make the taverns herl [*howl?*]  
 A bottle of good brandy  
 And a better looking girl!"

Another favorite theme is that of the girl who follows her lover — generally a soldier or a sailor — disguised as a man. Of the almost countless variations upon this theme that have been circulated by British ballad-printers since Mary Ambree's time, "Jack Munro" has lasted best in Missouri. The versions of it in our collection show interesting stages of historical and geographical confusion. In one, Mollie's father is "a wealthy London merchant;" Jack is drafted to "the wars of Germany," he goes to "old England," and the wedded pair return from Spain to "French London," wherever that may be. Another version has the merchant still in London, but (perhaps by association with the mention of Spain) has Jack, now become a farmer, drafted into the army "for Santa Fé," where he is cut down by "a bullet from the Spaniards." In still another version the transference to America, though vague, is complete. The wealthy merchant "in Louisville did dwell;" Jack "has landed in New Mexico, in the wars in Santa Fé;" whereupon Mollie "harnessed up a mule-team, in a wagon she set sail [a prairie schooner, evidently], she landed in New Mexico on a swift and pleasant gale," where presently "the drums did loudly beat and the cannon's balls did fly," and Mollie rescues her lover as

before. "William Taylor" — whose sweetheart follows him in disguise, finds that he has married another woman, and shoots him dead — is also known in Missouri; and a third piece, in which the heroine, disguised as a boy, follows her lover the captain, shares his bed without revealing her sex, and marries him next morning.

In most of the printed ballads on the Female Soldier (or Sailor) theme, emphasis is laid upon the contrast between the heroine's tender beauty and the rough offices she must perform. In "Jack Munro" this takes the form of a dialogue which may be said to be the poetic core of the piece:

"Your waist is slim and slender,  
Your fingers they are small,  
Your cheeks are red and rosy  
To face a cannon-ball."

"I know my waist is slender,  
My fingers they are small,  
But I have a heart within me  
To face a cannon-ball."

No printed ballad that I have seen has developed this motive in so ballad-like and effective a fashion. The nearest approach to it is in certain forms of a popular farewell dialogue between the sailor or soldier and his sweetheart, often printed by the broadside press, and represented by what I might call "The Nut Brown Maid" of our collection. William must leave for the wars. Polly begs him to stay with her; if he will not, she says, —

"My yellow hair then I'll cut off,  
Men's clothing I'll put on;  
I'll go 'long with you, William,  
I'll be your waiting man.  
I'll fear no storm or battle,  
Let them be ne'er so great;  
Like true and faithful servant  
Upon you I will wait."

Whereupon ensues the following dialogue: —

"Your waist it is too slender, love,  
Your fingers are too small,  
I'm afraid you would not answer  
If I should on you call  
Where the cannon loudly rattle  
And the blazing bullets fly,  
And the silver trumpets sounding  
To drown the deadly cry."



"My waist is not too slender, love,  
 My fingers not too small,  
 I'm sure I would not tremble  
 To face the cannon-ball  
 Where the guns are loudly rattling  
 And the blazing bullets fly,  
 And the silver trumpets sounding  
 To drown the deadly cry."

"Supposing I were to meet with some fair maid,  
 And she were pleased with me,—  
 If I should meet with some fair maid,  
 What would my Polly say?"  
 "What would I say, dear William?  
 Why, I should love her too,  
 And stand aside like a sailor  
 While she might talk with you."

The last test having been thus satisfactorily met, William straightway marries her, and now together they are "sailing round the main." The stanzas which this piece shares with "Jack Munro" are probably borrowed by the latter, since they do not appear in the British prints of "Jack Munro," whereas an inferior form of them does appear in British prints of the "Nut-Brown Maid" dialogue.

Another favorite theme, both of the ballad press and of traditional song in Missouri, is that of the man who entices the girl he has promised to marry away from human help, either to the forest or to the water-side, and there kills her. Familiar stall-ballads upon this theme are "The Wittam Miller," "The Gosport Tragedy," and "The Bloody Brother." The forms of it found in Missouri are most like "The Wittam Miller;" they have no ghost, and they characteristically avoid the motive of incest; yet they are often in other respects close to "The Bloody Brother" both in temper and in language. Most widely known is "The Jealous Lover" (so it is generally called; but it is known sometimes by other titles, — "Abbie Summers" in Pike County, "Emma" in Bollinger County, "Down by the Drooping Willows" in Lafayette County, and in Scotland County as "Florilla," which is a variant of the names under which it has been found by Mr. Barry in New Hampshire, and by Miss Pettit and Professor Shearin in Kentucky). "The Jealous Lover" might be described as "The Bloody Brother" with the motives of incest, "double murder," and supernatural detection of the crime left out, and an elegiac note introduced. It commonly begins, —

One evening, when the moon shone brightly  
 There gently fell a dew,  
 When out of a cottage  
 A jealous lover drew.

Says he to fair young Ellen,  
 "Down on the sparkling brook  
 We'll wait and watch and wonder  
 Upon our wedding day."

In the next stanza they have evidently wandered some distance, for she asks to be taken home. But he has already drawn his knife, and, despite her pleadings and assurances of faithfulness, into her

fair young bosom  
 He splunged a daggered knife.

And now  
 Down yander in the valley  
 Where the violets are in bloom,  
 There sleeps a fair young damsel  
 All silent in the tomb.

Another piece, which has come to me without a title, is a reduction of "The Wittam Miller." He takes her out for a walk, knocks out her brains with a fence stake, and throws her body into the mill-pond; and when, upon his return home, his mother asks him how he got blood on his clothes, he answers that it came from "bleeding at the nose." Still another form is "Pretty Oma,"<sup>1</sup> which opens in quite the characteristic ballad style:

"Come jump up behind me and away we will ride,  
 Till we come to Squire Gardner's and I'll make you my bride!"

She jumped up behind him and away they did ride,  
 Till they came to deep waters by the river's divide.

Thereupon the lover beats her into insensibility, and drowns her "just below the mill-dam."

It would hardly be worth while here, even if it were possible, to list and classify all the items in the collection that seem likely to have been derived, mediately or immediately, from the printed ballads of the Old World. Many of them have lost any distinct narrative content and become mere popular lyrics, most often of disappointed love, lacrymose or rebellious. Others are remembered only as fragments. Some, in the form in which they have been taken down, are compounded of many simples, — broken memories strung together in unconscious or half-conscious poetic joinery by a process familiar enough, however little understood, to students of balladry. It is impossible to say, for instance, how many different pieces the collection contains upon the theme of the Forsaken Girl, because so many of them seem to be merely individual or temporary composites of imperfect memories. A few old favorites, not yet mentioned, which hold their story

<sup>1</sup> Two versions of "Pretty Oma" have been recorded by Miss Pettit in Kentucky (see Kittredge, "Ballads and Rhymes from Kentucky," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx, pp. 265-267).

pretty well, are "Kate and her Horns," "Dog and Gun," "The Driver Boy," "The Soldier's Wooing" (i. e., "The Masterpiece of Love-Songs"), "The Silvery Tide," "Mary of the Moor," "Johnny Sands" (in two forms), and "Darby and Joan;" and the Irish ballads of "William Reilly," "Ranordine," "The Croppy Boy," "Brennon on the Moor," and "St. Helena."

Besides the representatives of Old World balladry so far considered, there is a considerable number of what may fairly be described as American ballads. Some of them, to be sure, are plainly derived or adapted from British vulgar ballads, but they have been so far made over as to have acquired a perceptibly American coloring. I shall speak first of those that seem not to have had, or to have lost, any definite historical connection, and later of those the origin of which can be ascribed to known political or industrial movements.

Two domestic tragedies may be mentioned first. "Little Orphan McAfee" is quite in the spirit of English and Irish gallows-pieces; but I do not know it in print, and suppose it to be of American origin among immigrants of the ballad-loving sort. McAfee was piously reared by an uncle, but, refusing good advice, married a wife, then fell in love with another woman, poisoned and strangled his wife, and is now awaiting his end upon the gallows. More clearly American is "Sons of Columbia" (otherwise "Fuller and Warren"), — the story of a girl who, having promised herself to one of her two suitors, throws him over and marries the other, whereupon the rejected kills the accepted lover and is sentenced to death. This piece always closes with a warning against the wiles of "fickle-minded maids," for

Woman has always been the downfall of man  
Since Adam was beguiled by Eve.

"Fair Fannie Moore" is, so far as I know, an American product, though it would not surprise me to find that it came from Ireland. Fannie rejects the advances of the rich and haughty Randal, and marries Edward, a youth of low degree. Randal finds her alone one day at her cottage, and gives her the choice of yielding to his love or dying on the spot. She chooses the latter alternative. Later Randal is caught and

hung in chains on a tree beside the door,  
For taking the life of the fair Fannie Moore.

There is a crudely literary tone about this piece, which yet has not prevented its being pretty widely current as a "song-ballad." No such charge, however, can be brought against "The Silver Dagger," which tells of two lovers parted by hard-hearted and worldly parents, of the girl's wanderings, despair, and final suicide, of her lover's ar-

rival in time to catch her last words, bidding him

"Prepare to meet me on Mount Sion  
Where all our joys shall be complete,"

and of his following her example in self-destruction; still less against "The Butcher Boy," whose forsaken sweetheart goes upstairs and hangs herself with a piece of rope. This ballad — known, I believe, all over the country — is an example of a kind of composition frequently represented in British stall-ballads, but not, I think, the work originally of writers for the ballad press; rather, I believe, printed from oral tradition because it is already known and liked and will sell. It has the incongruity found in some traditional versions of "Barbara Allen," of beginning as a story told by the heroine herself, and passing unconsciously to the narrative of her hanging herself and being cut down by her father.

American in origin and currency are "Springfield Mountain" and "Young Charlotte." The former — the story of a young man bitten in the hay-field by a rattlesnake — originated, according to the investigations of Mr. Newell, in Colonial times in Massachusetts;<sup>1</sup> but it has lost any local significance in the two forms of it known in Missouri. The latter, a favorite from Nova Scotia to Oklahoma, was composed, Mr. Barry believes, by a rural poet named Carter, in Vermont, about two generations ago. It has, however, no marks of time or place beyond such as are inherent in the tragic motive, — a young girl, taken by her lover to a Christmas or New Year's dance in a distant town, freezes to death by his side on the way, because she would not wrap herself in a blanket and hide her fine clothes. Unlike the Returned Lover or the Female Soldier theme, unlike even the Americanized "Butcher Boy" or the American "Springfield Mountain," this ballad is essentially the same wherever it is found. Not only certain striking or significant stanzas, as in the case of "Black Jack Daley" and "Jack Munro," but others, of merely reflective or descriptive character, hold their place, with slight verbal changes, from Canada to the Southwest. For example, the opening stanzas, —

Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side,  
In a wild and dreary spot,  
There were no other dwellings for five miles round  
Except her father's cot.

And yet on many a winter's night  
Young swains would gather there,  
For her father kept a social board  
And she was young and fair, —

<sup>1</sup> W. W. Newell, "Early American Ballads," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xiii, pp. 105-112; P. Barry, "Native Balladry in America," *Ibid.*, vol. xxii, pp. 365-373.

far as they are from what we think of as the "ballad manner," are as persistent as the more vivid and ballad-like —

"O daughter dear," her mother cried,  
 "This blanket around you fold,  
 For 'tis a bitter night abroad;  
 You'll catch your death of cold."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" young Charlotte cried,  
 And she laughed like a gipsy queen,  
 "To ride in a blanket all muffled up  
 I never will be seen,"—

or those containing the tragic centre of the story, —

"Such a dreadful night I never saw;  
 My reins I scarce can hold"—  
 Young Charlotte faintly then replied,  
 "I am exceeding cold."

. . . . .  
 Spoke Charles, "How fast the freezing ice  
 Is gathering on my brow!"  
 And Charlotte still more faintly said,  
 "I'm growing warmer now."

"Young Charlotte," by virtue of its wide currency, the absence in it of a distinctly "vulgar ballad" or "popular ballad" style, and its persistency of form in spite of what appears to have been exclusively oral transmission, constitutes perhaps the most interesting and problematical phenomenon in American popular song.

History as such, ballad students have long since observed, soon fades out of popular song. War and politics are too remote and complex in their originating motives, too transitory in their bearing upon individual experience, to maintain themselves in balladry. Few traces of song-ballads dealing with American history before the Civil War have been preserved in Missouri. "Marching to Quebec," which Weston described as a favorite amusement of rural Americans eighty years ago, is still remembered as a "play-party" song. An incident of the War of 1812 is preserved in "James Bird," and the battle of New Orleans in "Packingham." At least one widely-known song must have had its origin in a famous battle,—"The Texas Rangers," which, despite its mention of Indians and the Rio Grande, is surely an echo of the great fight at the Alamo on March 6, 1835.

I'm a Texas ranger,  
 I know you know me well.

About the age of sixteen  
I joined that jolly band,  
We marched from Western Texas  
Down by the Royal Grande.

Our captain he informed us,  
Perhaps he thought it right,  
"Before we reach the station,  
Brave boys, we'll have to fight."

I saw them Indians comin',  
I heard them give the yell,  
My feelings at that moment  
No human tongue could tell.

Our bugle it was sounded  
And the captain gave command:  
"To arms, to arms!" he shouted,  
"And by your horses stand."

I saw the dust arisin',  
It seemed to touch the sky,  
My feelin's at that moment,  
"Oh, now's my time to die."

We fought them full nine hours  
Before the strife gave o'er,  
And like the dead and wounded  
I never saw before.

Five hundred noble rangers  
That ever trod the West,  
Now dyin' in the evenin'  
With bullets in their breast.

Certain resemblances suggest that this was modelled on the British ballad "Nancy of Yarmouth."

The Civil War had its quota of camp-ballads as well as of pathetic and sentimental songs, but few of them can be said to live in tradition at the present day. The collection I am describing has a considerable number — rambling narratives of the fight at Springfield, of Sterling Price's cavalry exploits, of the Vicksburg and Gettysburg campaigns — bearing sufficient internal evidence of having been composed and sung around the camp-fire and on the march; but they come mostly from manuscript ballad-books of war-times or shortly after, or at best from the memory of old soldiers. Somewhat more persistent are the sentimental ballads; for instance, "When this Cruel War is over," which, it may be remarked in passing, found its way to the London stalls, having been printed by Such with the heading "Weeping Sad and Lonely, A Song on the American War." "The Guerrilla

Boy," sung presumably in the camps of the bushwhackers (it is preserved in a manuscript ballad-book compiled in the seventies), is merely an adaptation to the life of the Missouri guerrillas of a British stall-ballad entitled "The Roving Journeyman."

New social conditions and industrial movements come closer to the consciousness of the common people than do war and politics; at least, so one would infer from our song-ballads. "The Hunting of the Buffalo," originally an emigrant's song, and frequently printed by the British ballad press in the last century, persists as a children's singing-game. "Pretty Maumee," a song of the frontiersman's Indian sweetheart, probably preserves in its title and refrain the name of the Miami tribe of Indians. The rush for the California gold-fields in 1849-50 gave birth to "Joe Bowers," which everybody knows, and to its less familiar counterpart, "Betsy from Pike;" also to two soberer song-ballads, "Come All Ye Poor Men of the North" and "Since Times are so Hard." A later mining-fever produced the mournful tale of "The Dreary Black Hills."

Those picturesque frontiersmen of the very recent past, the cowboys, had, as Mr. Lomax has shown, a considerable poetry of their own; and some of it has become part of the traditional song of Missouri. The two best-known of the cowboy-songs are "The Lone Prairee" and "The Dying Cowboy." Both, it is worth remarking, are adaptations of pieces that had originally nothing to do with cattlemen or the Western plains. "The Lone Prairee" is "The Ocean Burial," a sailor's ballad of uncertain authorship, that has been current in New England for about two generations, made over to meet cowboy conditions. In the original the dying sailor begs that he may not be buried in "the deep, deep sea," where the sea-snake will hiss in his hair, and the billowy shroud will roll over him; in the Western adaptation the dying cowboy begs that he may not be buried "on the lone prairie," where the rattlesnakes hiss and the coyote will howl over him. "The Dying Cowboy" has a less reputable origin, being a plainsman's version of an Old World, possibly Irish, soldier's ballad known as "The Unfortunate Lad."<sup>1</sup>

The career of Jesse James made a deep impression upon the popular imagination in his native State, and is recorded in a widely-known ballad in which his exploits of robbing the Gallatin bank and holding up the Danville train are celebrated.<sup>2</sup> The chief emphasis, however,

<sup>1</sup> G. F. Will, "Songs of Western Cowboys," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 258-259; J. A. Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, p. 74; P. Barry, "Irish Folk-Song," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, p. 341.

<sup>2</sup> L. R. Bascom, "Ballads and Songs of Western North Carolina," *l. c.*, p. 246; J. A. Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, p. 27. In the latter volume are versions of other song-ballads current in Missouri: to wit, "The Lone Prairie," "Joe Bowers," "Texas Rangers," "Love in Disguise," "Fuller and Warren," "Sam Bass," "MacAfee's Confession," "The

is laid upon the treachery of Robert Ford, the Ganelon to this band of outlaws:

It was Robert Ford,  
That dirty little coward,  
I wonder how he does feel;  
For he ate of Jesse's bread  
And slept in Jesse's bed,  
Then laid poor Jesse in the grave;

and the refrain goes, —

That dirty little coward  
That shot Mr. Howard<sup>1</sup>  
And laid poor Jesse in the grave.

Jesse James has had, so far, no successor who can dispute with him the title of bandit hero in Missouri. But song-ballads of untraced authorship continue to appear and to pass into oral circulation. There is one on the murder of Garfield; one on "The Iron Mountain Baby," a child thrown out by its mother, in a hand-satchel, from a train on the Iron Mountain Railroad, and found and brought up by one of the railroad men; and, by no means the least interesting, one upon the wholesale murder of the Meeks family by the Taylor brothers, cattlemen, in Sullivan County, about twelve years ago.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of "godly ballads" in Reformation times and the presence of certain old biblical pieces in Child's collection, it is customary nowadays to think of ballads as dealing only with secular themes. No such predisposition governs the singer of song-ballads in Missouri. "The Romish Lady" (sometimes "The Roman Lady"), whose popularity is attested by several copies from different localities, is a piece of aggressive Protestantism that carries us straight back to the Book of Martyrs. The Roman lady has somehow got hold of a Bible and come to realize the wicked idolatry of the Popish religion. Her mother upbraids her, tries to force her back into submission, and, failing in this, hands her over to the Inquisition, by whom the girl is burnt at the stake, calling upon God with her last breath to receive her soul and to "pardon priest and people" for their blindness. Another religious ballad, known as "The Little Family," tells the story of the raising of Lazarus. Others are rather doctrinal than epic. One of these presents the terrors of damnation with a vigor not unworthy of Michael Wigglesworth, and must have been a valued ally of the preacher in his long and losing fight against cards, dancing, and other wiles of the Devil. It exists in two forms, — one for man, and one for maid. That for man begins, —

Dreary Black Hills," "Jack Munro," "Fannie Moore," "Young Charlotte," "Betsy from Pike," "Rosin the Bow," and "Springfield Mountain."

<sup>1</sup> The assumed name under which James was living when he was shot.



Death is a melancholy call,  
 A certain judgment for us all;  
 Death takes the young as well as old  
 And lays them in his arms so cold.

'Tis awful — awful — awful.

I saw a youth the other day,  
 He looked so young, he was so gay;  
 He trifled all his time away  
 And dropped into eternity.

'Tis awful — awful — awful.

But that for maid will be sufficient:

#### THE WICKED GIRL .

Young people hear and I will tell,  
 A soul I fear has gone to Hell;  
 A woman who was young and fair,  
 Who died in sin and dark despair.

Her tender parents oft did pray  
 For her poor soul from day to day  
 And give her counsel, good advice,  
 But she delighted still in vice.

She would go to frolics, dance and play,  
 In spite of all her friends could say;  
 "I'll turn to God when I am old,  
 And then he will receive my soul."

At length she heard the spirit say:  
 "Thou sinful wretch! forsake thy way;  
 Now turn to God, or you shall dwell  
 Forever in the flames of Hell."

"No, I'm too young," thus she replied,  
 "My comrades all would me deride."  
 The spirit then bade here farewell,  
 And thus consigned her soul to Hell.

It was not long till Death did come  
 To call this helpless sinner home;  
 And while she was on her dying bed  
 She called her friends and thus she said:

"My friends, I bid you all farewell.  
 I die, I die, I sink to Hell!  
 There must I lie and scream and roll,  
 For God will not receive my soul!

"My tender parents," she addressed,  
 "I hope your souls will both be blessed;

But your poor child you now may see,  
But soon shall be in misery.

"My weeping mother, fare you well!  
The pains I feel no tongue can tell!  
Dear Parents, your poor child is lost,  
Your hopes they are forever crossed."

These are not hymns, but religious song-ballads. One more may be mentioned, "The Railroad to Heaven."<sup>1</sup> It was perhaps composed for revival meetings of railroad-men, but is certainly not restricted to them. By a quite elaborate allegory, the process of salvation is presented under the figure of a railway journey in which Christ is the engineer. The piece exists in widely varying forms.<sup>2</sup>

I fear that I have exhausted your patience with this long account of a not very inspiring collection of popular song. I shall therefore pass over the "play-party" songs,<sup>3</sup> the riddles, the sectional satires, and the few items of negro song contained in it, and devote a few minutes at the close to pointing out some of the problems that arise, and the way in which co-operative collection may help, and has helped, in their solution.

Upon the general and basic problem of classification — the question whether we shall classify ballads according to intrinsic qualities of tone, style, and structure, or according to theories (more or less insusceptible of demonstration) as to their origin, or according to their known history and vogue — the work of collection in America will throw, perhaps, little direct light. But it may be expected to throw considerable light upon certain problems preliminary to the solution of the general problem, and chiefly upon these: —

- I. The relation of print and manuscript to oral tradition.
- II. The interrelation between oral tradition and the "popular ballad" style.
- III. The origin of "authorless" balladry.
- IV. The function of music in the origin and perpetuation of ballads.
- V. The social and geographical distribution of ballads.

I. Hogg's mother I believe it was who protested that when ballads were reduced to print they were killed; and Professor Gummere seems to be of the same opinion. But Professor Mackenzie's investigations

<sup>1</sup> Several religious song-ballads have appeared in print from time to time, describing the Christian's way to heaven under the similitude of a railway journey or a voyage on shipboard.

<sup>2</sup> Religious song-ballads are current in North Carolina. See Emma M. Backus, "Early Songs from North Carolina," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xiv, pp. 286-294.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. L. D. Ames, "The Missouri Play-Party," *Ibid.*, vol. xxiv, pp. 295-318.

in Nova Scotia point to the importation of printed ballads from Scotland as an important element in the perpetuation of ballads in that region. Professor Shearin tells me that country newspapers bear a part in the dissemination of song-ballads in Kentucky;<sup>1</sup> and I have found that Trifet's *Monthly Budget of Music*, and such printed collections as "The Forget-Me-Not Songster" and "Old Put's Songster," have been known and used — in one case used up — in Missouri. Even the stall-ballad is not unknown. I have seen a copy of "The Wicked Girl" printed on a small sheet, "price five cents," in the possession of a negro washerwoman.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, the fact that a great many of the "vulgar ballads" recorded from tradition in New England, Kentucky, and Missouri — though commonly declared by the singer to have been learned, not from print, but from the singing of another — are yet to be found in the output of the nineteenth-century ballad press in London, is certainly not without its significance. Of the importance of manuscript copies, in the form either of single ballads or of ballad-books, in preserving and spreading popular song, there can be no question. These are not the work of scholars and antiquaries, nor, like Mrs. Brown's manuscripts, written out at the request of scholars and antiquaries, but rather, like the Percy Folio, the simple ballad-lover's method of securing and preserving the ballads that he likes. Curiously enough, they are very often just the ballads that are most frequently found in the output of the Seven Dials presses; showing apparently that it was easier to write out a desired ballad, whether from oral rendering or from print, than to get another printed copy.

These facts suggest that the function of print and handwriting in the perpetuation of what the singers themselves commonly think of as purely traditional song has been underestimated, and should be further looked into. On the other hand, there are some ballads that seem to owe nothing to print. The most striking case is that of "Young Charlotte," already mentioned. It was composed, as Mr. Barry's investigations have led him to believe, about seventy-five years ago in Vermont, and was probably carried by its author to Ohio and Missouri, where his wanderings as a Mormon took him. In these and other States it is pretty widely known, with surprisingly little variation in matter or manner; and there is nothing to show that it ever circulated in print.<sup>3</sup> If its stability of form, as compared with

<sup>1</sup> Even city newspapers maintain a folk-singers' exchange, — "Notes and Queries," in the *Boston Transcript*; "Everybody's Column," in the *Boston Globe*; and "The Forum," in the *Philadelphia Press*. Many excellent ballad texts have thus been preserved.

<sup>2</sup> Stall-ballads were printed in Boston by N. Coverly in the first decade of the nineteenth century; during the latter half of the century, broadsides in great numbers were published by DeMarsan, Wehman (New York).

<sup>3</sup> Since this was written I have seen it in a newspaper clipping (from *Good Stories*, undated, but comparatively recent). This print of it, however, is clearly the effect, not the cause, of its traditional circulation.

"Jack Munro" or "The Jealous Lover," owes nothing to print, then it is an evidence of the faithfulness of oral tradition even in the nineteenth century; and the further inference is suggested, at least to those familiar with the printed balladry of the last century, that variation and decay may be due rather to print than to oral transmission.<sup>1</sup> None of the ballads taken down from oral tradition in Missouri show as incoherent a jumble as do some of the patchwork ballads issued by Such and Pitts and Catnach and their kind. Evidently there is still much to be learned concerning the part played by print in the perpetuation and variation of ballads, and the way to learn it is to trace back from present conditions.

II. "Young Charlotte" is also very instructive in regard to the relation existing between oral tradition and the "popular ballad" style, as we have now learned to define it. Mr. Barry is himself presenting to you to-day his conclusions as to "communal re-creation" in this ballad, as he has formerly done in the case of "The Lone Prairee," and I shall not repeat them here; but I may add that a good deal might be found in support of his position in other ballads in the collection described, especially those that have their originals (or counterparts) in printed balladry. The American traditional versions of these ballads have commonly more of the ballad style than the printed versions. There is, of course, always the possibility, in the case of such a poem as "Young Charlotte," that the changes in the direction of the "ballad style" are due simply to the presence, in the people's repertory, of old ballads to which the new are unconsciously assimilated; in other words, that "communal re-creation" explains, not the origin of the ballad style, but why traditional ballads assume that style. Even so, the doctrine, if confirmed by a number of well-developed cases, will go far to set at rest the controversy that has raged so long about the talismanic words *das Volk dichtet*.

III. The problem of the origin of anonymous and apparently authorless popular song can be studied to special advantage in living, contemporary instances. Take, for instance, the song-ballad of "Jesse James." Everybody (loosely speaking) knows it; nobody knows where it comes from. It is as authorless and traditional as "The Two Sisters" or "The Demon Lover." But it is only a few years ago that the events it celebrates happened. Can it not be traced from one living singer to another up to its source? Or take the still later ballad of the Meeks murder, which happened about a dozen years ago. Miss G. M. Hamilton informs me that half her class in the Kirksville Normal School know the piece; most of the people who lived at the scene of the tragedy are living there still; a cousin of one of her pupils

<sup>1</sup> Of course it is not meant that the ballads were purposely altered, but only that the versions printed by the ballad press seem often to have been supplied by persons who did not fully know or sympathize with the true ballad tradition.

helped pull the dead bodies from under the haystack. Yet the piece is already an authorless ballad, — as much so, apparently, as any of the old British ballads. Has it "jes' growed," like Topsy, or is it the work of some obscure rhapsodist like Carter of Bensontown? Surely these questions can be answered, for a ballad whose whole history lies within the memory of those who now sing it, with a completeness and detail impossible for ballads that come down from earlier generations.

IV. Our fourth problem, the function of the melody in the origin, spread, and development of ballads, has received far too little attention from students of balladry in this country. The ballad in its true estate is sung or chanted, not spoken, still less read; certainly in America it is always a "song-ballad." Without the tune, a ballad is indeed "a very dead thing;" and ballad-lovers generally, I suppose, make up a sort of chant, as I do, for ballads that come to them without a tune. The ballad demands it. Yet too many of us attempt to study the development of a ballad, or the relation of one ballad to another, merely from the written words, with no knowledge or thought of the melody with which those words were winged. For the older records this procedure is often inevitable, inasmuch as the air of a ballad was seldom set down in manuscript, and in broadsides was indicated by a name which the reader might or might not be able to interpret. But in contemporary balladry the melodies may be studied in living relation with the words — how fruitfully, let Mr. Barry's papers in recent numbers of the *Journal* bear witness.<sup>1</sup> It is true that music is less circumscribed than words, and may be transferred from one ballad to another; it is true also, unfortunately, that many enthusiastic ballad students are unable to put the tune on paper along with the words. But at least the tune is there for those able to record it. And from the study of this ballad music we may confidently look for much light upon the genesis, perpetuation, and mutation of ballads. What, for instance, is the limit of variation of a ballad tune before it loses its identity? How does the same ballad come to be sung to quite different tunes? Is the tune more persistent in the case of a ballad that has spread only by oral tradition than in the case of one that has circulated only in ballad print? What part has the melody, traditional or improvised, played in the formation of new ballads out of fragments of old ones? How does the same ballad come to have widely different refrains? To the answers to these significant questions, all who can record the music of our living song-ballads, whether by the ordinary notation or by phonograph, can contribute.

V. And finally, the co-operative study of living balladry is sure to enlarge our knowledge of the social and cultural conditions from which

<sup>1</sup> See the articles listed in Note 1, p. 2, especially those on "Folk-Music in America" and "The Origin of Folk-Melodies."

ballads spring, and under which they flourish. We shall learn whether a given ballad is an inheritance from the days of the first settlers, or came in with immigrants in the nineteenth century; whether it is of English, or Scotch, or Irish provenience. If it is of native origin, we shall find, as Mr. Barry has done in the case of "Young Charlotte," into what parts of the country it has travelled, and why; perhaps even the particular people or sort of people, and the particular geographical paths, by which it has travelled. We shall find what, if any, special types of balladry thrive in particular regions, or among special occupations or classes of people. We shall be able to check, by first-hand, living, verifiable evidence, theories regarding the essential conditions of balladry that have been derived in great part from fragmentary, sometimes prejudiced, sometimes ignorant, and in all cases now dead and unverifiable evidence of past centuries.

It is clear, I think, that the solution, or even an advance toward the solution, of the problems here reviewed, will be of the highest value in solving the general and basic problem, — the definition and classification of ballads. A good beginning has been made, but it is only a beginning. Some regions have scarcely been touched, none have been exhausted. Believing, as I do, that the spirit of balladry is not dead or dying, but as immortal as romance itself, I cannot incite collectors, as ballad-lovers have been doing for the last century, with the cry of "Now or never;" but I can and do urge upon all who care for ballads and ballad problems the value of the collection of living balladry in America.

NOTE. — *The Publication of Ballads.* To make the investigation of ballads in this country effectively co-operative, it is of course necessary that each collector's findings should be available, for study and comparison, to all other students of the subject. As has been shown, a considerable body of ballads—largely versions of those included in Child's collection—has already been printed in the *Journal* and elsewhere; but it is scattered through many issues, and the sum of it is but a fraction of the significant material that has been gathered. For three of the collections, lists of titles, with brief descriptions of the pieces included, have been printed. These are helpful, and have contributed not a little to the progress of the work; but they are not adequate. In the study of a subject so elusive and complex as balladry, nothing can take the place of the texts themselves. It is therefore much to be wished that a way might be found of getting together and publishing in a single work, with so much classification as may be feasible and with an exhaustive index, all the traditional balladry known in America. Such an undertaking would involve much labor, and could not be expected to bring a monetary return to the publishers; but it would doubtless find, like the "Wordsworth Concordance," workers ready for the task; and it would be richly worth while from the point of view of scholarship, of criticism, and of social history.

ON THE PRINCIPLE OF CONVERGENCE IN  
ETHNOLOGY<sup>1</sup>

BY ROBERT H. LOWIE

GRAEBNER'S POSITION

IN a recent work on the methods of ethnology,<sup>2</sup> Dr. Graebner once more expounds the theoretical position familiar to readers of his former writings.<sup>3</sup> The central problem of ethnology is for him the determination of cultural connections. Resemblances in culture must be primarily accounted for by historical connection, — in the first place, because the existence of such connection stands unchallenged for a large part of the phenomena; secondly, because there are no objective criteria of independent development. Lack of historical relationship cannot be established by the most intense feeling that such a relationship is improbable, for this feeling is of a purely subjective character. Neither can the absence of proof for historical connection be interpreted as a stringent demonstration that an historical relationship does not exist. It is indeed conceivable, that, after determining all cultural relationships, we may still be confronted with independent partial similarities; but obviously this conclusion would result, not from the application of definite criteria of independent evolution, but solely from the non-applicability of the criteria of cultural connection. "So bleibt denn als erstes und Grundproblem der Ethnologie wie der ganzen Kulturgeschichte die Herausarbeitung der Kulturbeziehungen."

What, then, are the criteria of cultural connection? Two such are recognized by Graebner, — the criterion of form, that is, of the coincidence of characteristics not necessarily resulting from the nature of the objects compared: and the criterion of quantitative coincidence. In innumerable cases the form-criterion is self-sufficient. Nevertheless, Graebner notes instances of its misapplication, through fanciful affiliation of heterogeneous forms. Here, it seems, the quantitative criterion should have been used; that is to say, as it is one of the cardinal doctrines of Graebner's philosophy of ethnology that the diffusion of isolated cultural elements — even of myths — is impossible (*kulturgeschichtliches Nonsense*), the doubtful parallelism of two forms can be immediately established if they are recognized as elements of the same or related cultural complexes. So far as continuous areas are concerned, these criteria have not been challenged: they are gen-

<sup>1</sup> Presented at the annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society in Washington, Dec. 28, 1911.

<sup>2</sup> *Methode der Ethnologie* (Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung, Heidelberg, 1911).

<sup>3</sup> More particularly, "Die melanesische Bogenkultur und ihre Verwandten," *Anthropos*, iv (1909), pp. 726-780, 998-1032.

erally employed in establishing linguistic relationship, and have proved valid in the study of European culture. Graebner sees no reason for limiting the criteria to continuous areas: he does not hesitate, for example, to use them as proofs for a far-reaching connection between Old-World and New-World culture. The only objection advanced against such applications of the criteria has been the improbability, under primitive conditions, of diffusion over the tremendous distances dealt with. On the one hand, this argument is refuted by the migrations of the Malayo-Polynesians and the occurrence of Asiatic tales in South America. But, in addition, the contrary argument may be strengthened by two auxiliary principles. The supposed lack of continuity between two areas may prove deceptive. There may be found cultural features bridging the geographical gap between the areas compared (continuity-criterion); and there may be such a diffusion of cultural elements, that geographical proximity varies directly with the degree of cultural relationship (criterion of form-variation), — a result manifestly not to be expected on the theory of independent evolution of parallel forms.<sup>1</sup>

The foregoing account already describes by implication Graebner's position on the subject of convergent evolution. From his point of view, it matters little whether similarities are believed to result from a psychology common to mankind or from the convergence of originally distinct phenomena. In either case, there is an assumption of independent development; and as positive criteria of independent development are, according to Graebner, non-existent, both theories are on a methodologically inferior plane as compared with the doctrine of historical connection. In particular, Graebner criticises Ehrenreich's definition of "convergent evolution" as the result of similar environment, similar psychology, and similar cultural conditions. Similarities in natural conditions, he contends, have been considerably overestimated. The psychology of different branches of mankind shows as much differentiation as their physical traits. As a matter of fact, the psychological unity of mankind, which is invoked to explain cultural resemblances, has really been inferred only from the observed resemblances. If peoples of distinct geographical areas reveal far-reaching psychical resemblances, the question arises whether these are not ultimately due to genetic relationship or cultural contact. So far as the similarity of cultural conditions is concerned, Graebner insists that, if independent development be assumed, similarity of cultural conditions could result solely from the natural environment, and that similarity of cultural conditions would presuppose a high degree of psychical resemblance. Against Ehrenreich's statement, that in spite of various parallels with Old-World culture, the culture of America bears

<sup>1</sup> Graebner, *l. c.*, pp. 94-125.



a distinctively American stamp, Graebner declares that it is not clear how heterogeneous cultural conditions could lead to parallels, which, according to Ehrenreich, must be due to a *similar* cultural environment. An *a fortiori* argument is used to clinch the discussion. European civilization has developed a remarkable similarity of cultural *milieu*. Nevertheless the number of well-authenticated instances of independent parallel development is exceedingly small. In the majority of instances we find merely combinations of thoughts and motives already extant in the culture common to authors, inventors, or thinkers. But even the residual cases lose their force as to convergent development among primitive races: for, on the one hand, these modern instances rest on a peculiarity of modern culture, — the conscious striving for progressive development; on the other, the same thought may indeed be *conceived* twice, but the literature of science indicates that the same thought does not necessarily become socially and culturally significant in more than one case. If a cultural similarity resting on close genetic relationship has produced so small a number of independent parallels of social significance, it may reasonably be doubted whether the relative psychological unity of mankind, and the resemblance of natural conditions, could produce such absolute identity of culture as to result not merely in the conception, but in the social acceptance and further development, of the same thoughts.

Two questions confront the reader in connection with the views presented above. In the first place, does Dr. Graebner correctly define the logical standing of the antagonistic theories of independent development and genetic or cultural relationship? Secondly, does Dr. Graebner grasp the essentials of the doctrine of convergence as it has been employed in ethnological practice? The following pages will be devoted to an examination of these questions.

#### LOGICAL STANDING OF THE RIVAL THEORIES

The supposed methodological superiority of the theory of contact and relationship rests, as indicated above, on the assumption that it is distinguished by positive, objective criteria, while the rival theory lacks such criteria.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, the argument that independently evolved cultural similarities could be detected only by the non-applicability of Graebner's criteria (p. 107) involves the strongest conviction that criteria of independent development not only have not been found, but that it is impossible to discover them.

In the first place, the objectivity of Graebner's criteria is in large measure illusory. He himself points out that the form-criterion is liable to fanciful subjective interpretations (p. 118). In all doubtful

<sup>1</sup> This point of view also appears in Graebner's brief reply to a critique by Haberlandt, *Petermanns Mitteilungen*, 1911, pp. 228-230.

cases, however, he counsels testing by the second, unconditionally objective (*unbedingt objektiv*) criterion of quantity. It may at once be admitted that this criterion does provide a quantitative measure for the degree of relationship between two cultural complexes. This relationship, however, cannot be established except by demonstrating the relationship of corresponding elements in the two complexes. Each equation can be made only by the application of the form-criterion. In each particular comparison there will thus admittedly be a subjective factor, hence it is quite illogical to argue that a summation of parallels will eliminate the subjective element. Apart from this, what we know of the psychology of investigation does not justify us in the belief that a student who discovers intensive morphological resemblances — though other investigators fail to note them — would ever feel the necessity of resorting to a test by another criterion; and, if he did, he doubtless would have little difficulty in propping up his fanciful parallel by others not less whimsical. Indeed, the quantitative test leads to curious results in Graebner's own case. Against Haberlandt, — who reproaches him with classifying together such diverse objects as the "male" and the "female" spear-thrower, nay, even the Maori sling-stick, — Graebner urges that, if a complex has once been established on the basis of well-defined elements, even a morphologically indeterminate element, such as the spear-thrower, must be regarded as part of the complex, provided its distribution coincide with that of the other elements.<sup>1</sup> This is undoubtedly a vicious principle. From the identity of even an indefinitely large number of corresponding elements in two series it does not follow that certain other associated elements are genuine parallels and must be brought into a genetic relationship. The "male" and the "female" spear-thrower might reasonably be grouped together as conceivable differentiations from a common prototype; but to argue that so heterogeneous an object as the sling-stick is related to them if it occurs in a similar combination of elements, is not testing the criterion of form, but sacrificing it.

While Graebner's criteria of genetic relationship are thus found to lack the strictly objective character claimed for them, independent development need not be defended on purely subjective grounds, even where a stringent demonstration is impossible. Graebner criticises Ehrenreich for holding that the same mythological ideas may develop independently a great number of times from universally observable natural phenomena.<sup>2</sup> This, he contends, is an *a priori* position lacking in sanity, because from the ready conceivability of independent development we cannot infer the *fact* of independent development (p. 97);

<sup>1</sup> *Petermanns Mitteilungen*, 1911, p. 229. Graebner, of course, does not neglect the differences in spear-thrower types except in his theoretical speculations (see *Anthropos*, iv, p. 736).

<sup>2</sup> *Allgemeine Mythologie*, p. 266.

that is to say, Graebner considers the theory of independent development inferior, because it leaves the door open to the arbitrary individual judgment of psychological probability. Now, it may at once be admitted that no amount of psychological investigation can actually demonstrate that two given cultural phenomena, possessing as they do the unique character distinctive of historical happenings, originated independently. A demonstration could be given only if we knew the actual history, which we generally do not. As a matter of fact, however, the theory of independent development is not one whit worse off in this respect than its rival theory; for it is an utterly mistaken notion that the psychological factor is excluded by the assumption of cultural relations. The comparison of form can never do more than establish the identity of forms; that such identity is to be explained by a genetic relationship is an hypothesis of varying degrees of probability. That the details of the crutch-shaped Melanesian paddle should occur in South America is to Dr. Graebner a sufficient proof of common origin (p. 145). Why? Because he cannot conceive how such similarity could result independently. But what is inconceivable for him is perfectly conceivable for Ehrenreich and others. From the inconceivability of independent development by a single student we certainly cannot infer the fact of a common origin. We are dealing with probabilities, not with certainties in either case; the only point is to increase the probability of either theory, and here I cannot find that the doctrine of independent development is in a less favorable position. It seems to me, on the contrary, that a number of observations in individual psychology, as well as a number of social facts, well-nigh establish the independent development of certain simple cultural traits; and that in other cases the probability of such development, while not as yet determined, can be readily investigated at the present time.

As an example of the former kind I should regard certain observations on the re-actions of children in the dark. If the widespread fear of the dark which enters into primitive belief were exclusively the result of tradition, it might be reasonably argued that it had developed from the same source of origin. This theory, however, becomes improbable as soon as we find that the distinctive feeling of uncanniness appears in equal force where all traditional beliefs tending to foster dread of the dark have been rigorously excluded from the child's curriculum.<sup>1</sup> An element not altogether negligible in primitive belief is thus shown to be an element of our psycho-physical constitution. The psychology of dreams furnishes additional material bearing on the question. If certain physiological conditions, say retinal irritations, are regularly correlated with certain dream images which coincide

<sup>1</sup> Mach, *Die Analyse der Empfindungen*, 1906, p. 62. These observations are confirmed by Dr. Petrunkevitch in an oral communication to the present writer.

with widespread mythological conceptions, then such conditions must be considered as constituting a *vera causa* for the explanation of the mythological ideas. Thus, the widespread conception of a grotesquely distorted countenance may be plausibly traced to Wundt's "*Fratzenräume*." Of course, we do not know, and never shall be able to know with certainty, that these dreams formed the foundation of the corresponding beliefs. But to disregard them entirely, to deny that they affect the merits of the case, would be to indulge in that form of sterile hypercriticism with which Graebner not infrequently reproaches his own opponents. In other directions, systematic observations could at least be planned and instituted. For example, psychological child-study might establish the fact that children of different countries re-act in an essentially similar way on the every-day phenomena observable in the heavens. With the same reservations as before, due to the unique character of historical happenings, we should then be justified in attaching a high degree of probability to Ehrenreich's conjecture as to the independent origin of simple nature myths. In other fields, the study of individual psychology from this point of view might present greater practical difficulties: it might, for example, prove impossible to disentangle the influence of traditional art-forms in an inquiry into the development of drawing and design. On the other hand, the inquiry into types of association, such as Galton was the first to conduct on a large scale, seems full of promise, especially so far as color and number symbolism are concerned. The contention that an apparently very odd association common to two distinct regions must have travelled from one to the other, must immediately lose its force if we find the same association arising with a certain frequency among ourselves. The objection might indeed be raised, that, in order to become a cultural phenomenon, the individual association would have to be socialized; this would, however, apply in equal measure on the supposition of borrowing.

So far, then, as the objectivity of the criteria is concerned, the inferiority of the theory of independent development stands unproved. In determining genetic relationship on the ground of formal resemblance, the influence of the personal equation is unavoidable; on the other hand, the arbitrariness of speculations on independent development can be limited by the results of scientific (as opposed to popular) psychology.

If there is any difference in the value of the two theories, it must rest on the alleged absence of historical proofs for independent development, in the face of the universally admitted existence of such proofs for historical connection. It remains to be shown that this allegation is erroneous, that there exist unexceptionable instances of convergent evolution. For this purpose it is necessary to examine somewhat more closely the concept of convergence.

## DEFINITION OF "CONVERGENCE"

The fundamental error in Graebner's critique of convergent evolution lies in the fact that it entirely ignores the group of phenomena to which the principle criticised has been most successfully applied. Taking into account only Ehrenreich's *definitions* of "convergence," and disregarding completely Ehrenreich's further remarks on the subject, Graebner is led to reject the theory because, for the explanation of identities, it seems to involve the assumption of a mystic psychological unity (p. 145).

To be sure, it must be admitted that, if we found *exact* parallels of very complicated phenomena, their occurrence in two areas, no matter how widely separated, could not reasonably be explained by convergence. Let us assume for a moment that we found on the northwest coast of America a social system duplicating such Australian elements as four-class exogamy, belief in lineal descent from the totem, elaborate rites for the multiplication of totems, and the like. If this were the fact, an explanation by the psychic unity of mankind would be lamentably deficient, as may readily be shown by examination of a concrete case. Ehrenreich writes, "Wo gleiche Geistesanlage sich vereint mit Gleichheit der Wirtschaftsform und der gesellschaftlichen Stufe, wird die Cultur im Allgemeinen überall einen gleichen Charakter, einen gleichen Typus tragen, und wir dürfen uns nicht wundern, wenn solche gleiche Typen auch in Einzelheiten grosse Übereinstimmung zeigen und Convergenzen hervorbringen."<sup>1</sup> Let us test the explanatory value of the principle, as thus defined, by a single example. Ehrenreich finds a surprising resemblance between the Dukduk masks of New Britain and the Fish-Dance masks of the Karaya, as well as between the correlated usages. Granting the resemblance, nay, even the exact identity, of the features in question, what meaning can we associate with the statement that the parallel is due to psychic resemblance linked with like economic and sociological conditions? The identity to be explained is not found except among the two above-mentioned representatives of two distinct racial types. What are the psychic traits and cultural conditions common to these two tribes, which are *not shared by those of their geographical neighbors and racial congeners lacking the cultural homologies under discussion?* The principle of continuity is in fact not less essential to a sane theory of independent development than to a sane theory of transmission. There is at least no logical difficulty in assuming that certain laws of evolution are immanent in human society, and must lead *everywhere* to the same results. But to say that psychic affinity and cultural similarity have

<sup>1</sup> "Zur Frage der Beurtheilung und Bewerthung ethnographischer Analogien," *Correspondenz-Blatt der deutschen Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*, 1903, pp. 176-180.

produced in two or in a few instances the same result, is logically admissible only if it be shown at the same time for what specific reasons the same result is not noticeable in all other cases, even where psychic affinity is re-enforced by racial relationship, and cultural affinity by geographical and historical contact. So far, then, as Graebner's attack is directed against Ehrenreich's explanation of supposed identities, it is entirely justified: such an explanation is indeed nothing but a mystification. Granted the existence of identities, they are inexplicable.

But the entire aspect of the question changes if we do not interpret the given parallels as identical or homologous, but merely as analogous. In the brief but profound paper quoted above, Ehrenreich has treated this problem with the greatest possible clearness. Over and above what he regards as genuine convergences, he distinguishes "false analogies," due to the inadequacy of our knowledge, to the premature classification of diverse traits under the same concept, labelled with the same catch-word. It is merely necessary to conceive all parallels of any degree of complexity as "false analogies," — to explain them as Ehrenreich himself explains, in exemplary manner, the various forms of totemism, of the belief in metempsychosis, of the swastika and eye-ornament, — and the mystical element in the theory of convergence disappears. The observation of similarities, especially in the absence of obvious paths of diffusion, then leads directly to the query whether the similarities are not purely classificatory, and hence, from the standpoint of genetic relationship, illusory.

In a review of Graebner's recent book,<sup>1</sup> which has been published since the writing of the preceding paragraphs, Professor Boas says, "Nobody claims that convergence means an absolute identity of phenomena derived from heterogeneous sources; but we think we have ample proof to show that the most diverse ethnic phenomena, when subject to similar psychical conditions, or when referring to similar activities, will give similar results (not equal results), which we group naturally under the same category when viewed, not from an historical standpoint, but from that of psychology, technology, or other similar standpoints. The problem of convergence lies in the correct interpretation of the significance of ethnic phenomena that are apparently identical, but in many respects distinct; and also in the tendency of distinct phenomena to become psychologically similar, due to the shifting of some of their concomitant elements — as when the reason for a taboo shifts from the ground of religious avoidance to that of mere custom" (*l. c.*, p. 807). As is shown by a preceding quotation from Ehrenreich, Professor Boas goes too far in his initial statement, for Ehrenreich's conception of genuine convergence does practically involve a belief in an absolute identity derived from heterogeneous

<sup>1</sup> *Science*, 1911, pp. 804-810.

sources; but his utterance indicates that in America, at all events, convergence has been treated in a manner which entirely escapes Graebner's attention.

It is now necessary to discuss convergence as resulting from modes of classification, to show what form of classification gives rise to the appearance of identical results from diverse sources, and to illustrate the point by a number of special instances.

#### PREMATURE CLASSIFICATION

Premature classification appears in ethnological literature in two principal forms: the ethnologist may either infer from the undoubted identity of certain elements in two different complexes that the complexes themselves are identical; or he may fancy identity of elements or complexes where none exists. The first type of premature classification has wrought considerable mischief in the consideration of ceremonial complexes, such as the Midewiwin and the Sun Dance. The psychology of this fallacy is not unlike that of illusions. A complex such as the Midewiwin is described for some particular tribe; and some conspicuous feature, say, the shooting-ritual, acquires a symbolic function; so that whenever this feature appears in another tribe, it is at once supposed to indicate the presence of the residual elements of the complex first described. This would indeed be a justifiable inference, if a complex invariably represented a quasi-organic unit; but this is precisely what is not ordinarily the case. For example, Dr. Radin has recently shown<sup>1</sup> that the Midewiwin of the Winnebago and that of the Central Algonkin are not identical, because in each there has been a secondary association between the common elements and a preponderant group of specific elements, which in large measure can be shown to result from the specific character of Central Algonkin and Winnebago culture respectively. I have suggested elsewhere<sup>2</sup> that what Dr. Radin has successfully demonstrated for the Midewiwin applies in like measure to the Sun Dance of the Plains tribes. We cannot reduce to a common prototype the various forms in which the ceremonies grouped under this catch-word appear. All we can do is to ascertain the relatively few common elements which have acquired the symbolic function mentioned, and to investigate their varying combinations in different cases.

It is clear that the form of erroneous classification treated above, however large it may loom in ethnological discussion, has nothing to do with convergent evolution; for in the cases mentioned the genetic

<sup>1</sup> "The Ritual and Significance of the Winnebago Medicine Dance," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv (1911), pp. 149-208.

<sup>2</sup> "The Assiniboine," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. iv, Pt. I, pp. 77 et seq.

relationship of the identical features has never been challenged, while apart from these features there is obvious *divergence*. It is Ehrenreich's group of "false analogies" that supplies us with illustrations of the second type of classificatory error, and this has a direct bearing on the principle of convergence.

Comparing the two types of inadequate classification, we may say that the first type involves the assumption that an organic relationship exists where it does not exist, while the second type of error results from the failure to note that the supposedly parallel elements are organically related to two distinct complexes. In this latter case, then, the parallelism is between logical abstractions rather than between psychological and ethnological realities. Some concrete illustrations will make the matter clearer.

Owing to their theoretical interest, the so-called age-societies of the Plains may properly serve to introduce the subject. J. O. Dorsey reports that among the Omaha there were three feasting societies, composed of old men, middle-aged men, and youths respectively. In tribes of the same cultural area (Arapaho, Blackfoot, Mandan, Hidatsa) other writers have found series of dancing societies evincing a more refined classification by age, admission into any one society being contingent on a payment. Schurtz assumes that the existence of age-grades among the Omaha and other Plains tribes is due to an innate tendency of human society towards an age-grouping, which leads everywhere to similar results. From Graebner's point of view, the existence of so marked a feature as age-grades in a practically continuous area must be explained as due to historical connection. If, on the other hand, we here applied the principle of convergence in the sense defined by Ehrenreich, we should say that the resemblance between the Omaha age-classes and the age-societies of the other Plains tribes is due to the union of general psychic and specific cultural similarities of all the tribes concerned.

As a matter of fact, each of these three interpretations is erroneous. The Omaha feasting organizations are age-classes properly so-called; that is to say, a man belongs to one of the three classes by virtue of his age. But the fact that, say, the Hidatsa societies present the appearance of age-classes, is due to the mode of purchase obtaining in this tribe. The age factor is indeed active, inasmuch as it is customary for age-mates to purchase a society in a body; but there is no established division of Hidatsa society into age-grades, no correlation between age and membership in a certain definite organization. The correlation is, instead, between membership and *purchase*: an Hidatsa belongs to every society of the series which he has purchased, but which has never been purchased of him. A man of ninety may thus hold membership in a young men's society, and under abnormal circumstances a



group of men may acquire a membership which ranks superior to that of an older age-group. To call both the Omaha and the Hidatsa organizations "age-societies" is therefore admissible only if we regard this term as a convenient catch-word which may denote neither psychologically nor genetically related phenomena. The age-factor that we isolate in studying the Hidatsa system is, of course, as a logical abstraction comparable to corresponding abstractions, whether derived from the Omaha system or that of the Masai. In reality, however, it forms part of a context which determines it, and from which it cannot be wrested without completely altering its character. What we find in comparing the Omaha and the Hidatsa systems is therefore a convergence of a type different from that defined by Ehrenreich, but coinciding absolutely with that of his "false analogies," which result from our relative ignorance of the phenomena compared. So long as we knew only that the Hidatsa had societies composed of men of different ages, it was possible to classify them as age-grades proper. With the additional knowledge of the subjective attitude of the natives towards these societies, the justification for such a classification disappears.

What has just been shown for age-grades may be similarly shown for the much-discussed phenomenon labelled "exogamy." It has commonly been assumed that the regulation against marriage within a certain group, no matter in what part of the globe such a regulation may be found, is uniformly the same in principle. Dr. Goldenweiser has recently shown that this is by no means the case. Clan exogamy may indeed be the expression of the feeling that marriage within the clan as such is incestuous; but it may also, as among the Toda and Blackfoot, be a secondary development, the fundamental fact being an objection to marriages between blood relatives. From Dr. Graebner's standpoint there is no reason to differentiate between the primary and the secondary type of clan exogamy. The form-criterion merely tells us that two groups are both exogamous; that in point of exogamy they are identical, and in so far may reasonably be supposed to be genetically related. So far as the criterion of quantity is concerned, nothing would be easier than to bolster up the parallel exogamy by other resemblances. Thus, the Crow social units, which exemplify the clan of "classical" ethnological literature in being exogamous in their own right, bear nicknames of similar type to that of the Blackfoot. Here again the identity of the facts compared is logical, while the facts we are really interested in studying are psychological. The exogamous conduct of the Blackfoot is inseparably linked with his feeling towards blood relatives; the exogamous conduct of the Crow is part of a quite distinct psychological complex. Only by disregarding the characteristic features of exogamy in these two instances do we get an identical *Gedankending*.

In this connection it is interesting to discuss the two-phratry system (*Zweiklassensystem*), as Graebner himself makes an extensive use of this concept, suggesting, for instance, an historical connection between the two-phratry organization of Oceania and that of the Northwest Coast Indians and the Iroquois.<sup>1</sup> Before considering such a suggestion, we should have to be convinced that the term "two-phratry system" invariably labels the same phenomenon. Serious doubt is thrown on such a supposition by a consideration of the data collected by Rivers among the Toda. In this tribe the numerical preponderance of one clan is such, that its members can follow the exogamous rule only by marrying most of the members of the other clans, "leaving very few to intermarry with one another." Out of 177 marriages, only 16 were between members of the other clans. As Rivers recognizes, there has thus developed the closest conceivable approximation to a two-phratry system.<sup>2</sup> Yet this result has been achieved by unique historical causes quite distinct from those which brought about such a system where there are merely two intermarrying phratries without any lesser exogamous units.

An instance of similar suggestiveness is furnished by the recent history of the Crow. A visitor to this tribe some forty years ago would have found the male members of the tribe grouped in two social units,—the Foxes and the Lumpwoods. Without any real feeling of mutual hostility, these two units were constantly pitted against each other; for example, taking opposite sides at games, and constantly attempting to outdo each other in warlike deeds. To a superficial observer this division would have appeared similar to that of the Iroquois phratries, though, as a matter of fact, the Lumpwoods and Foxes were not social units with inheritable membership, but military societies. At all events, even a more careful investigator might have been struck by the phenomenon as one comparable with the tendency to the formation of dual divisions, as evidenced in civilized life by the frequency of two dominant political parties. Nevertheless, forty years prior to the hypothetical investigator's advent, he would have found no less than eight societies of the same type.<sup>3</sup> A detailed study of the development of military societies among the Crow shows beyond a doubt that the presence of but two military organizations forty years ago was not due to a primary dual organization, but came about solely through the elimination of the other organizations. A comparison of the Crow conditions with those still more recently found among the Gros Ventre is of the utmost interest. In this tribe the old ceremonial grouping of the men in a

<sup>1</sup> *Anthropos*, iv, p. 1021.

<sup>2</sup> "Totemism, an Analytical Study," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 246.

<sup>3</sup> Maximilian Prinz zu Wied, *Reise in das innere Nord-America in den Jahren 1832 bis 1834* (Coblenz, 1839), v. i, p. 401.

rather large number of small companies representing probably six age-grades has been completely superseded by a division into two organizations, — the War Dancers and the Star Dancers. The tribal and social functions of these societies bear close resemblance to those exercised by the Lumpwoods and Foxes of the Crow, and the spirit of rivalry is equally prominent in the Gros Ventre organizations. But while the dual grouping of the Crow men resulted from a process of elimination, precisely the reverse process took place among the Gros Ventre. The War Dance "is universally stated to be a recent importation from the Sioux, apparently within the present generation;" while the Star Dance is probably an old ceremony independent of the age-series.<sup>1</sup> In the two cases under discussion, then, a dual grouping is beyond a doubt the result of convergent development.

To revert to Graebner's own concepts, we may next consider his category of drums with skin drum-heads.<sup>2</sup> He is careful to enumerate the several Oceanian forms; but as soon as his extra-Oceanian speculations begin, differences of form seem to become negligible. The skin drum of the West African culture-area is described as one of the elements connecting it with Melanesian culture. It is said to appear with all the characteristic modes of securing the drum-head, — viz., by thongs, pegs, and wedges, — though the hourglass shape of the instrument is less frequent.<sup>3</sup>

Probably it would be difficult to find a more offensive example of the misapplication of the form-criterion. The very reference to the hourglass-shaped forms of Africa involves an error of the worst kind. Graebner's authority defines the hourglass drum of Africa as composed of two skin-covered bowls connected by a cylindrical tube. Three sub-types are distinguished, of which two recall the shape of a dumb-bell, while the third differs radically from the two others by the presence of four lugs and profuse decoration, and by the width of the connecting cylinder, which approximates that of the bowls.<sup>4</sup> For convenience of description, Ankermann is certainly justified in creating an hourglass type. But it would be unjustifiable to draw any inference as to genetic relations between the third and the two other sub-types; for quite apart from the elaborate decoration and the four lugs, the third sub-type is not at all similar to the dumb-bell form. It is a psychological commonplace that even congruous geo-

<sup>1</sup> Kroeber, "Ethnology of the Gros Ventre," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, v. i, pp. 234-239.

<sup>2</sup> "Ein Element von sehr typischer Verbreitung bieten zum Schlusse noch die *Musikinstrumente* in der einseitig bespannten, meist sanduhrförmigen, bisweilen zylindrischen Felltrommel" (*Anthropos*, iv, p. 770).

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 1011 et seq.

<sup>4</sup> Ankermann, "Die afrikanischen Musikinstrumente," *Ethnologisches Notisblatt*, 1901, vol. iii, pp. 98 et seq., 53-55.

metrical forms may produce very different psychological effects. It is a fact known to field-workers in America that identical patterns are sometimes not recognized by the natives as identical if executed in different colors. *A fortiori*, we cannot assume without proof, that, where the divergence of form is very great, the native still assembles the varying forms under the same concept. Artifacts differ from organic forms in lacking an innate tendency to variability. If, therefore, we suppose that the lugged (Barotse-Amboella) sub-type developed out of the dumb-bell form, or *vice versa*, we introduce either the hypothesis that some external condition determined the change, or the psychological hypothesis that both forms were originally conceived as of one type. For neither of these suppositions is there the slightest foundation.

If the foregoing argument applies within even a relatively continuous area, its force surely does not diminish when "hourglass drums" of different continents are compared. Indeed, the hourglass drum of New Guinea, as described and pictured by Finsch, Biró, Schlaginhaufen, and others, bears no resemblance to the African sub-types. We must regard the term "hourglass drum" as merely a convenient classificatory device by which may be described objects of diverse origin. The geometrical abstraction defined by the term corresponds to no cultural reality; it develops in different areas by convergent evolution.

As a matter of fact, the hourglass type which at least presents a semblance of morphological classification plays a very subordinate part in Graebner's treatment of the skin drum; for under the category of skin drums—and accordingly as evidence of a cultural connection between Oceania and North America—are cited the ordinary dancing-drum and the Midewiwin drum of the Ojibwa.<sup>1</sup> Thus the form-criterion is completely abandoned by its champion.

It is true that Dr. Graebner, in his treatment of this subject, attaches considerable weight to the method of securing the drum-head,—whether by thongs, pegs, or wedges (*Schnur-, Pflöck- und Keilspannung*). This leads to an important question. How many ways of fastening a skin membrane to a drum are conceivable? Very little reflection is required to show that the number is exceedingly limited. Indeed, the wedge system, being only a sub-type of the *Schnurspannung*, is not entitled to a special position on logical grounds, though from a comparative point of view it is incomparably the safest criterion of relationship. We must here apply what Dr. Goldenweiser has called, in conversation with the author, "the principle of limited possibilities," which has recently been thus defined: "The theory of convergence claims that similar ways *may* (not *must*) be found. This would be a

<sup>1</sup> *Anthropos*, iv, p. 1081.

truism if there existed only one way of solving this problem; and convergence is obviously the more probable, the fewer the possible solutions of the problem."<sup>1</sup> In the case at hand, it cannot be taken as a sign of genetic connection that some African and some Oceanian tribes use pegs for fastening a drum-head, because the number of available ways is very small *if classified in a manner that abstracts from all definite characteristics*.

This point is illustrated most clearly where the logical classification involves a dichotomy of the universe. A well-known writer has discussed the origin myths of primitive folk, and found that some involve a theory of evolution, others one of special creation. No sane ethnologist would infer from this that all the myths of either type were historically connected. To choose a somewhat more drastic illustration. Acquired biological traits must either be inherited or not inherited: consequently an expression of opinion, whether consciously or unconsciously bearing on the subject, must fall into either category. Many primitive tribes have myths recounting how in the remote past a certain animal met with some adventure which caused it to assume some biological peculiarity now noticeable in its descendants; nevertheless it would be absurd to accept this tacit assumption of transmission as a parallel of anti-Weismannism. Countless examples of a mode of classification rivaling in absurdity the hypothetical instance last cited are furnished by histories of philosophy. Too frequently the historian utterly neglects the processes by which conclusions are reached, and groups thinkers exclusively by the nature of their conclusions, which are labelled by descriptive catch-words. The identification of a philosopher as a monist or dualist, idealist or realist, is undoubtedly a labor-saving mode of characterization; but unfortunately it precludes a deeper comprehension of the thinker's philosophic individuality. A differentiation of social systems on the basis of maternal and paternal descent, such as Graebner has undertaken, is justifiable within a limited area, where historical connections can be definitely demonstrated. Outside such an area it can have no comparative significance, because descent cannot be reckoned otherwise than in either the maternal or the paternal line, or in both.

#### THE POSSIBILITY OF GENUINE CONVERGENCE

The foregoing discussion has indicated the nature of the errors due to premature classification. The frequency of such errors, and the readiness with which they are committed, surely justify the greatest caution in identifying apparent homologies in the cultures of tribes not known to be historically related. The first question we must ask is, not how the trait could have travelled from one region to another,

<sup>1</sup> Boas, in *Science*, 1911, p. 807.

nor even whether it could have originated independently through the psychic unity of mankind. Our first duty is rather to ascertain whether the resemblances are superficial or fundamental. For example, if we discover that the *manang bali* of the Sea Dyaks corresponds in the most striking manner to the *berdache* of the Plains Indians,<sup>1</sup> we should not straightway identify the two institutions and invoke the principle of psychic unity or that of historical connection. Psychic unity would only explain the fact of a pathological variation, which seems to occur everywhere with a certain frequency. It does not explain why in but two particular areas this variation should lead to a marked social institution. Neither can historical connection be postulated in the absence of a tittle of evidence for either genetic relationship or transmission. The advocate of convergence in the sense here proposed will simply await a fuller determination of the facts. If closer investigation should establish an absolute identity, the fact of identity would stand, but would stand unexplained.

But in many instances the identity of the cultural elements compared seems to be far more than an abstract possibility. The eye-ornament of the northwest coast of America is identical with that of Melanesia. For all practical purposes the star-shaped stone club-heads of New Guinea are identical with those from Peru. To put the case in the most general form, wherever we are dealing with objects which can be fully determined by an enumeration of their visible or sensible traits, there is the possibility of proving objective identity, as indicated by the examples just cited. However, there is an important consideration which cannot be neglected in this connection. The sensible traits of an ethnographic object may completely determine its character from the standpoint of the curiosity-dealer, but never from that of the scientific ethnologist.<sup>2</sup> For the latter a material object has a purely symbolical function: it represents a certain technique, an artistic style, a religious or social usage. In this sense it may be rightly said that "material" culture does not exist for the ethnologist, for the very word "culture" implies a psychological correlate, or rather determinant, of the material object. According to Pechuel-Loesche, the same representation of a human figure that in one West African specimen is nothing but a product of art industry, becomes, when endowed with certain magical powers by virtue of incantations or the application of sacred substances, a fetich. Exactly the same purpose, however, may be served in the same tribes by the most inconspicuous objects of nature. A purely objective comparison would here lead to an utterly erroneous classification. It would wrest the factors

<sup>1</sup> Gomes, *Seventeen Years among the Sea Dyaks of Borneo* (Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1911), pp. 179 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Boas, in *Science*, vol. xxv (1907), p. 928.

studied out of their organic context in quite the same way as an identification of the cultural traits discussed in the preceding section; it would neglect the very factors that we are most interested in studying.

As has been pointed out by American archæologists, the application of the form-criterion is insufficient in determining the antiquity of an archæological object; for the latter may not be at all the completed object designed by the worker, but a mere "reject."<sup>1</sup> Yet objectively the rejects coincide absolutely with the finished products of a lower culture. The difference lies in the cultural contexts of which the objects are elements: the resemblance may be perfect from a purely external standpoint; nevertheless it represents, in Ehrenreich's terminology, not a genuine convergence, but a false analogy. A most suggestive fact pointing in the same direction has been ascertained in Central Australia. The natives of this area use implements, some of which fall morphologically under the category of paleoliths, while others are neoliths. Investigation has shown that this morphological difference is a direct result of the material available for manufacture. Where diorite is available, the natives manufacture "neolithic" ground axes, in other cases they make flaked implements practically as crude as those of the ancient Tasmanians.<sup>2</sup> The manufacture of "neolithic" implements in Central Australia and elsewhere thus forms another instance of convergence, — a classificatory resemblance due to heterogeneous conditions. It is true that Graebner does not ignore the possible influence of material on form,<sup>3</sup> but he fails to show under what circumstances the ethnologist should seek to correlate morphological resemblance with the nature of the material. The form-criterion by itself does not tell us that diorite lends itself to "neolithic" workmanship, that bamboo bows are necessarily flat, that basalt furnishes the only material available for axe-manufacture in certain regions. Under what conditions should we be satisfied with formal coincidence as a proof of genetic relationship, and under what conditions should we inquire as to the possible influence of the available material?

The case of the eye-ornament adds force to the general argument. As Graebner might have learned from Ehrenreich's article (*l. c.*, p. 179), Boas has shown that the eye-ornament of Northwestern America results from a peculiar style of art, which, so far as we know, does not occur in Oceania; that is to say, the objective identity is again deceptive, because it is an identity established by wresting a part of the phenomenon studied (the visible pattern) from the midst of its cultural context. Here it must again be stated that Graebner does not unqualifiedly uphold the omnipotence of the morphological principle.

<sup>1</sup> Mason, *The Origins of Invention*, p. 124.

<sup>2</sup> Spencer and Gillen, *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, 1904, p. 635.

<sup>3</sup> *Methode der Ethnologie*, pp. 145, 117.

He rejects Von Luschan's speculations on the head-rests of New Guinea; he regards Schurtz's theories of the eye-ornament as "weniger phantastisch, aber doch auch übers Ziel geschossen;" he stigmatizes Stucken's attempt to trace all celestial myths to Babylon as an example of the neglect or unmethodical application of the form-criterion (p. 118). Unfortunately, he does not explain what is meant by an unmethodical or fantastic application of the form-criterion. As has been shown, the criterion of quantity is a measure of the historical connection between cultures, but can never decide as to the identity of doubtful traits. If all the other elements of Oceanian and north-west American culture were identical, the fact would prove nothing as to the identity of the eye-ornament in the two areas.

We are not always, indeed we are very rarely, in the fortunate position of knowing most of the determining conditions of an ethnological phenomenon. In the case of the rejects, of the central Australian "neoliths," and of the eye-ornament, we happen to be in possession of the facts; and from these instances we learn that morphological identity may give presumptive, but does not give conclusive, evidence of genetic relationship. It is conceivable that if we could determine the history of the South American paddles, which Graebner connects with Indonesian and Melanesian patterns,<sup>1</sup> we should find them to be genetically related; but we cannot bar the other logical possibility of independent origin, for it is likewise conceivable that each of the homologous features of the paddles originated from distinct motives and distinct conditions.

#### CONCLUSION

The doctrine of convergence, as here advocated, is not dogmatic, but methodological and critical. It does not deny that simple ethnological phenomena may arise independently in different regions of the globe, nor does it deny that diffusion of cultural elements has played an important part. It does not even repudiate the abstract possibility of the independent origin of complex phenomena (genuine convergence of Ehrenreich), though so far the demonstration of identities of such a character seems insufficient, and their existence would be unintelligible. The view here propounded demands simply that where the principle of psychic unity cannot be applied, and where paths of diffusion cannot be definitely indicated, we must first inquire whether the supposed identities are really such, or become such only by abstracting from the psychological context in which they occur, and which determines them, — whether, that is to say, we are comparing cultural realities, or merely figments of our logical modes of classification. A rapid survey of the field has sufficed to show that in many cases where some would invoke the principle of psychic unity, and others that of

<sup>1</sup> *Methode der Ethnologie*, p. 145; *Anthropos*, iv, pp. 763, 1016, 1021.



historic connection, the problem is an apparent one, which vanishes with a better knowledge and classification of the facts.

Dr. Graebner's ambitious attempt to trace historical connections between remote areas cannot be dismissed wholesale, on the basis of the foregoing criticisms. What has been shown is simply the necessity for a critical use of ethnological concepts, and their occasionally quite uncritical use of Graebner. Even tangible specimens, it appears, cannot be studied apart from the culture of which they are a product. In the investigation of social and religious usages, where the subject-matter is itself psychological, the exclusive consideration of the form-criterion, to the detriment of the subjective factors involved, can lead only to disastrous results. Ethnology is a relatively young science, and it is natural that the mode of classification in vogue among ethnologists should have a pre-scientific tang. But the time has come to recognize that an ethnologist who identifies a two-class system in Australia with a two-class system in America, or totemism among the Northwestern Indians with totemism in Melanesia, sinks to the level of a zoölogist who should class whales with fishes, and bats with birds.

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## ARAPAHO TALES

BY H. R. VOTH

IN looking through some old note-books, the author came across the following tales which were told him by different members of the tribe, while he was a missionary among the Arapaho from 1882 to 1892. As none of them seem to have been published, — at least not in this form, — it was thought best to publish them as an addition, however brief, to the valuable publications of Dorsey, Kroeber, and others on the Arapaho.

## I. THE BOY THAT WAS CARRIED OFF BY THE WIND

Once a man and a woman had two boys: they were twins. These boys often took their bows and arrows and went out to hunt. One time when they were hunting, they found an eagle's nest. The old eagles were not at home. The boys asked the young eagles what kind of clouds generally came when their mother was angry. The young eagles said black clouds. Then the boys cut off the heads of the young eagles; and when they were about to cut off the last one, the clouds got black, and it began to storm. The boys ran home. One got into the tent, but the other one was taken by the storm just as he was about to enter the lodge. The door of the tent, of which the boy had taken hold, was also carried along. When the boy, as the wind carried him along, would grasp at something, — for instance, the branch of a tree, — it would break off. So the wind carried him way off to some other camps. Here the wind dropped him. He was all covered with dirt. An old woman, who came to cut grass, found him. She took him to her tent and took care of him, and he grew up to be a young man.

One time a little red bird was sitting on the poles of a tent. Some men, of whom this young man was one, tried to shoot it. One old man said, "Whoever shoots that bird shall marry one of my daughters." All tried hard, and this young man hit it. Then a Raven came and took that bird away from him, and showed it to the father of those girls. When the young man heard of it, he told the people that it was he who shot the bird; and so he got the younger daughter, and the Raven the older one.

One time the young man went to shoot buffalo, and once he drove a herd to the camp. Many came to take part in the hunt. The Raven had nothing to do, but flew around and picked out the buffaloes' eyes.

When they had killed the buffaloes, the women took home some blood in their shawls on their backs. Those two young women were jealous of each other because one had a nice man, and the other a Raven. When the Raven's wife went home, that young man went and cut her shawl, so that the blood was spilled and the shawl spoiled.

The younger woman was nice-looking, but her husband sometimes looked filthy. During the night, however, he would get handsome again. Once the couple wanted to go and get wood. The older sister wanted to go along, but the younger would not allow her to do so.

## 2. THE FROG AND THE WOMAN

A woman once went to a river to get water. When she dipped the water, a frog jumped into the pail; and when the woman got home, that frog all at once became a man. He was standing in the bucket, and then jumped out. Afterwards this man married that woman, and after a while they had two children. After this the man once got very hungry and ate up his wife, after which he turned into a frog again and lived with the other frogs in the river.

## 3. THE WOMAN AND THE BUFFALO

A woman went to get water, and saw what she thought was a man standing near the water. She ran away with that man; and after they were gone away a short distance, the man turned into a buffalo. The woman then wanted to return, but the buffalo would not let her. She tried to hide away, but could not do it. When they came to the buffalo-herd, the buffaloes were sleeping. The woman's mother by this time began to look for her daughter. Her other daughter told her that her sister had run away. The mother then told a Mouse that she should go under the ground and hunt her lost daughter, and that if she should find her, she should put her head out of the ground and stick two arrows into the ground beside the woman, so as to mark the place where she was sitting. In the morning, when the buffaloes got up, the (man) Buffalo saw that his wife did not get up, and went to hit her, but found only her shawl. Then they followed her, but could not find her. She had gone home.

## 4. THE MAN WHO GETS ADVICE FROM THE SKUNK

There was once an Indian who had an old rifle which he had owned a long time. He had a wife and only one child. Once they were very hungry, but the man had no cartridges. No other Indians were near. The man then went eastward and saw a herd of reindeer. Not having any cartridges, he did not know what to do. So he prayed to the Skunk, and the Skunk told him to take some mud and mould it into bullets. He did so, put one into his gun, took aim at a reindeer, and shot and killed it. He then went back and told his wife that he had killed a reindeer. In the mean while some bears had taken the reindeer that he had killed. This made the man so angry that he took his knife and cut his own throat.

## 5. THE ORIGIN OF THE PLEIADES

Once seven men went on the war-path. A bear got after them, and they did not know how to escape. Then they took a little ball, kicked it upward, and a man ascended with it. This they repeated several times, a man going up with every ball they kicked up. When the last one was about to go up, the bear was just about to take him; but he quickly kicked the ball and went up too, and those are the seven stars up in the sky.

## 6. BAD-ROBE RESURRECTING A BUFFALO

When the Arapaho still lived north in a village, an Arapaho named Bad-Robe wanted to make medicine to see if he could not get the buffalo to come. He told Cedar-Tree to go westward and see if he could not find a buffalo.

Cedar-Tree went; and when he had gone a short distance, he saw some black objects in the distance, but could not say whether they were buffaloes or not. He made up his mind that he would not tell the Indians a lie, and say he saw buffaloes when he was not sure about it. All at once he saw those black things fly up, and noticed that they were ravens. He went back to camp and told the Indians about it. So Bad-Robe would not make medicine, but scolded Cedar-Tree for not believing that what he saw were buffaloes. If he had believed, they would not have changed into ravens. One man got so angry at Cedar-Tree and his failure, that he killed his own wife. The camp was then broken up, and the Indians scattered.

The mother of the murdered woman, her two sisters, and an uncle, started in pursuit of the murderer. They pursued him a while, but got hungry, so that they had to return. When they came near their home, they put up their tent and staid there. One of them was very hungry; and, as they had nothing else to eat, her folks cooked moccasin-soles for her. Early in the morning her uncle went west to hunt, but had no bow or gun. He met Bad-Robe, whom he asked to loan him his gun because his folks were very hungry. Bad-Robe gave it to him, and said that in the morning he would be at their tent and try to find some dried buffalo (cadaver). The man whose name was Trying-Bear went northwest and found a dry buffalo. He went to his tent and told others about it. Bad-Robe, who was already there, had a white pony. This he painted, put a buffalo-robe around himself and a fine eagle-feather on his head. This was in the morning. He now started off for that buffalo carcass, telling the uncle, Trying-Bear, to follow him after a while. But the man followed him right away, because he was curious to know what would be done. About noon Bad-Robe got there. He got off from his pony, took his eagle-feather, threw it at the carcass, and all at once it became alive. Bad-Robe then turned around and saw Trying-Bear, whom he told to shoot that buffalo, skin it, and take everything eatable about it to the camp and eat.

#### 7. ORIGIN OF THE BUFFALO

Once the Cheyenne lived at the head of a stream which emptied into a hole or cave. One time they were nearly starving, and they consulted with one another as to whether they ought not to explore the cave once. No one wanted to undertake it. At last one got ready, painted himself up, and when he came to the cave, he found two others there ready to descend. He first thought those two only wanted to fool him; but they said no, they wanted to go in. So they all three jumped in. Soon they came to a door. Upon their knocking, an old woman opened and asked what they wanted. They said they and their people were starving. "Are you hungry too?" she asked. "Yes!"—"See there!" and they beheld a wide prairie covered with buffaloes. She then handed them a pan with buffalo-meat. They thought that was not enough to satisfy the great hunger of even one of them, but they ate and ate until they were "just full;" and then the old woman said they should take what was left and give it to their people in camp, and she would soon send them the buffalo. They did so, and the whole camp had enough of what they brought. Everybody ate and was filled. And when they awoke the next morning, they beheld around them great herds of buffalo.

## 8. ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE ARROWS

A long time ago some Cheyenne were out to hunt buffaloes. When the chase was over, a number of young men went to the hunting-ground to eat some of the meat, such as the kidneys, liver, etc. One young man, seeing a buffalo yearling which one of the chiefs had shot, said he wanted to have the hide of that yearling, and skinned it. Soon the chief, who had killed the yearling, came and claimed the hide. A controversy arose. All at once the boy took the lower part of the buffalo's leg and clubbed the chief almost to death with it. He then ran to his grandmother's tent, she being the only relative he had. Here he lay down and slept. She put the kettle on the fire to cook a meal.

In the morning the men of the tribe came to the lodge where the young man was. His grandmother told him about it. He said he did not care, and remained in bed. They called to him that he should come out, but he would not do it. They repeated the command, but in vain. At last they began to cut up the tent. He quickly upset the kettle, pouring the boiling water into the fire, and going up into the air with the steam and ashes that arose. All at once they saw him way off, just going over a ridge. They followed him; but before they overtook him, they saw him farther off again; and so it continued. They could not get him.

The next morning some women, going after water, saw him under a river-bank, and went and told the men. They went and chased him again, but in vain. When they were upon his heels, they would all at once see him way off. Sometimes he would disappear, and then re-appear again in a different costume. The last time he appeared dressed in a fine buffalo-robe costume. He went over a ridge, and they saw him no more at that time.

With that young man the buffalo had disappeared too, and the Indians soon began to starve. They finally had to live mostly on mushrooms. Once some young men wandered away from the camp; and all at once they saw a young man, nicely dressed in a buffalo-robe, coming towards them. It was the young man who had so mysteriously disappeared. He asked them the condition of the Indians in their camps, and they told him that they were nearly starving and had to live on mushrooms. He told them to hunt a "dry buffalo" (skeleton). They did so; and he hunted out of the decayed remains the "book" of the stomach, and gave it to them to eat. He also broke some of the bones, and, behold! there was some marrow in them. This he also gave to them. He then sent them to camp, and told them to tell the medicine-men to have a lodge ready for them in the centre of the camp. In the evening he came, bringing with him four arrows that he had brought along. He now made "arrow-medicine," and sang arrow-songs with the chiefs all night; and in the morning the buffalo had re-appeared, and the Cheyenne had plenty to eat again. Since that time the Cheyenne celebrate the "medicine arrow medicine," which is one of the most sacred and most severe medicines. Later the Pawnees got two of the arrows in a war; one, however, the Cheyenne recovered again.

## 9. ON THE WAR-PATH

Five young men and two boys (all Arapahoes) once went on the war-path. They started from home about noon, and travelled about ten miles, when they stopped for the night. It was dark. The leader asked

each one to get water. They all refused. At last the youngest one went. When coming near the water, he was all at once caught by the leg by a man who had no scalp. It was an Arapaho. This man said, "Where do you come from?"—"Oh, we are just stopping here for the night," the boy answered. The man then said that the Pawnee had been fighting them, and had killed many. The boy said, "Wait, I will just get some water, and then we will go to our camp together." When he had gotten the water, he helped the wounded man up, took him close to the camp, and carried the water in. He then asked the leader of the party, "Are you strong, and will you not become frightened at anything?" He answered, "I am strong, and am not afraid of anything." The boy then put this same question to each one of the party, and each one answered the same way. Only the youngest of the party, the boy, said, "I do not know, I might, and might not. This is the first time that I am on the war-path." They were all wondering why they were asked these questions. The boy (who had gotten the water) then went out and got the wounded man, and took him into the tent. All five of the warriors became frightened and huddled together in a heap. Only the two boys proved to be strong. The wounded man then told them that the Pawnee had been fighting them, and that his friends were all lying around there dead.

They prepared a supper, and, when they were through eating, went to sleep. In the morning the boy who got that man said, "Now, my friends, I thought you were strong and would not be frightened, but I see you are not strong. It would be bad if we should go and hunt up a war. To-morrow we start back, because it would be too bad if other tribes should kill us all." The wounded man then said to them, "My friends, you will have to leave me here. Make a strong hut for me to sleep in, and get me a good supply of drinking-water." So the young men went home, and the boy told his friends about them. The scalped man soon died.

#### 10. THE ALLIGATOR BOY

Once upon a time some Indians moved to a new place. After having made their camp, two boys were riding out and got into the woods. Here one of them found two large eggs. They did not know what kind of eggs they were. They took them across the river, where they erected a small tent. The younger boy said he had once tasted big eggs, and then he cooked these. After he had cooked them, he offered one to the larger boy, who refused to eat it. The younger boy ate his, and in the night he took sick. He soon noticed that he began having green spots and small raised parts all over his body. He began to cry. His brother said, "I told you not to eat that egg, but you would not listen." By that time the boy had turned into an alligator, all but the head. He told the older brother, who by this time was crying too, to go and call his friends. This he did. All came to see the unfortunate boy. The alligator boy said, if they ever wanted to talk to him, they should whistle, and he would then come out from the water. The Indians then went back; and the boy, who now had entirely become an alligator, went into the water.

## II. THE CANNIBAL AND THE FOX

A man once went into some tents and told the women there were many plums across the river, and they should go and pick them. He would stay, and in the mean time watch their babies. So they went; and while they were gone, the man cut off the babies' heads, and left them in their cradle swings. The bodies he took away. Presently the women came back and told some of their girls to go in and see how the babies were. They came running out, and said that only the heads were in the swings. The women came crying; and when they looked, they saw the man at a distance. They pursued him; and when he saw them coming, he wished there were a big hole there. At once the hole was there. He ran into the hole; and when the women came there, they sat around the hole and cried. The man, finding some paint in the hole, painted his face, and then came out and asked them why they were crying. The women, not knowing him, said a man had killed their babies, and they thought he was in that hole. He came out, and said they should go in and see. They did so; and when they were in the hole, the man threw fire in, and thus killed them. He then got out the bodies, built a large fire, laid the bodies around it, and roasted them, in order to eat them. Just then a Fox came there, and said he was sick and wanted to get something to eat. The man proposed to the Fox that they go on a hill and then run towards the fire. Whoever should get there first should eat first. To this the Fox agreed; and he got there first, and ate up all the bodies. When the man got there, he found nothing, and went home.

## 12. THE MOTHER'S HEAD

At a certain place there was once a single tent, in which lived a man with his wife, daughter, and little boy. The man always used to paint his wife's face; but every time when she would get water, the paint would disappear. So one time the man concluded that he would go and find out once why his wife always went after water so late, and why the paint was always gone. After he had painted her again, she went after water; and he followed her, and hid himself in the bushes. Soon she whistled, and he saw an alligator come out of the water and lick her face. He at once shot both, cut off the woman's head, took it home, cooked it, and he and his children ate of it. The little boy always said it tasted like their mother. Afterwards the man told the other Indians that the children had eaten their mother. They at once all left the place, leaving the children alone. The children followed, but a head would always roll after them; and when they came near to the other Indians, the latter would run away from them. All at once the children came to a river, laid a board across, and walked over. The head followed them; but when it was on the middle of the board (i. e., halfway across), they turned the board, the head fell into the water, and did not follow them any more.

The girl then covered her face and wished that she had a nice house, a lion and a tiger, and many other things. When she uncovered her face, the house and many nice things were there, and under the bed were also a lion and a tiger. They then had much meat to eat; and they called the Indians, and they came and ate. The father of the children also came, and they gave him meat to eat too. The girl told the two animals to kill their father when he went out of the house, because he had killed their mother

and then given them her head to eat, and then had accused them of it. The animals did as they had been told. The Indians afterwards would always come to these children to eat.

### 13. THE BEAR GIRL

At a certain place there was once an Indian village. At one time some children were playing some little distance from camp. One girl had a sister who was a Bear. This Bear girl was playing with the children, and told her sister to take their little sister home, which was refused. The Bear girl then scratched the face of the one who refused to take the little sister home, and said, if she would tell their father and mother, the dogs would bark, and she would come and tear up all the tents and eat up all the people. The girl then went and hid in a dog-tent. The Bear girl hunted, and at last found her and threatened to eat her up. But the girl begged for her life, and promised that she would live with the Bear girl, get water for her, and work for her; and so the Bear girl let her alone. The two then lived together in a big tent. One time, when the girl was getting water, she met three men, who gave her a rabbit, and told her to go and give it to the Bear girl, and say to her that she gave her that rabbit. The girl took it home, and, giving it to her Bear sister, said, "Here, I killed this rabbit for you." The Bear girl took it; and while she was cooking it, the three men came and placed themselves, one on the north, one on the south, and one on the west, side of the tent, and shot and killed the Bear girl. They then took one of the Bear girl's leg-bones and put it on the girl's back, telling her if she should lose it, the Bear girl would come to life again and come after her. They then took the girl along; and while they were walking along, the girl lost the bone three times. Every time she would see the Bear girl coming at a distance, but every time she found the bone again before the Bear girl would overtake them. The last time they were just climbing up a high mountain when the Bear girl was near; and while the travellers got on the mountain all right, the Bear girl would always roll back, and finally asked the parties on the mountain to come down, as she would not hurt them. But they staid on the mountain; and finally the Bear girl went away, and the party, including the girl, went to an Indian camp on the other side, where they remained.

### 14. WHY THE BEAR HAS A SHORT TAIL

Once an old woman was walking by a river, and all at once she saw a red Fox. She said to him, "My grandson, come here! I want to tell you a story about my folks at home. I am walking along here to hunt my grandson, and I have been very lonesome for my grandson, and at last I see him. Now, come here and sit down by my side, and listen to me!" She then began to tell him a story, which never ended. She had already been talking quite a while, and the old Fox began to sleep. She went on telling her story until the Fox was fast asleep. The old woman then got up while the Fox was sleeping, and took a knife and cut off his head. Then she made a fire and roasted the Fox. After he was done, she took him off the fire and went to get some more wood. While she was gone, a bear came and carried the Fox away. Soon the woman returned; and when she did not find the Fox, she asked a Tree, "Who has taken away my fox?" The Tree told her that a bear had taken it. The woman said, "Now, this is bad, what the bear



has done to me. Now, I will say this: 'Bears shall have bob-tails.'" And that is the reason why bears have short tails.

#### 15. HOW A BIRD AND AN ALLIGATOR SAVED TWO CHILDREN

Once there stood at one place a number of tents. Outside some children were playing. A white man who came along "sat down" not far away. The children saw it, and said, "Look at that white man! He is 'making something.'" When the white man heard it, he got angry, and went to the tents and demanded of the Indians that they should move away, but leave the children, which they did. Soon some of the girls who had been playing outside told their sisters to go and get something from the camps. They went, but found no tents. An old Dog was tied at the place where the tents had been standing. Then the children asked the Dog where their friends were. He told them they had gone away, and then went with the children to hunt them. While they were going, they came to a little tent where an old woman lived, whom they asked whether she had seen their mothers pass by. The old woman said, "My grandchildren, my grandchildren! You can sleep here during the night." So they slept there, all in one row. While they were sleeping, the old woman sharpened her knife and cut off all the children's heads. Only one large girl awoke and begged for her and her little sister's life, promising the old woman that they would love and help her. In the morning the old woman asked the children if they wanted to eat of the bodies of the children which she had just cooked. They refused, saying they were not hungry. During the next night the smaller girl wanted to go out. The old woman told the larger girl to just let her sister do it in the tent. But she said no, because it would get "muddy" in the tent; and so they went out. In a little while the little girl again had to get up. The old woman again protested against their going out; but the larger sister said, "There will be a little hill in the tent," and the woman again let them go out. When they were outside, a little Bird told them they should run away, as the old woman would cut off their heads too. So they ran away. Meanwhile the old woman kept calling from the tent that they should hurry up or else she would come out. The Bird kept answering, "Wait!" The girls, in the mean time, had come to a river. On the shore lay an Alligator, who told them to go around him four times. Then he asked them to sit down by him and see if they could find something on him. They did so, and found frogs, which the Alligator told them to crack as they crack lice that they hunt on each other. Then the Alligator told them to get on his back; and when they did so, he carried them across the river. When they were across, they ran, and saw a very nice tent at a distance, in which they lived.

## PIMA AND PAPAGO LEGENDS

BY MARY L. NEFF

[The following legends were written at the instance of Dr. Mary L. Neff in 1907, by Pima and Papago children attending the Industrial School at Tucson, Arizona. They are printed here without any change, as an interesting record of the form in which the young Indian of that region takes the remains of his tribal past into his future life. Unfortunately the exact tribal relations of the writers were not given.—Ed.]

### HOW THE EARTH WAS MADE

Before this world was made there was nothing but darkness. And the darkness rolled about in the air, and out of the darkness a black little ball was formed.

It flew about in the air for many centuries, increasing its size until it was about six or seven times as large as a basket-ball.

Finally this big black ball turned itself into a man. This man flew around in the air until once he determined to make something to dwell on. So he gathered all the dust in the air and formed a little ball.

This he threw up into the air, hoping that if his plan should succeed, this ball would in some way stay in the air.

The first trial was a failure. This he repeated several times, but every time he failed.

The last time he threw it up, it staid in the air, and was held by some magic power.

This Chuewut Ma-cki (or Earth Doctor) went and sat on it, and stretched it out as far as it could be stretched, until it reached the horizon.

The earth did not stay very steady, for it balanced, and so he sent a spider to run along the edge and spin its thread, so as to keep it steady. [They believe that the earth was flat.]

When this was done, he made the sun to rise in the east. When it was set, it was so dark as before, and so he made the moon and the stars.

He then made the fruit-bearing trees and vegetables; and after that, the beasts, and the fowls of the air.

The last that were made were the inhabitants. He then appointed the man Seaher to be the leader of the people. He was to rule the people, the authorities of Chuewut Ma-cki.

But this man, after ruling for quite a while, sinned against Chuewut Ma-cki.

He ruled the people in his own power, and led them to sin against their maker.

Chuewut Ma-cki at once decided to destroy the people; and so he

sent out a man to go all over the world, but he did not tell him what to do. But the man obeyed, and started out; and as he was going, he got a little baby on the way, and he carried it with him.

As he approached near where Seaher lives, he left the baby under a tree and went over to him. Seaher heard the baby crying, and he asked where the baby was. "Go bring him here!" he said.

The man went; and as he came near to pick him up, he sank up to his knees, for the ground was softened by the tears of the baby, that ran down to the ground. He went back, told Seaher that it was of no use, the ground around was wet and soft. But he told him to go and get him some way.

And again he started out for the baby; but lo! the ground was more soft, and little streams of water began to flow out of this place, and the flood arose from it. The Pima Indians fled, and took refuge on the mountains east of Phoenix or north of Florence.

It is on this mountain where the great transmutation took place.

As they were up there on that high mountain, they were anxious to know whether the water was going down or coming up.

Once a man went down to see the water with his dog; and when they returned to the crowd on the top, the dog spoke, and the people turned into stone.

When the water was abated, Chuewut Ma-cki made more people.

The Indians now living in the United States are descended from them.

Images of stones may still be seen on the top of this mountain, and also the dog may be seen standing beside its master.

This is the origin of the Indians which so puzzled the white people.

*Johnson Azul.*

#### ORIGIN LEGEND

The Indians of my race once believed this story.

There was a person that they called their creator or their sister. She saw that the world was getting so bad, so the sister thought to destroy the earth with water. She made an olla out of a kind of sap that comes from the grease-wood, in which to save herself. Fox had heard about this; so he got a trunk of a tree and made a hole through, and left the one side open, so as to go in from. But, as he did not know how to shut the other side, he began to cry. The sister came and asked what was the matter. The fox told her his troubles. The sister told him how she had made hers. So the Fox took some of that, and made a door for that side.

The Fox then said, "Now, if you or I get out first, shall roll this world." There was the bluebird, red-bird, and ksop (the smallest bird), who thought that they would go up to the sky and hang themselves. So, as the water came, the sister went into her olla, the Fox in his place, and the birds flew to heaven and hung on to the blue sky.

While the water was upon the face of the earth, the sister's olla went east, and the Fox's south.

As for the birds, the water was high enough that their tails were in the water. The bluebird was crying, and could not be comforted. At last the little Ksop said, "I am the smallest one, yet I am not crying." Then the bluebird stopped crying. They staid for some months, and the water was not all gone yet. When the sister got out, she went and saw the birds coming down. She hunted for the Fox, who was not out yet. All the water was gone. He took mud and put it on his legs and his body to make believe he had been out a long time. As he saw the sister, he shouted, "I was the first out!" The birds said they had been out first. But the sister said nothing. So they went their way. But the sister went to a pond near by, and was getting some mud, when the Fox came and asked what she was going to do. The sister said that she was going to make some people to live on the earth. The Fox asked to help, and began to get his mud. When they got ready to make them, the Fox said, "Let us not show each other until we are through!" He turned his back, and began to make dolls with one arm or one leg, one eye, one of each part of the body, laughing at the same time.

When they got through, they showed each other what they had made. The sister asked many questions about how they were going to work. The sister told him to take the dolls and put them behind the Ocean in another world. She did not care to have people like that. So he took them and put them there. The Indians still believe that there are people who are like that; and the sister breathed into those people that she had made, and they were alive. The Indians call the Fox our brother for fun.

*Louise.*

#### THE FOX'S JOURNEY

Once there was a Fox who was going toward the east. He passed by a cottonwood-tree.

As he went on a little farther from the tree, he heard a voice, saying, "Rough-edged ears, long paws, sharp mouth, long tail, gray eyes!" Whoever was saying this was kind of singing.

When the Fox heard it, he thought to himself, "Why, the person meant me," and was kind of mad.

So the Fox went back to the place where the sound seemed to be, but found nobody.

He went on his way again. Pretty soon he heard the same voice, saying the very same thing again.

Then he was so angry; and he said, "If I find you, I am going to do something to you." So he went back to the same place, but this time he looked and looked, till at last he turned the leaves of the cottonwood-tree upside down, which were on the ground.

There he found a Frog under one of the leaves. "Here you are! You are not any nicer than I am," he said when he found the Frog who was saying things about him.

Then the Fox began to sing a little about the Frog too. This is what he said: "Big mouth, short legs, short back, no tail, ugly person!" When the Fox finished his song, he said, "Now I am going to eat you up." Then the Frog said, "If you eat me without salt, every living thing will be drowned; but if you eat me with salt, nothing will be drowned." And of course the Fox could not wait, so he ate up the Frog.

He went on his way after that. But when he looked back, he saw the water coming from out of his footprints. Water getting bigger and bigger, so the Fox climbed a cottonwood-tree. When the water was about to reach him, he climbed higher, till he was on the very top of the tree. There he saw some storks (?) coming. So he asked some of them if they had food with them. The storks said, "The water is not deep enough to drown you. Come down and have some food! Just look here! The water is not deep." They said so while walking about. Yet they only walked on top of the water. So the Fox believed them; and, besides, he was hungry. So he jumped down. The water was very deep, so that he could not be on the surface any more.

*Martha Anton.*

#### YA-CHE-WOL

Once on a time there lived a little animal, called by the Indians Ya-che-wol, that lived under the ground.

One day he went out hunting, he got to a certain place, and began cutting down bushes, and enclosed all the animals that were there in that place, and then set it on fire.

When he got this done, he went and stood in the centre, and began to sing. His song was this:

Choke-choke-sai-good, Choke-choke-sai-good;  
Chirt-dun en I he, Chirt-dun en I he.

And while he sang this song, he was jumping up and down. The first time he sang, he sank into the ground up to his ankles; he sang it again, and this time he was in up to his knees; and so on till his whole body was under ground, and the fire met over him.

He lay under the ground till it was cooled off; and then he came up and gathered all the animals that were burned, and carried them home, and gave his friends a great feast.

One day he had been out as usual, and was at home drying the meat he had gotten. A Fox who was passing by saw the great lot of meat, and thought he would go and ask about it.

Ya-che-wol told him where and how he got it. The Fox said he was going to try and get some meat too, and so he asked Ya-che-wol

again how he did it, and he was told again, and also was taught the little song.

Well, the Fox went his way, and did just what he was told to do. After he set the bushes on fire, he went and stood in the middle, and began to sing. He went in up to his ankles, and then he never went any lower after that.

And yet the fire was coming nearer every minute, and he sang louder than ever, but that did not help. At last the fire met over him, and he was burned with the other animals.

His wife and children waited for him, but he did not come, and so they went to look for him. When they came to that place where he set the bushes on fire, they saw him lying with his mouth open among the other animals.

They then gathered the animals he burned, and also his body, and took them home and enjoyed the meat; but poor Mr. Fox never got any to taste of.

*Lobi Anton.*

#### THE FOX AND THE DUCKS

Once upon a time there were some Ducks that were cutting down some trees, and were singing away while they were at work, when suddenly an old Fox came out of the woods, and said, "What are you doing, my friends?" They told him that they were cutting trees and singing.

He said he would like to try and cut some down too. So he got to work and began to cut them down; but it was too hard for him, so he got tired, and said he would like to lie in the shade of one of those trees. So he did. He lay down and went to sleep.

But one of the Ducks came and cut the tree under which the Fox was lying. When the Fox heard the tree coming down, he ran to save his life; but it fell on his tail, and he could not get out. He cried for help, but the birds only laughed and flew away.

The Fox pulled and pulled to get his tail out, but he could not. So at last some one had pity on him and helped him. So he got out and went on his way home.

As he was on his way home, he met a Duck, and asked him if he was one of them that was working in the woods. He said that he was. So the Fox said to that Duck, that he was to go to the Fox's house, where he would find his wife. He was to ask her to cook him, but she should be sure and leave the head for the Fox to eat when he came home.

The Duck went; but when he got to the Fox's house, he said to the old Fox-Woman that her husband had said that she should cook him some of his and her shoes, and also some leather. So she said that she would do it. There was a cottonwood-tree near by, and a pond where

they got their water. The Duck went and sat on it where he could see himself in the water. So when the Fox came, he asked his wife where she had saved the head of the Duck. "Did the Duck come that I sent to tell you to cook him?" he said; and she said, "Yes, he came, but told me to cook these things, so I did." The Fox was very much displeased. And as he was going to get some water, there he saw the Duck, and he said, "There you are! I am going to eat you." So he went to his house and got a mortar, and tied it around his waist, and went into the water to get the Duck; but it was not heavy enough, so he came up and got a grinding-stone, and that was just too heavy. He sank into the water, and never returned. But he never reached the bird that he was after, because he was just up in a tree, while the Fox thought he was in the water. So he got drowned.

*Mary Williams.*

#### THE EAGLE

There once lived a man who is said to have been good for nothing.

But one day he metamorphosed himself into an Eagle. He went and lived upon a high steep mountain, and, coming down, killed people every day.

One day a little man decided to kill him, and so went up; and finally, when he came to the place where the Eagle lives, the Eagle was away, but his wife was at home.

The woman told him that he must hide himself, for it was about time for the coming of the Eagle.

The little man at once transformed himself into a fly, and hid himself under a pile of dead bodies.

In a few hours came the Eagle with more dead bodies. After eating his dinner, being weary from his long journey, he lay down and went to sleep.

The little man came out from his hiding-place, cut off the Eagle's head, and poured warm water over the dead bodies, and they came back to life again. But some had been there so long, that they turned white; and when the little man tried to talk to them, they talked a different language. So he separated them from the Indians, and called them white men.

These legends are no longer believed, as the Indians are coming out of their superstition into a better knowledge.

*Johnson Azul (7th Grade).*

#### CASA BLANCA

There is an Indian legend told by the Indians about the early inhabitants of this country.

These people that are supposed to have lived a long time ago did not know how to make adobe.

They did nothing but work, because they were friendly, and they never fought each other.

They went to work and put up a building many stories high.

They did not have anything to carry the mud with, nor did they have any tools to use; but they carried the mud in their hands, and put it on the wall, and packed it till it staid on firmly.

They worked on it for a long time, and they finished it at last.

The walls were thick, and it contained many small rooms. This was their protection against the hot sun and rain.

And there was a man whom they all depended upon in everything.

This man had power to do anything he wanted, and all these people were afraid of him; and if anything happened, they would go to him, and he settled the matter.

One time they were discontented with him, and began to think of killing him. Many plans were made how to kill him.

They were in a house talking over the matter, and some one was found who could do it.

This was a friend of the Sun. Four days were given him, and at the end of that time he was to try.

After four days were over, he went eastward, where the sun rises; and in the morning, as the sun was coming up, he joined it, and followed it all the way till it set; and the next day he came home and told the people that within four days this man should die.

This powerful man was thinking of no danger. After four days, the sun came up brightly, and it was hotter than ever. He could not stand it any longer.

He had a bed which was always cold, a pond, a chair, and a rod. These were always cold.

He went to his chair and sat on it, but it was hot, as if it had been heated. Then he went to his rod, and it was just as hot; then to his pond, and it was hot; and last he went to his bed, and there he died.

When some of them knew it, they went and picked him up and threw him outside.

Many years after, nothing was left of him but bones.

All these years the people were happy, and their children always went every day to these bones, and played about, and jumped over them.

Forty years passed after his death. One day these children went again, and found that his flesh was growing again. They ran back and told the people of this; and they told them to let him alone, for something would happen soon.

On the next day they went again, and found that there was a white spot on his breast; and when they returned, they told their parents about it. And the third day they went, and he was sitting up fixing



his canteen; and they told their parents that the old man was alive again, and was getting ready to take a long journey. The fourth day they found him gone. He sank into the ground, and went to the other side of the world, and there he told the people how his friends had treated him at home. And he wanted them to go and destroy them.

A man who was a chief of that tribe called the people, and told them that a man had come from a strange country, and wanted to say something to them all.

In the evening they all gathered around him; and he told them of his wishes to fight these people, and they all agreed with him.

A few days later they found themselves starting off, — men, women, and children.

And as they came, he told these people that no one should look back as they were travelling along. Nobody was carrying anything except weapons. The Fox was foolish, and he looked back and saw that there were many. He said, "How are we going to fight them, for we are too many, and some of us might not kill any?"

As soon as he stopped speaking, the place from where they came up was shut off, and many others did not come. They scolded him for looking back.

And after going a little ways, he saw the babies as they were going by themselves. He said, "How is it that these babies are running by themselves? What will our people think of them?"

And suddenly they all stopped, and the women had to carry them on their backs.

They began their fighting. They killed every one of the people. Finally they came to this large strong building which was full of people. They could not do anything with it, but stood around it and looked at it for a long time. They tried to get inside, but they could not do it.

A little Snake who was an orphan was brought before them all. He said, that if they would let him, he could do the work.

They all looked upon him as he went to it and stretched himself around it, and pulled it with such force that the walls began to fall little by little. This was continued till the whole building fell into ruins, and the people that were in it were buried.

They continued their journey all over the country, and killed people.

A Rattlesnake who could not run very fast never killed any one, because those that run fast would have killed all before he came.

And finally he asked an animal that dug its hole in the ground to help him. And this creature dug into the ground, and the Snake followed him till they came to a village where the chief stands and calls the people when anything happens. There the Snake waited all night under the stone on which this chief stands.

Early in the morning the chief came along, and was standing on this stone. Rattlesnake raised his head and bit him on the heel, and there the chief died.

In the morning, when they came to that place, they found that the chief had been killed by the Rattlesnake; and they thought much of him because he had killed the great man of that village.

They passed on till they had killed every one, and none were left.

They took their land, and lived in it many years.

This great building that was ruined is supposed to be the one which is now known as Casa Blanca.

*Miguel.*

#### THE TRANSFORMED GRANDMOTHER

Once far away there lived an old woman, with her two grandchildren in a lonely place near a very high and steep mountain.

One day she told her grandchildren that there was a plant that the Indians use for food, that grows on the mountains, and that she had made up her mind to gather some of it.

She started at once toward the mountain near them. When she got to the bottom of the mountain, she looked up, but could not see the top; but she determined to climb it, so she took her cane in one hand, and sang her song. With these she continued to climb the steep mountain. She grew weary, and sat down, and looked up above; but still the top did not seem any nearer, so she began her climbing again.

She had to rest many times before she could see the top she was aiming for. The poor woman had to rest again, as before, near the top. It was evening before she came to the top of the place. She had suffered all the way; for her feet were bleeding, being cut by rocks and thorns, till at last she stood before the plant itself.

She began pulling the plant out of the ground, and she pulled it too hard; and away she rolled down the mountain-side, and the plant with her.

Great stones and rocks rolled over her, and almost smashed her before her body could reach the bottom. She was killed on the way; but it was said that the bones picked themselves up and started toward home, singing a song.

In the mean time the children began to get anxious for their grandmother to return. So, as they sat around the little fire they had built, they heard some one singing or talking far away. Nearer and nearer the sound came; and the younger one began to ask what it was that was making the noise. The older one knew this sound was made by her grandmother, so she told the younger one that they must go into the house and close the doorway with a kind of blanket that is made or woven like a basket. The material used for this is a kind of weed

that grows in the river sometimes, and is used to sleep or sit on, when cloth or blanket is not to be had, as it was at this time of my story.

They went inside and held the "*mine*" over the door, as it is called in Pima, so that the woman might not enter. At last she came and ran around the house many times, singing as she ran. The children were planning what they would do if she should break in through the door. One of them said she would turn into a blue stone, and the other said he would turn into a stick burning at one end. So they dropped the "*mine*" they held in their hands. When the woman entered, there was nobody to be seen — only the blue stone and the burning stick. She stood calling, but no answer came.

*Lucy Howard.*

#### AN OLD WOMAN AND HER GRANDSONS

Once there lived an old woman with two grandsons of hers. It happened one day that there was a cow killed behind some hills. When she heard about it, she went to see if they would not give her a piece of meat. When she got there, the people were getting meat and going off; and before long everything was gone, and the poor woman was left with nothing. After everybody had gone away, she gathered two lumps of blood, and she placed them under some rocks near by. When this was done, she started home. When she got there, she told her boys that they must go every day and see the blood till it turned into animals. One day the boys went again to see the blood; and, to their great surprise, there were two little animals instead of blood. One was a little bear, and one was a little lion. They took them home to their grandmother, and she told them that each one could have one for a pet.

One day the Indian women were going to play sticks, — a game which the Indian women used to enjoy so much; and the grandmother and her boys were going.

The boys took their pets along. When they got there, the people liked their pets, and some wanted to buy them; but neither was willing to sell his pet. Some of the men said that they could have them, even if the boys did not want to give them up. They made a plan to kill the grandmother and take the animals away from those boys. When she found out the plan, she started right home with her boys and the animals. When they got home, she told her boys to run to the mountains to save their pets; and she also told them that when they came back, they would find her dead body lying by the wall, and that they must bury it in a big ditch near their house. After a while a tobacco-plant would grow on top of her grave for them to smoke. So the boys started to run. It was not long before the men appeared behind them. Every time they came nearer, the boys would throw the poor things

forward; then, when they got there, they would pick them up again. It was evening, and the men stopped and started back home.

The boys were on the mountain. They could not come down, so they decided to spend the night up there. They found a nice place among the rocks; and the oldest went to sleep right away, but the younger one was afraid. After a while he heard somebody saying, "One was a little bear, one was a little bear;" and the foxes were crying, and the owls were also helping. The little boy could not stand this, so he woke his brother up; but his brother told him that he must have some sleep, or he would not reach home. So the little fellow fell asleep at last.

In the morning they started home all safe. When they got home, sure enough, they found their grandmother dead and stiff. And they did as she wished, buried her in the ditch; and the tobacco grew on top of her grave, and they smoked it; and the big Black Beetle saw them, and he did as they had done; but he smoked too much. That is why the black beetle holds the hind part of its body way up in the air, and also gives out such a bad smell.

*Mariana García.*

#### THE BROTHERS

Long, long time ago there was a family who were living on the bank of a river. They had two boys. One of them was a fine-looking boy, and the other was an ugly-looking boy.

One day their father thought that the two boys ought to get married. So he made a little house, into which he put his sons, and then he went around and told the people about it. Lots of the women wanted to get married. So they went and came to the place where that house stood. The father went in there and painted the boys' faces. He painted the boy's face that was an ugly-looking boy all around, and made it look very nice; and when he painted the fine-looking boy's face, he did not paint it so nice as the other boy's, because he thought, when the women saw that fine-looking boy, all would want to be his wife. So he took them out and put them in each corner of the house, and told the people that all the women should take their choice. So one by one the women went to that ugly-looking boy whom his father had painted very nice, and they thought he was a fine-looking boy. And not one of them went to that fine-looking boy.

His father was very sorry, for he wanted that fine-looking boy to get married.

The ugly-looking boy took all the women that he had married, and went to the side of a mountain and lived there as a tribe of Indians. The other boy went with his father and mother and cousin to their home on the bank of the river, where they raised crops.

The boy and his cousin would go to that field and work there all day, and come home in the evening.

The way they went across the river was to get into a basket and whirl it around.

One day when they were going again, their father was very sad, for he knew that his other son was coming to kill them, but he did not tell them.

So they went again, and staid over there in the field; yet the father and mother got ready and fled away to the ocean, and then crossed it and made a home on the other side.

While his son was working with his cousin, they saw dust going up. It was his brother coming to kill him. So he told his cousin to get into that basket and go away. She did so, and the boy staid there. And his brother came and killed him, took off his head and took it back to their home, where they played a game in which they rolled around that boy's head.

The girl that had crossed the river went to her home, but she did not find the folks there; so she got some things that she thought she would need, and started to follow the old folks that had left their home and fled. She would go to rest where they had been resting; and when she had rested enough, she would go again until she came to the place where the other folks had slept. She would stay there and sleep, and early in the morning she would go again.

One day she got a baby. She staid under a tree; for she did not know what to do, for it was very hot. She looked around and saw a hawk that was lying dead on the ground. She picked it up and made a cradle of it, and put her baby in there, and then she went on. As she was going, she thought she would give him a name; so she called him Hawk-Feathers-Cradle. When she came to the ocean, she got across; and when she was in sight of her home folks, the father and mother saw her coming and danced with joy. The mother ran to her, and took the baby in her arms and went to their home.

When the baby was old enough, his grandfather made him a stick and bent it, and let him play with it all day for a long time, until he was a little older. Then his grandfather tied a string to that stick, and gave it to him, and he played with it until he was an older boy. Then his grandfather made a nice bow and arrow for him.

Hawk-Feathers-Cradle would go to the seashore and pick up things that he thought good to eat. While he was standing on the shore, large fish would pass by him. Sometimes he tried to shoot them. One day he went to the shore again. There was a tree standing near the shore. He went under it for a rest. He sat down; and as he looked up, he saw a bird sitting on a branch. He took his bow, aimed at it, and shot it in the leg. The bird fell to the ground.

The bird said, "Cure me, Hawk-Feathers-Cradle, for I will save you some time when you are in danger."

Hawk-Feathers-Cradle took the arrow off, and cured the bird's leg. Then the bird said, "If there is something I can do for you, it is that I can turn you into a bird when you are in danger and want to become a bird for a while." Hawk-Feathers-Cradle was very much pleased, and went back home.

The next day he came again to the shore. As he was standing by the shore, that fish that was not afraid came again. He got ready to shoot it. When that fish came near, he aimed at it, and shot it in the back. He quickly jumped in and took it out, and ran to his mother and told her about it.

So they all went and got it.

One day he went to the place where that other tribe of Indians lived on the mountain-side. He sat on the mountain, and watched them playing a game in which they rolled about the boy's head. So he thought about the bird that he had shot in the leg one day. He became a bird and flew down to where they were playing that game. He flew over that head. The people were scared. They got their bows and arrows and tried to shoot him. He went off, but he came back again. The men got their bows and arrows again, and one of them shot him in the leg, where the bird had told him he would be shot if he was not careful. Hawk-Feathers-Cradle went on the mountain and took off the arrow. He was very angry. He went and told all kinds of animals to help him fight the people on the mountain-side. They were all wanted to help. They all went and destroyed the people.

*Herbert Schurz.*

#### THE FIRST WHITE MEN SEEN

It is said by the Pimas that a long time ago, when they never saw any white man, they were all living at Casa Blanca. Nobody lived at Salt River or Sacaton or Black Water. Once they saw great smoke rising from the ground about a mile away from where they lived. They did not know what it was. They were so scared, that they were about to run away. The chief said, "I will go and see what it is." He went on horseback, and saw people just like them, but they had white skin. He did not show himself to them, but he just looked at them from some distance away. He went back and told the Pimas what their appearance was. And about seven o'clock they were passing near their homes. All the Pimas went to see them. The Pimas were standing on one side, watching them going along. They were white men that they saw. A great many of them were cutting trees before them. They were making the road. Many of them were soldiers, and many were riding on horseback. Cattle were going along with them. Many were just walking. There were about three hundred of them. About three o'clock they had all passed. The white people saw that the Pimas wore no clothes, so some of them tried to give them clothes. Some

of them tried to give them money. But when the Pimas got it, they did not know that it was worth anything. They thought they were just stones. So they threw them on the ground, and the white people took them back. The Pimas never troubled the white people; but the Apaches made war against the white people.

*Edward Nelson (5th Grade).*

#### THE DOG WHO BEFRIENDED A FOX

Once upon a time there lived some people, and they had a dog that would never bark at foxes. His master had many chickens, and they were caught by the foxes. The dog lay around the house asleep all the time. And so one time his master did not feed him, and scolded the dog, who went away from the house. At last he made friends with a fox. They said to each other that they were very hungry. The Fox said they would go near the man's house, and stay a little distance from the house. And the Dog would go and lie down somewhere near his master's house, and the Fox would run and try to catch a hen. Then the Dog would bark at him, and run after and pretend to bite him. The Dog ran after the Fox a long distance, and then let him go, and came back to his master, who saw that the Dog had chased the Fox away. His master gave some meat to the Dog, who took the meat and followed his friend where he had chased him away. At last he found him under a bush. They divided the meat. After they got through, the Fox said that they would stay there until midnight, and then they would go and steal something to eat, when the people would be asleep and could not see them. So at midnight both went to where the Dog's master lived. They went to the house just next to where the people slept, and began to dig a hole at the bottom of the house. They made the hole through the house, and they both got inside.

They hunted up the food, and they found some cheese. The Fox made a belt out of the string, and made holes through the cheese, as he cut it into little pieces.

When the Fox had put the cheese all around his waist, he stopped. After a while he found a bottle. The Fox asked the Dog what it was. The Dog said that was whiskey and made people crazy when they drank it.

The Fox wanted to take a drink. The Dog tried not to let him, because he might get drunk and be caught; but the Dog could not keep him from drinking. So at last the Fox took a drink. The Fox wanted to drink some more. The Dog tried his best not to let him take any more drink; but at last the Dog gave it up, and so the Fox drank some more. And after a while the Fox said he would yell just a little, but not loud. So he yelled. The Fox said again he would yell again,

and that would be just a little louder than before. The Dog tried his best not to let him yell, but could not hinder him, and at last the Fox yelled loud. His friend the Dog ran out of the house and barked at him, and all the rest of the dogs came and barked around the house.

The Dog's master heard this yell. He came out of his house and went around the other house where he kept things to eat. There he found a hole at the bottom of the house, and then he got in the house and killed the Fox in there. Then he went to bed again; and in the morning, when he went where he had killed the Fox, he found him lying on the ground with a belt of cheese. He called his family, and they had a laugh at him, and then threw him out of the house. And from then on, the Dog's master liked his dog and always treated him kindly.

The dog never licked from now on.

This is all.

*Jones Williams.*



## THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND OF THE TEN'A

BY JOHN W. CHAPMAN

IN the year 1887 the writer was left at a little Indian village on the lower Yukon River. The natives of this region are variously designated as Ingiliks, Tinneh, or Ten'a. They are of Athapascan stock, and are related to the Apache and other tribes in the United States. Twenty years ago they were living in a nearly primitive condition. Stone implements had been discarded but a short time; and their legends, customs, and traditions were nearly all of a primitive character. On a hill overlooking the village was one of the ancient burial-sites; and the graves were, and still are, objects of interest to visitors. Beside each grave, attached in some manner to a stake or to a tree, was an implement that had been used by the dead, or some utensil intended for his use. These were invariably broken or in some way rendered unserviceable. New tin pails would be thrust through by a stake, and nearly every grave had one of these to mark it. Guns, snowshoes, and other implements of the chase, were to be seen here and there. During the warmer months, and especially in the spring, the doleful crooning for the dead could be heard almost any morning from the hill-top; and if one cared to go up, he might find a man sitting in an attitude of dejection by the grave of his wife, or a widow, with her hair cut short at the neck, mourning by the grave of her husband.

Such marks as these, indicating a tender regard for the memory of the dead, and probably a belief in their continued existence, could not fail to excite the curiosity of a resident among a people so lightly touched by civilization, and to lead him off into the pursuit of that phantom which has tantalized so many students of primitive races, the real status of their belief in a future existence. In the present instance, the extreme reticence of the people with regard to this subject, and the vagueness of their expressions concerning it, had produced the impression upon me that they had no settled belief. Yet there was a legend, and, after nearly a quarter of a century of daily intercourse with its guardians, it was run to earth in a dug-out on the bank of a tributary of the Yukon. There were some things that kept curiosity alive; notably, the "parka" feasts given every year in the fall, in memory of deceased relatives. At these festivals the resources of the host are taxed to the utmost, and often the accumulations of years are given away. We learned, in a general way, that it was done for the benefit of the dead; and that the food which was offered the

guests, and the parkas or fur garments which were presented to them, in some manner fed and clothed the spirits of those who were gone. We also heard of a belief that the soul goes downward into the earth at death, and that it finds a trail leading up the Yukon to some city of the dead near its sources; and we found that the expression, "He has gone up the river," would nearly always provoke a smile; and sometimes some laughing comment. Little by little it came out that there was a tradition of a woman who in some way had been taken to the city of the dead, and had returned to her own people; and at length the whole story was told. I give it below, without embellishment.

"There was once a family living upon the Yukon, which consisted of a man and his wife, several sons, and a daughter. Since the girl was their only sister, her brothers were very fond of her, and did everything that they could think of to make her happy. Among other things, they made her a little sled for her own use.

"It came the time of the spring hunt, and the whole family prepared to go out into the mountains. When all was ready, they started out, each one pushing his sled; the girl coming last, and so getting the benefit of the trail made by the rest.

"As they went along, she lagged behind, and the rest of the family passed out of sight. She hurried to overtake them, putting her head down and pushing with all her might, looking up occasionally to see whether she could catch sight of them. At length she saw some one; but when she came near, it proved to be, not her own friends, but two men who were strangers to her, standing beside the path. Their forms were vague and shadowy, and she was afraid to approach them, but they called to her to come on; and since there was no other way for her to go, she went forward and tried to pass them; but when she reached them, they seized her, and she was caught up and hurried somewhere,—in what direction, or for how long a time, she could not tell, for she lost consciousness, and did not come to herself until she found that she was being set down in front of a house. The two men were still with her. She looked around, and noticed that there were no tracks about the house, except directly in front of the door. The men told her to go in, and take her place in the middle of the room. When she entered, she found that it was so dark that nothing could be seen except one little ray of light, that came from a long way through the darkness overhead. She stood for a long time watching this, with her face turned upward, when she heard the voice of an old woman saying, 'Why did they bring that woman here?' The girl did not know that there was any one in the room, and she tried to discover some one in the darkness, but could not see anything. Another voice said, 'Why don't you fix her?' and she heard the old woman coughing as she came toward her. It was a very old woman, with a wand in her hand. She led the girl over and stood her with her face toward the door, and made passes around her and over her clothing with the wand, when suddenly it became light, and she saw that the room was full of women, all looking at her. The place was so crowded, that there was no place vacant but one, which was reserved for the two men. She ran to that place and covered her face with her hands, for she was ashamed

to think that she had stood so long looking upward in the presence of so many people. She remained there until evening, when the two young men came in. They staid but a little while, and then went out again, saying that they were going to the kashime.

"Presently some one started a fire in the house, and the girl was hardly able to breathe on account of the stifling atmosphere. She pulled her parka up over her mouth, and found that in that way she could get a little breath. She looked down at the fire and saw the sticks moving about of themselves. She wondered at this, and jumped down and ran to the fire and poked the sticks together. The flame leaped up, when a voice at her feet said, 'What did you do that for? You are burning me.' Another voice said, 'These down-river women have no shame about anything. They do whatever comes into their heads.' When she heard that, she looked more closely, and saw the outlines of the figure of an old man sitting by the fire, with his parka pulled up, so as to warm his back. It was he who had complained of being burned. The reason that the sticks had moved was, that there were a great many women from the village outside, getting fire from that place, but she was unable to see them. She heard one of them asking her why she did not let them get fire, instead of poking the sticks down. After the fire had burned down and the curtain had been drawn over the smoke-hole, the women told her to go out of doors and look around. She did this, and found that the house stood in the midst of a village, larger than any that she had ever seen. The place was full of people walking back and forth; and the houses stretched away as far as she could see, and farther.

"She stood looking upon this scene for some time, and then turned and went into the house. The young men presently came in from the kashime, and their mother sent them a bowl of fish that she had prepared for them. They invited the girl to eat with them; but she was nauseated by the very sight of the food, as well as by its odor, and she could neither eat it, nor drink the water that they offered her. So they took their meal without her. Every day this was repeated. Food was always offered her, but she was never able to touch it; and her only entertainment was to walk outside.

"The other women also made fun of her, probably because they were jealous. Day by day she became weaker from the want of food, until her strength was almost gone. It became more difficult for her to breathe, too, and she sat with her face under her parka nearly all the time. One day, when she was at death's door, she sat as usual, with her face under her parka, and thought of the clear water that she used to drink at home, and it seemed to her as though there were nothing else in the world that would taste to her so good. She felt that she was about to die, and she lifted her face to look around, when she was delighted to see at her side a bowl of water, clear and good, and beside it another bowl filled with mashed blueberries mixed with seal-oil, and on this were laid the finest kind of dried white-fish. She caught up the bowl and drank eagerly, and afterward ate some of the food. When the young men came in, she asked them if they would not like some of her food; but they turned away from it, as she had done from theirs, and went to eating their own distasteful food. This kept up for half a year. She did not know where the food and water came from, which she found by her side from time to time. It was really her parents, who were making offerings for her, thinking that she was dead.

"As winter drew near, the people among whom she was staying began to talk of the winter hunt, and to make preparations for it. The women who lived in the house, and who were jealous of her, teased her by telling her that there was a hill on the way to the hunting-grounds, which she would be unable to climb, and that she would be left behind. The mother of the two young men assured her that this was so, but she told her that she would tell her what to do; and under her direction she made a great quantity of clothing, — mittens, boots, and ornamented moose-skin coats, — which she stowed away in bags, keeping the matter a secret from the young men. These things she was to take with her when they set out upon the hunt.

"At length the time came for them all to start. The people of the village streamed out in a great crowd, and the trail was crowded with figures as far as the eye could reach. The family to which the girl was attached were the last of all to start, and the girl and the old woman were in the rear. As they went on, the hill of which they had told her came in sight; and she saw that the trail led up a steep precipice, which it would be impossible for her to ascend. Those in front of her made nothing of it, going up as lightly as they walked upon level ground; but when she attempted to do the same thing, not only was she unable to imitate them, but her feet stuck fast, and she could not lift them. The young men had gone up, and were out of sight; but the old woman had remained behind with the girl, who finally found that when she attempted to turn around and retrace her steps, she could do so. Now the old woman showed her good-will; for she told the girl that the men would come back looking for her, and that they would search for her four days before giving her up, and that if they found her they would kill her. If she wished to go on, she would allow herself to be killed, and then she would have no difficulty in getting up the precipice; but if she wished to return to her own people, she must go back to the Yukon by the trail that they had come, and by following it she would come out at a fishing-camp, where there were great numbers of fish-nets, and racks upon which to dry the fish. She was to remain there until the spring; and when the water was open enough for her to fish, she was to catch as many fish as possible, and to hang them on the frames and dry them. When the ice had left the river, means would be provided for her to finish her journey.

"So the girl chose to go back to her own people; and the old woman dug out a great hole in the path by which they had come, and made the girl get into it, with her sled and the bags full of clothing, and then threw the snow back upon her, trampling it down with her snowshoes, so that it was impossible to tell where she was concealed. The men came back and looked for the girl, as the old woman had said they would do. Four days they searched for her; and when they finally gave it up and went away, she came out from under the snow, and went down to the fishing-camp, as she had been told to do. Spring came, and her catch of fish was excellent; but she could not use them, for they affected her in the same way that those in the house had done. Notwithstanding this, she kept on fishing, and hanging the fish up to dry, according to the directions that she had received.

"One night, after the ice had stopped running in the river, she went to bed as usual; but in the middle of the night she was awakened by a great noise, and, running out, she saw an enormous log, which had grounded in front of her camp. It was a green spruce, still covered with branches.

Among these she made a hiding-place for herself, weaving them in and out; and when this was done, she went to the house for the bags containing the clothing, and stowed them away in her retreat. Then she attempted to push the log out into the stream, but found that she could not do it. Stopping for a moment to think what she might have left behind, she thought of her work-bag, which she had left in the house on the bank. When she had run to get this, she found that the log would move, and so she set out upon her journey down the river. The log kept to the middle of the river, until she came in sight of a village, and heard the sound of singing and dancing. Some one said, 'Why do they not go out and see what is on the log?' and finally two men set out in canoes and came alongside. She kept herself concealed from the people in the village, but spoke to the men, and offered them gifts of clothing if they would go back and report that they had found nothing. They did this, and she kept on unmolested.

"All summer and fall she floated on; and her experience at the first village was so often repeated, that she found that her stock of clothing was at last exhausted. Then, just before the river began to freeze, the log grounded again, on the right bank, going down; and she went ashore, and kept on her way on foot. Village after village she passed, when one day she saw her father making his way upstream in an old broken canoe. She called to him, but he seemed not to hear her. Again and again she called, and ran frantically along the bank, waving and calling, until he had gone out of sight; and she turned back, and sorrowfully resumed her journey down the river.

"The cold increased, and winter came on. Then she turned into a little bird, and kept on her way. As she came to a village, she would light upon the edge of the open smoke-hole of a house, and sing; and the people, looking up, would say, 'How is it that that bird sings the name of the girl who died?' for she sang her own name. At length she arrived at her parents' village at the time when the parka feasts are now held. All the people were either in their own houses or in the kashime. She resumed her own shape, and went into her mother's house, and saw her mother sitting by the fire, weeping. She paid no attention to her daughter, even though she went to her and put her arms around her, and kissed her on the cheek; but she stopped crying, to say, 'What is it that makes my waist and my cheek feel so strangely?' The girl called to her again and again; but she did not seem to hear, even though she sat down upon her lap and put her face against her mother's. At length she began to look around, and, seeing some fish-eggs lying in a corner, she took them and rubbed them over her clothing. Then her mother saw her and screamed, not knowing what to make of her appearance. 'It is my own daughter!' said she. They sat down; and the girl told her mother all that had happened to her, and how she had seen her father going up the river in a broken canoe. 'He died,' said her mother, 'in the fall, just before the river froze, and we broke his canoe and put it on the grave.' Then she asked for her brothers, and learned that they were in the kashime, preparing to celebrate a parka feast for the sister whom they supposed to be dead.

"Now the mother and her daughter prepared to go into the kashime, and they took with them a large blanket of beaver-skin, with which the older woman screened the other when they entered. In this way she reached a corner of the room unperceived by those who were there. She remained

quiet until they were about to begin the feast, and then danced out into the middle of the room before them all. They were astonished to see her, and no one knew what to do or say. But she went to her place; and then her brothers brought her the parkas that they had intended to give away, and asked her to tell them all that had befallen her; and from that time to this, the parka feasts have been celebrated, and offerings of food and drink have been made for the dead, in order that they may not suffer for the want of anything that we can do for them. Four times the feast must be given before the spirit is satisfied.

"Now as to the log upon which that girl came down the Yukon, it came from the place where the dead are, to this world where we live; and as to the white men who are coming into this country in such numbers, they can do with impunity things that would kill an Indian, because they are the spirits of dead Indians who have come back to live among us."<sup>1</sup>

ANVIE, ALASKA

<sup>1</sup> Compare E. W. Nelson, "The Eskimo about Bering Strait," *18th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 1896-97, p. 488.

# AINU FOLK-LORE<sup>1</sup>

BY BRONISLAS PILSUDSKI

## I. THE OWL

I WAS living happily in the Horokaruru<sup>2</sup> settlement, in that part of it which is near to the big forest. But then I heard that the sister of Self-brought-up-Man (Yairesupo)<sup>3</sup> was very beautiful. Therefore I wanted to see her by my side, always sitting at my knee, nearer to the door.<sup>4</sup> So I went to Self-brought-up-Man's house and sat down. Self-brought-up-Man bade me good-morning, but he never turned to speak to me. I said, "Although I am not very powerful, nevertheless I should like to see thy younger sister in my house, at my knee. That is why I have come to see thee." But Self-brought-up-Man answered, "Oh, thou scapegrace! thou art only a useless bird, a little man-owl, covered with bristly feathers,—a small owl,—and I have no idea of letting my sister marry thee." When I heard those insulting words, a mighty anger arose in my heart. I went out furious, and perched on the top of a big "inau"<sup>5</sup> built at the back of the house. There I sat, full of wrath, and began to screech and to shout towards Self-brought-up-Man's house. My cries from on high fell on the women's corner.<sup>6</sup> I shouted down at them from the "inau." And Self-brought-up-Man's guardian spirit, the angel (*seremaki*),<sup>7</sup> was taken ill, and Self-brought-up-Man himself nearly saw the lower world.<sup>8</sup>

For two days, for three days, I screeched; and at last Self-brought-up-Man said, "Little man-owl, do not be angry any more! I am no longer going to withhold my sister from thee. I shall allow thee to take my sister, and to look at her, while she shall sit at thy knee." So I kept my temper, and married the woman, and took her with me everywhere I went. Therefore I am of one blood with mankind (*entsiu*). I am only a little man-owl, but next of kin to man.

<sup>1</sup> The specimens of Ainu folk-lore here given were gathered among the Ainu of the Island of Saghalin. Nos. 1-3 are legendary songs (Oyna); Nos. 4-6, 11, tales (Utsaškoma); Nos. 7-10, fables (Tuita); No. 12, a poem (Hauki).

<sup>2</sup> The name of the place is often found in Ainu folk-lore. It means "the back sea."

<sup>3</sup> The first Ainu, half god and half man,—the usual hero in all Ainu legendary tales in Saghalin. The literal meaning of the word is "the man who brought up himself."

<sup>4</sup> This is the usual place of the wife in an Ainu house.

<sup>5</sup> A stick or pole with shavings partly cut off and hanging down from it. It is considered to be an offering to the gods.

<sup>6</sup> The women's corner in an Ainu house is the left-hand rear corner, the men's the right-hand rear corner, standing with face towards the door.

<sup>7</sup> *ś*, *k*, are used to express palatized *s* and *k*.

<sup>8</sup> Pohna kotan ("the lower world") is the world of the dead.

## 2. THE OTTER

I lived at home, but tidings reached me of the death of a man who was drowned at sea. In order to hear the news, I went to the door; but I forgot my sword,<sup>1</sup> and went back, and then to the door again; but then I had forgotten the scabbard, and returned once more; then I forgot the hilt, so I went back again; then I forgot the belt on which the sword was to hang, and a fourth time had to return. At last I went out into the yard. The bringer of the news had gone; so I went off to the forest, on his trail. Where the river bends I waded through the water. As I walked by the side of the river, crossing the stream from one bank to the other whenever I arrived at a bend, "Muke tantaïse, muke tsahtse tsahtse."<sup>2</sup> I saw the devil-bird sitting on a tree. He was terribly angry. "Kanitsin, kanitsin, kanitsin, halloo, little sea-otter, kanitsin, kanitsin! I want to catch Self-brought-up-Man's soul,—kanitsin, kanitsin!—but I cannot." That is what he said. Dissatisfied, I went away,— "muke tantaïse, muke tsahtse tsahtse," walking along the river, and came to a place where two streams part. Between the two river-beds there was a huge maple-tree, with branches stretching to the east. Among these branches the evil spirits had built their house. In that house there was a big case. I prayed, and brought on a flood. The maple-tree was uprooted, and the evil spirits were carried away by the water. I took the case, carried it to the house of Self-brought-up-Man, and gave it to him. He thanked me, and gave me the "inau," and I became a new being (*kamui*). I am living happily, and am now the guardian of Self-brought-up-Man.

## 3. THE MAN IN THE MOON

My elder sister brought me up. Every day she went out to fetch water. She hit the pail, she struck the scoop. Once she went out and I waited for her in vain. Three nights I waited, and she came not. At last I got anxious. I built an "inau" to my grandmother the Fire, and asked her about my sister, but got no answer. Then, angry, I built an "inau" to the god of the house (*tziise atamba kamui*), and asked him, but he gave no answer. So I went out, full of wrath, to the river's side, and asked the river-god, but got no news. I went also to the forest and built an "inau," and asked my grandmother the Red Fir (*Picea*), but she did not know; so I asked the Siberian Silver Fir (*Abies Veitchi*), but in vain. Full of anger, I left them, and went to my grandmother the Willow-Bush Thicket, and asked her; and she said, "I am a willow-bush thicket, and fond of talking; so listen to what I shall tell thee. Thy sister went up to the moon, and got married to the Man in the Moon."

<sup>1</sup> When news of a man having been drowned is brought to a village, the people who bring it, as well as those who hear it, are armed with old Japanese swords.

<sup>2</sup> Sounds representing the slow marching of the otter.



I got very angry and marched away, with evil steps, back to the house. As soon as I arrived there, I took an arrow with a black feather, and another one with a white feather, and went out. First I let fly the arrow with the black feather, then the one with the white feather, and, holding the ends of the arrows with my two hands, I rose up into the air among the clouds; and there was my elder sister, who stepped out of her house smiling, and the ends of her eyebrows drooped. She was holding the hand of a little girl. I never had seen such a girl before. From her face, beams of light were darting forth. That light spread out on all sides, and struck my head. Beautiful eyes looked at me. All my bad feelings vanished. My sister said, "Why art thou angry, my boy? Dost thou not see, that, thanks to the Man in the Moon, thou wilt be able to marry this beautiful little girl?"

From that time I was in high spirits, and my anger was gone. I entered the house, and there was my divine brother-in-law sitting on an iron stool, and smiling at me amiably. I was contented and sat down. Never had I seen a man like that before. Near the corner where the "inau" to the god of the house is set, there was a high case<sup>1</sup> which reached to the roof; and at the women's corner there were likewise cases leaning on beams. In the middle, on an iron stool, sat the divine man, and he was looking at me. He looked kindly at me, as though he might have seen me before.

Then the mistress of the house gave me to eat; and the master said, "I am a god, and I wanted to have thy sister; therefore I took her who was handling the pail and the scoop to my house. There I married her, and we are living very happily. Take my child now, and marry her, though she be miserable, then wilt thou at least have somebody to fetch thy water."

Since that time I have been related to the Man in the Moon. He married my elder sister, and they had two children, — a boy and a girl. We were powerful, and had no children, and grew old. And my elder sister had children and brought them up, and then grew old. This we heard from the birds.

#### 4. ORIGIN OF SEAL ISLAND ("ROBIN ISLAND")

At Tokés<sup>2</sup> there lived in former years a great many Ainu people. The wife of an Ainu man happened once to be pregnant. The Ainu got angry<sup>3</sup> and hit his wife with a thong made out of a sea-lion skin. After

<sup>1</sup> In cases usually set at this place the Ainu keep their treasures, — swords, arrows, bows, and quivers. According to the height of this place, people used to judge of the wealth of the inhabitants.

<sup>2</sup> Tokés (literally "the end of the lake") was an Ainu settlement situated on the Bay of Patience. It no longer exists.

<sup>3</sup> Because the woman was only his by law: she was betrothed to him, but she had not yet lived with him.

his wrath had subsided a little, he slept at the woman's side, and was quiet again.

After this, two girls were born to him. One of them became a shaman, and her name was Saunnonnu.<sup>1</sup> Before this, there was no island in the sea near Siretoh.<sup>2</sup> Saunnonnu was the sea-god's daughter, and the second girl was the daughter of the land-god. But Saunnonnu was a shaman, and she pulled out of the sea for the first time an island which had not existed before.

This island comes after the one that is next to the land. It is only visited by one-year-old seals, so it had two names,—Tukara koro mosiri ("the island of the one-year-old seals") and Pompe koro mosiri (another name of the one-year-old seals). And there were lots of seals on the island and in the surrounding waters. But Saunnonnu swam to the island which she had pulled out of the sea, and lived there on one of the rocks. And her people came to the island in boats, killed many seals, loaded the boats with the dead animals, and returned to their country. In this way Saunnonnu's kinsmen lived very well.

Once it happened that some people who lived in the same village quarrelled with one another. The dispute became very hot; and some of the inhabitants got into a boat, taking along their wives with their babies in their arms. They all sailed away to the island where Saunnonnu was living, and went ashore. Saunnonnu, who had seen them come, received them all; and they never returned to the land where they used to live.

After a time, however, there were no more seals<sup>3</sup> left on the island, only sea-lions.<sup>4</sup> Those, however, also died out after a while, and there was only a lot of sea-bears;<sup>5</sup> and sea-lions appear only seldom, and one at a time. Thus the old tale.

## 5. THE SABLE-HUNTER

I went hunting to the mountains, by my little river. I built a house, and the next day I put up an "inau" at the back of it. Then I set some snares (to catch sables), spent the night in the house, and for two days I attended to the snares. That makes three days during which time I was out hunting. Returning home, I looked at my snares, and had caught a lot of game, which astonished me a little. Very glad, I made a large bundle of them, and, looking at my tent, I saw some smoke coming out of it. Astonished, I came nearer; and when

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "the flower from near the sea."

<sup>2</sup> The Ainu call long tongues of land, like the Cape of Patience, "ends of the earth" (Siretoh). The myth is about Seal Island.

<sup>3</sup> *Phoca*.

<sup>4</sup> *Otaria Stelleri*.

<sup>5</sup> *Otaria ursina*.

I was quite close, I heard a noise as if something were boiling. I was just wondering who could have come to my tent, and be sitting there, when, stepping in, I beheld my wife. I looked at the fire, and saw that she was cooking something while sitting on my bed. I took off my boots; and, as she asked for them, I handed them over to her, doubting in my mind whether she really was my wife. "Perhaps she wants to make me rich," I thought. When I glanced at her once more, I recognized my wife. She was sitting on the bed with a satisfied air. We spent the night in the tent, but we slept apart.

The next morning she got up, and began to go in and out of the tent, preparing the food. I rose later, and, having refreshed my face with water, I sat down to eat. After breakfast the woman said, "After I am gone, I will give thee a sign." After having uttered these words, she left me. "It is a female bear," thought I, and carved out an "inau;" then I looked up, and saw her actually turn into a bear. I was frightened, and placed the "inau" wherever she had been, and I spent the night alone.

The next morning I went out to attend to my snares. Beginning at the nearest one, I took out a lot of game from each one, especially sables. Then the time for setting snares was over, and I went out hunting during the summer, and was very lucky. I killed a great many seals, and got rich, and lived very well.<sup>1</sup>

#### 6. SEAL ISLAND

My grandfather had brought me up, feeding me on the flesh of sea-animals which he brought home. Thus we lived. One year, as usual, my grandfather went out to sea to kill some animals, that I might have something to eat. When he came home, late in the afternoon, he had killed no game. Then he said to me, "I have been on the island where I go every year to get game for our living, but there was not one seal on the island. I heard their roaring, though, far out at sea,—the roaring of old beasts. So I thought that the old seals had wandered away from our island to another place. It is a long time since the island that has fed us for so long has been crowded with seals. Now there is not one animal left there; so I came back without killing anything." This is what my grandfather said.

From the moment I heard his words, I kept thinking how I might reach this far-off island. The thought kept me awake nights. One night, when my grandfather was sound asleep, I went down to the seashore. There I took the boat which my grandfather used for hunting, pulled it out on the water, and steered in the direction of

<sup>1</sup> The Ainu legend relates that the inhabitants of the forests come to the Ainu people in the shape of men or women, to help them hunt. They are called *Kimukashiku* ("people of the forest") or *oken ohkayo* ("man of the forest"), *oken mahneku* ("woman of the forest").

the other sea. Rowing with all my strength, I soon came in sight of an island far out at sea. A few more strokes of the oars brought me quite close to it, and at last I was able to land.

There were lots of seals everywhere. But from the end of the island a miserable little man appeared. He approached, and soon began to scold me. "Why did you come? Why did you come out on this island? The creatures here are much worse than elsewhere, so why did you come? It is very dangerous to stay here. Hide your boat in yonder cave in the rock, fill it with killed seals, and secrete yourself among their bodies. The awful god of the island is near, so you must hide before he sees you."

The god then arrived; and I heard him ask, "What is this boat?" And Self-brought-up-Man answered, "It is my boat."—"But the little sitting-board is fastened to it with a rope which was twisted with the left hand, and it smells like the smell of a human being," said the evil god again. "I am only half god and half man," Self-brought-up-Man answered, "so the boat may be human, and its smell is human."—"Self-brought-up-Man," said the god, "you are mighty and fearless, and so are your deeds; but to-day we shall measure our powers." This is what he said, and I heard it.

Then the evil god went home; and Self-brought-up-Man turned towards me, and said, "My child, go back to your village as quickly as you can; and when you are sailing near the head<sup>1</sup> of the island, carve an "inau" out of a birch-tree, and one out of an ash-tree, and put them into your boat. Carve out an "inau" from the "uita" tree,<sup>2</sup> which is the tree of the evil god, and leave it on the island. Your father was a great friend of mine in my youth, therefore I warn you not to come here again, because this land is very dangerous. When you have gone, and are in the middle of the sea, you will hear the din and roar of the battle between the god and myself, and a bloody rain will fall on your boat from above. This will be a sign that I am hurt. But you will go farther still, and again a bloody rain will fall (at the rear of your boat this time), and you will look back and see me kill that evil god. As long as you are away from home, your grandfather will be uneasy about you. He is walking to and fro on the path on which you went away, to the end of it, leaning on a big stick. He knows that you are on this island, and he is praying to me to help you. His words strike the clouds, and his prayers fall on my head from above. Direct your boat under that rainbow!"

On looking up, I saw that I was near my home, and my grandfather

<sup>1</sup> Usually the north or east side of a land is considered as "the head" or beginning; the south or west, as "the foot" or end.

<sup>2</sup> The "uita" tree is seldom found in the southern part of Saghalin. I never saw it, and do not know what it is like. Its leaves, soaked in water, produce a beverage which is considered to be a remedy for coughs.

was walking on the sand of the shore, leaning on a thick stick. He was looking so hard up at the sky, and was praying so fervently, that he never noticed me, though I landed just in front of him. I took two seals out of the boat, one in each hand, carried them to my grandfather, and threw them down in front of him. He was so frightened that he fell down on his back. Then only did he look at me, and he was very glad to see me. He patted me on the back and on the chest, and began to scold me gently. "What have you been doing? Why did you go to that island? If it had not been for my friend, the god Samaye,<sup>1</sup> I should see your body no more."

So I went home, skinned the dead animals, cut out quantities of meat, cooked it, and gave my grandfather to eat. After a time my grandfather said to me, "I am old, and my death is near. After I am dead, do not go to the island whence you have just come, because it is dangerous for you."

#### 7. WHY FOXES' EYES SLANT, AND WHY THE HARE HAS NO TAIL

A Bear was living with a Fox. They made a sledge and dragged each other along. First the Bear dragged the Fox, but he got tired. So afterwards the Fox dragged the Bear, but he ran into a narrow place between some trees. The Bear screamed, "You are frightful! Where the trees grow so thick, do not run so fast; but where there is room enough, you may run!" This the Bear said, but the Fox did not listen to him. They soon arrived at a hill. Up they climbed to the top of it; but there the Fox upset the sledge, and the Bear rolled down and was killed. The Fox skinned him, took him home, and ate his meat. When he had finished eating, he tied a bladder to his tail.

Soon the Fox felt hungry again, so he went to the seashore to look for food. He saw a herd of reindeer; and one of them said, "Listen, Fox! Why is it that you have that funny thing tied to your tail?" Thus he asked. "Let me stand among you," said the Fox, "and you butt at me with your antlers, and you also will have such things tied to your tails." So two reindeer took the Fox between them, and tried to toss him with their antlers; but the Fox leaped away, and they only hit each other and died. The Fox skinned them, and took them home and ate their meat.

When he had eaten it all, however, he was hungry again; so he went to the seashore to look for some food. After a while he perceived a hare. The Hare said, "Man-Fox, what did you do that you have such a thing tied to your tail?"—"You could also have such a thing if you would follow my advice. Dig a hole in the ice, put your tail

<sup>1</sup> This is another name of Self-brought-up-Man, given by people who have lived in Yezo. It seems to be derived from the Japanese *Sama*, an honorific term.

into the hole, and strike the snow with your fore-paws, then you will get something tied to your tail." This the Fox said; and the Hare believed, and did as he was told, but his tail froze to the ice. The Fox sprang at him; but the Hare jumped up, and tore himself loose.

The Fox, in dismay, went to the seashore, where he saw a bird sitting on the ice. He stole near the bird; but it flew away, and screamed, "You empty bag! Fat meat is good to eat. You thought you would get me!" and off it went. But the Fox was grieved to have lost his prey, and looked after it a long time.

This is why foxes' eyes slant, and the hare once had a tail, but, because of the fox's deceit, he now lacks a tail.

#### 8. THE CROW AND THE MUSSEL

There was once an old Crow who had a daughter. This little one went to the seashore to look for something to eat among the things which the waves had thrown up on land. Seeing a mussel, she began to peck at the shell; but it closed suddenly, and squeezed the nose of the little Crow. From the sea came a bird, who shouted, "Squeeze tighter!" But the little Crow implored, "Let me out, mussel!" after which she walked home, groaning, "E, e!" The old Crow asked, "What did you do, that you have your beak broken off?" And the little one answered, "As I went out on the seashore, I saw a mussel, and began to peck at it with my beak; but I got my nose caught, and it broke off. Mother, send for the little bird Turn-Head (*Iynx torquilla*)<sup>1</sup> to cure me!" said the little Crow.

So the old Crow went out, and called, "Little woman Turn-Head, come and cure my child!" The old Turn-Head arrived, and healed the beak, and it got well. "When you go out to pick grass *ahrturi* (an edible grass of the *Ranunculaceæ* species), do not take too much at a time!" she said, and went away.

After a time, however, the little Crow took too much grass into her beak. The old woman Turn-Head was summoned; but she said, "When I told you not to take much *ahrturi*-grass, you did not obey, and you pulled too much of the dry grass. Now I cannot help you any more." The beak of this little Crow decayed, and the bird died.

#### 9. IN QUEST OF THE SEA-LION

My elder brother lived with me. I was longing to see the Sea-Lion, whom I had never seen. Yearning for him, I sang; knowing only his name, I loved him dearly. I kept asking my brother (to take me to the Sea-Lion), till he got tired of my entreaties, and began to build a boat. He took an axe and struck the wood: "Kotohno, tohno, kotonu-tonu!" When he had finished the boat, he came into the house, and said, "Quick, get ready for the journey! You shall go with

<sup>1</sup> This bird is considered in fables as a physician.

me to the Sea-Lion, whom you have never seen, and whom you are longing to see." This he said. And I put two ear-rings into the lower ear-hole, and two ear-rings into the upper ear-hole. I arranged my hair, and went out with my elder brother.

We got into the boat, and he took me to a small island, visible from afar. I thought we had arrived at the Sea-Lion's den. We knocked against the rocks which stood out of the water. The hills near the shore were hidden now; also the mountains, that were farther inland. We went quite close to the reefs, and I looked around in order to see whether there were any signs of men having passed; but there was not a trace of a man about us. We went into a house, and I perceived an old Sea-Lion. On his old wound there was purulent matter, and on the fresh wound was a scab. My brother led me into the house, then he left me alone and returned. I remained, and lived very miserably at this place.

#### 10. THE WOMAN AND THE DEMON

I was the only woman living. Once I heard the steps of some one approaching the house. I went out to see who it was, and saw a mighty demon in the shape of a beautiful man. I returned to the house, spread out mattings on the floor, and the man came in. I gave him something to eat; and he said, "As you are such a beautiful woman, I cannot marry you without offering you precious things as a reward. Therefore I shall go back to my country to fetch some jewels." Thus he said, and, having cut enough wood to fill the room and the passage, he disappeared. "Use your wood economically," he said on parting.

One day I heard the steps of a man near the hut, and soon I saw a stranger coming in. His hair was shaggy. He began to burn the cut wood in the house, and burned whole piles of it until it was all gone. Then he requested me to go towards the forest with him, but I refused. He would carry me on his back. He took the icicles which were hanging from my nose and stuck them on the door; he cut off the hair on my temples and hung it up at one side of the door. Then by main force he put me on his back and carried me to the forest, and we arrived at a house.

While living with him, I once heard a man who came to our house crying. As soon as the man who lived with me heard him, he hid me away in a corner. The other came in from outside. As soon as I looked at him, I recognized him as the one who had once promised to marry me, and who had gone to get precious things for me. "While living here, did you not see a woman?" he asked. "Though I live here, I never saw any woman around," answered my companion. And the mighty demon said, "When, on stepping out of the hut, you see

fog at the end of the island, and fog at the beginning, and fog in the middle, you will know that I am dead." Thus he said, and went away.

I also stepped out of the hut, and saw fog at the end of the island and at the beginning and in the middle, and was sure the man had died, and went to see. I stumbled over a dead man whose head was lying on a case containing jewels. I put my head on his and wept. But from the opposite side came a godlike, beautiful man. "Why do you pity the mighty demon?" he asked. "His face is handsome to look at, but his soul is black." Thus saying, he took me with him, and from that time I lived quite well.

#### II. SAMAYEKURU AND HIS SISTER

I was the god of the upper heaven. There were many gods around, but, looking at the places where they lived, I nowhere could find a woman like myself. In the lower world in the Ainu land, the younger sister of Samayekuru,<sup>1</sup> though she was only an Ainu woman, had a face like mine. She seemed to be quite like myself. So I came down to the lower world. In the yard, near Samayekuru's house, fresh fish were hanging out on sticks to dry. Samayekuru himself was out hunting with his sister, and so was not at home. I entered the empty house. As Samayekuru was only a man, I thought he must be weaker than I. I went to the sticks on which the fresh fish were hanging, threw down one big salmon (*Salmo lagocephalus*), and assumed its shape. Then I waited till Samayekuru and his sister brought home a big litter full of bear-meat. They pushed the litter in through an opening in the back wall, after which Samayekuru's sister went into the hut and pulled in the litter. They were both tired, so they lighted a big fire; and Samayekuru said, "I am tired of eating bear-meat all the time. Go and get some fresh fish for me to eat." His sister went out, approached the sticks with the fish, and tried to select one. At last she took me down, and carried me into the house. Samayekuru said, "The fresh fish is too cold, warm it a little at the fire." Thus he said; and she tied a thread to my tail and hung me, head down, on the hook on which the kettle usually hangs. But Samayekuru remarked, "The fire is not big enough: put on some more wood, and make it bigger." His sister then went out to get some wood, and brought in a whole pile. A huge fire blazed up, and my head became hot. It crackled aloud "putsi!" so violently that it burnt me. My soul went up to the tail, and was nearly burning. I got frightened, pushed aside the beams of the roof with much noise, and got out into the fresh air. Making a terrible ado, I returned to the upper heaven.

When I reached home, I cried, "Samayekuru was only a man born on the poor earth, and I was a mighty god!" and I thought that a man

<sup>1</sup> Another name of Self-brought-up-Man (Yayresupo).



born on the poor earth would be weaker than I, but he was stronger. Angrily I went down to earth again. Samayekuru was out hunting with his sister, as before, and I entered the empty house. I hid away Samayekuru's dish, and turned into a dish myself and waited. At last I heard the steps of Samayekuru and his sister, who were coming home. Through the opening in the back wall they pushed in the litter with the bear-meat. The younger sister came in by the door, and took the litter with the meat. They were tired, and made a big fire, after which Samayekuru said to his sister, "Did you wash your dishes this morning before going out hunting?"—"No, I did not wash them," answered the sister. "Then prepare some hot water and wash them now," he ordered. So she got up, took her big kettle, filled it with water, and hung it over the fire to get it hot. As soon as the water was boiling, she brought her brother's dish. I thought I should die if she should throw me into the boiling water. And she threw me in; but I jumped out of the kettle, pushed away the roof near the door with a loud rumbling noise, and flew out. Then I noisily raised myself to the upper heaven, and returned to my divine home.

When I was inside, I began to think, "Samayekuru is a man only, so he ought to be weaker than I am, but he has turned out to be stronger." Full of anger, I sat brooding a long time. At last I decided to go down once more, without changing my shape, in my own divine, beautiful body. So I did, and went down to the yard near Samayekuru's house, and stood there; but I did not want to enter the house as a guest. Samayekuru's sister went out in the yard, and said, "I know that you do not care to step into our house. You are walking angrily about, so I shall not lead you in; but yonder there is my little metal hut, and you will do well to go there." So I went towards this little house, and at night I stepped in and sat down.

"Samayekuru surely is angry with me," I thought. "Though I be a mighty god, and though Samayekuru be born on this poor earth, he has beaten me," I thought, and decided to tell him so. Suddenly, however, I smelled the smell of dung. I thought I had come to a little silver house. But why this nasty smell of dung? I looked around, and there I was, sitting in a very filthy place; and Samayekuru and his sister had poured out their dung on me, and soiled me from head to foot. "I am a mighty god, and Samayekuru is only a man, born on earth; but as to power, he has entirely beaten me," thought I. "Whatever I might do, I could never surpass Samayekuru in power, so I had better calm down."

From the filthy place where I was sitting, I leaped up with a terrible noise, went to the upper heaven, and returned home, quite soiled with dung from head to foot. I took off my iron armor and washed it, after having washed my head and my whole body. I was quite angry,

and sat down full of wrath. My brothers, the other gods, talked with one another, and said, "As we walked around the house, in the yard, we perceived a nasty smell." I heard these words, but made no reply, and sat quite ashamed. One day, however, when I was seated, my elder brother came and began to scold me. "What is it? Samayekuru is so powerful, that he wants to beat every one, and you are stupid to have roused him." Thus they all scolded me.

## 12. A POEM

From childhood I was brought up by my aunt, who fed me with fine food. She fed me very well indeed, and brought me up splendidly in my father's house. On the floor there was a large pile of iron cases<sup>1</sup> on which iron pots were standing, one within another; and iron pans in a row, also one within another. It was a splendid house, a fine house! In this house on the seashore I was living. My aunt gave me every day a plate of good meat and of grease, so full that I could not even hold it. I ate, and thus we lived.

At last I grew up and became a large girl. So my aunt took out different kinds of silk, and bade me sew. But I did not know how to sew. I tangled the thread, and that ended it. My aunt scolded me. "My niece does not know how to sew! Why are you such a dullard?" Thus she spoke. After trying each day, I at last learned how to sew.

My aunt said, "Far off in Otasam lives your betrothed one. He is the younger of three brothers. A piece of silk was torn in halves for you and him.<sup>2</sup> He must be grown up now. He is very rich, and will not come to you; therefore you had better go to him, to the *nispa* ('rich man')." This she said; and I heard it, and thought, "Until now my aunt has brought me up well. If I leave her for one day only, I rejoice to see her again." I was grieved, and remained. My aunt, however, spoke to me again about it, and every day she repeated the same words.

So at last I gathered the most necessary of my things, made a bag in which to take them on my back, and put my clothes in properly. I prepared many different things; and when I was ready to start, my aunt said, "In Otasam, where you are going, there are three brothers *nispa* ('rich men'). The eldest one lives in the house nearest to us; in the middle one lives the youngest, with his younger sister; and the third one lives at the end of the settlement. When you arrive, you will do well to enter the hut that is in the middle, which belongs to the youngest brother." This my aunt told me while I was taking leave.

Then I went away. Soon I saw before me a place situated high up. I stopped at the mountain Tomisan; then I walked on, and

<sup>1</sup> A sign of wealth and order.

<sup>2</sup> This is the usual ceremony of betrothal in such cases.

turned around and looked. There was my aunt, standing in front of her house, and she was following me with her eyes. I continued my march again, and, turning around, I still saw her looking after me. Finally I directed my steps towards the village Otasam, and set out on the way to it. I looked, and there was a big house, just as my aunt had described it to me; and behind it, as she had told me, was to be the house of my betrothed one, but, glancing around, I saw only one house in front of me. I began to think, and came to the conclusion that I was walking on the road to the house of the eldest rich brother. When I looked around, I saw another path, which I took; but soon I noticed that it led to the same house. I understood. "They are brothers," I thought; "and if I go to the eldest of them, the gods will have made me do it." So I entered the house, which was full of furniture, quite uncommon and divine. The rich man himself was living here. He met me full of joy, as if he had already seen me. He prepared food, and gave me to eat.

In the mean time it grew dark, and evening arrived. The rich man said, "You would do well if you would spend this night here." I went to sleep angry; and when I woke up, I saw the rich man sleeping with me. I got up weeping, and was just going to depart, when the rich man said, "What evil god made me do this! I had no bad intentions. You have been my younger brother's betrothed wife since childhood, and, though I did not think any evil concerning you, I did this. So when you come to your husband's house, and give him to eat, put this into his dish." Thus saying, he gave me the basket hilt of a sword. The hilt was inlaid with silver on one side, a little silver net was spread out, and a little silver man was pulling at it, and in the net were a whole lot of little silver-fishes. I was quite delighted, turned it over, and saw on the other side a little gold net spread out, and inside it a whole lot of little gold-fishes, and little gold men pulling at it.

After I had looked at it well, I put it under my shirt and went away. I walked on the path which I saw in front of me, and arrived at the house of the man who had been promised to me since childhood. Above the house two thick clouds were floating, and I entered the house. "She is as old as I am," said the rich man when he saw me. "The beautiful maiden is living." I was still at the door as he smiled at me. As soon as he saw me, I approached the fire and remained near it. When I sat down, he wanted to say something. "My little brother," he began, "has not eaten since last month, and he sleeps all the time. Therefore he has a swollen belly<sup>1</sup> (*tsepukhaha*). I do not know the reason of this, and am very much astonished. Now that you have come, when he hears you are here, perhaps he will eat." This he said, and at the same time we heard footsteps near the house.

<sup>1</sup> *Tsepukhaha* ("drowsy") is an illness which is often mentioned in ancient tales, but which very seldom occurs now.

I looked up, and thought that my betrothed one was coming, but in reality it was the swollen sick man. As soon as he came in, he sat down near the fire. The girl of the house prepared some food, put it into an iron dish, and gave me to eat; she also fed the owner of the house, my husband. As soon as we had finished eating, I gave back the rest of the food, and put on the dish the hilt which I had pulled out from the back of my shirt. Now even I looked at it with pleasure and admiration, and handed it over to my husband. He took it, and said, "My elder brother did not act according to his will when he forced you to spend a night with him. It is well for the gods to marry one another, and men and women should also marry. I am only a man; but the god of the upper heaven has a younger sister, who wants to marry me. She desires so strongly to take me up to heaven with my body, that I have not felt at all like eating since last month."

After having said these words, he seized me, ran out on the place in front of the house, and carried me towards the forest. At the back of the house there was a little iron hut, built on piles, — a house which had feet. He pulled the hanging door<sup>1</sup> aside, carried me into the hut, and there we lay down together. "Now we are married, therefore we sleep together for the first time. But if you are weak, the goddess will take me up, body and all. If you are strong, we shall live together a long time." This he said, and fell asleep.

When I woke up and looked around, I felt something pushing me. I looked, and saw an iron ring put around my husband's body, and an iron chain attached to it went up through the opening in the roof, and somebody was pulling at it from above. I seized the chain, naked as I was, and began to pull it down with all my strength. But the girl from heaven, being a goddess, was stronger than I. I began to weep and to scream. I called the younger sister (of my husband). She came in; but as soon as she saw me, she fled, shouting, "Oh, what is this! a naked woman!" I screamed again, and called the elder brother. He opened the door, came in, looked at me, and said, "A naked woman!" after which he ran away. At last my husband slipped out of my hands, and the goddess pulled the chain as hard as she could. She grasped it with one hand, then again with the other, and pulled my husband up quite close. Smiling, she pulled him into heaven and closed the door.

I could do no more, and began to cry. While weeping, I suddenly heard somebody coming from my native country, on the Tomisam hill. It was my aunt who had brought me up. She was carrying a sword without a scabbard. She brandished it and struck. I thought she had killed me; but suddenly I was changed into a little bird, and flew out through the hole in the roof. As I did not know where to fly,

<sup>1</sup> The Ainu use doors which may be shut or opened by pushing them to one side.

I looked down, and saw the parts of a naked woman's body lying near the house; and my aunt was sitting on them and crying, and was trembling all over.

I made a bridge out of clouds, and, walking on it, I arrived in heaven. When I came to the house of the goddess in the shape of a little bird, I fluttered my wings; and the gods said, "A maiden is walking around in heaven quite naked. We smell her body, and it makes us sick." This they said; but I entered the house through the upper hole in the roof. There was the goddess, holding the dying soul of my husband like a coral between her hands, and she was busy preparing medicine for him. I snatched my husband's soul away and returned to earth, having put it into my mouth. As we had no place to go to, I crept into the mouth of the cut-up woman, and lost all consciousness. When I recovered, I looked around, and saw my husband, who at the same time returned to life again.

This is how I resuscitated one of the three brothers of Otasan. My aunt, whose power had brought my husband back from heaven to earth again, was also alive. From that time on, we all lived happily together. I related tales about the gods, and lived with the others. This is the legend.

CRACOW, RUSSIA.

## TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

THE twenty-third annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held in Washington, D. C., in affiliation with the American Anthropological Association and with the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

A meeting of the Council of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Thursday, December 28, 1911, at 9 A.M., in the new National Museum. Present: Roland B. Dixon, Alfred M. Tozzer, Alexander F. Chamberlain, Pliny Earle Goddard, Charles Peabody. Dr. Dixon presided.

At this meeting the proposition, originating with the Anthropological Association, of the establishment of an independent quarterly of bibliography and literary review along the lines of the "Centralblatt für Anthropologie," was discussed, and the matter laid on the table.

The Secretary was authorized to proceed with a re-organization of the membership list of the Society, consisting in the giving leave to withdraw to those members who might be very much in arrears in payment of dues.

Nominations of officers, for presentation to the Society at its annual meeting, were discussed.

At 10 A.M. the twenty-third annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was called to order. In the absence of the President (Professor Henry M. Belden), the Second Vice-President (Dr. J. Walter Fewkes) presided.

The presidential address, "The Study of Balladry in America," was read by the Secretary. This was followed by the presentation of papers:

ROBERT H. LOWIE, "Principle of Convergence in Ethnology."

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN, "A Note on the Personification of Fatigue by the American Indians;" "The Initial and Terminal Formulæ of Kutenai Tales."

WILLIAM C. FARABEE, "Quechua Folk-Music."

CHARLES PEABODY, "Notes on the Words and Music of the White Captive Ballad."

The following papers were read by abstract:

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA, "Spanish-American Folk-Lore in New Mexico."

HOWARD W. ODUM, "Work-Songs of the Southern Negroes."

PHILLIPS BARRY, "William Carter, the Bensontown Homer."

"Arapaho Tales," by H. R. VOTH, was read by title.

At the business meeting a letter from the President, Professor Henry M. Belden, of the University of Missouri, was read; and this was followed by the reports of the Secretary, Treasurer, and the Editor of the Journal, as follows:—

#### SECRETARY'S REPORT

The membership of the Society, and the libraries subscribing to the Journal, present the following statistics:

	1910	1911
Honorary members.....	14	14
Life members.....	8	9
Annual members.....	344	357
Subscribing libraries.....	135	142

The Secretary regrets to report that the Iowa Branch has ceased to exist as such. It is hoped that the members may continue in the Society as members at large.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary*.

#### TREASURER'S REPORT <sup>1</sup>

##### RECEIPTS

Balance from last statement.....	\$423.77
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1912.....	3.00
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1911.....	801.40
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1910.....	30.00
Receipts from annual dues for the year 1909.....	12.00
Receipts from life-membership dues.....	50.00
Subscriptions to the Publication Fund.....	157.00
Sales through the Houghton Mifflin Company (net of mailing and other charges):	
Memoirs.....	101.25
Journals of American Folk-Lore, from Dec. 1, 1910, to July 31, 1911.....	426.43
Sales from agencies through The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa....	4.80
Sales of reprints to authors.....	14.79
Sales of Memoirs through Treasurer.....	3.00
Subscriptions to Journal of American Folk-Lore from agencies, through Treasurer	43.34
Balance from Treasury of the Iowa Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society (E. K. Putnam, Treasurer, Davenport, Io.).....	8.82
Dr. Felix Grendon, Brooklyn, N. Y., last payment toward cost of printing his article in Journal of American Folk-Lore, No. 84.....	55.00
Interest, Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass.....	18.79
	<u>\$2153.39</u>

##### DISBURSEMENTS

Houghton Mifflin Company, for manufacturing Journal of American Folk-Lore, Nos. 89 and 90 <sup>2</sup> .....	\$608.31
Houghton Mifflin Company, for printing reprints for authors.....	151.17
Amount carried forward.....	<u>\$759.48</u>

<sup>1</sup> This covers the period from Dec. 26, 1910, to Dec. 21, 1911.

<sup>2</sup> This is the last Journal of American Folk-Lore manufactured by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Journal of American Folk-Lore, Nos. 91 and 92, have been manufactured by The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa. The bills for Journals of American Folk-Lore, Nos. 92 and 93, have not yet come in, and should be added to the expenses of the current year, and deducted from our balance.

Amount brought forward .....	\$759.48
Houghton Mifflin Company, for binding two copies of Journal of American Folk-Lore, Volume XXIII, and making five extra cloth covers .....	1.35
Houghton Mifflin Company, for changing die .....	.64
Houghton Mifflin Company, charges for express, mailing, copyright, etc. ....	57.62
Houghton Mifflin Company, work on packing and furnishing four cases for Journals sent to Columbia University, New York, N. Y. ....	10.50
Dr. Franz Boas, Editor, for express charges on Journals of American Folk-Lore sent to Columbia University, New York, N. Y. ....	12.31
American Anthropological Association, one-half cost of compiling and printing "Periodical Literature" for publication in the Journal .....	147.64
The New Era Printing Company, Lancaster, Pa., for manufacturing Journal of American Folk-Lore, No. 91 .....	183.80
Dr. Franz Boas, Editor, Columbia University, New York, N. Y. for expenses of editorial work on Journal during the year 1911 .....	35.00
The Rockwell and Churchill Press, Boston, Mass., for printing return envelopes	3.00
Treasurer's postage and sundry charges .....	13.57
Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., Treasurer of the Boston Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society, for cost of sending out first notice of the year to local members	2.70
Insurance on catalogue for "Tenth Memoir" .....	2.00
Rebate to Cambridge Branch (M. L. Fernald, Treasurer, Cambridge, Mass.) ....	19.50
Rebate to Boston Branch (Fitz-Henry Smith, Jr., Treasurer, Boston, Mass.) ....	49.00
Rebate to Missouri Branch (Miss Idress Head, Treasurer, St. Louis, Mo.) ....	5.50
Rebate to Illinois Branch (H. S. V. Jones, Treasurer, Urbana, Ill.) .....	4.00
Rebate to New York Branch (Stansbury Hagar, Treasurer, New York, N. Y.) ..	2.00
Rebate to Texas Branch (Miss Ethel Hibbs, Treasurer, Galveston, Texas) ....	16.00
Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass., for collecting checks .....	3.00
	<u>\$1328.61</u>
Balance to new account .....	<u>824.78</u>
	<u>\$2153.39</u>

ELIOT W. REMICK, *Treasurer*.

#### EDITOR'S REPORT

Owing to the change of publishers, which occurred at the beginning of the year 1911, the appearance of the numbers of the Journal has been very irregular, but the last number is well advanced in preparation.<sup>1</sup>

According to the programme developed in the last report, the Editor has endeavored to obtain material on Spanish-American and Negro folk-lore. It is gratifying that the appeals of the Editor have met with unexpected success, and we may hope that further contributions may be made to this interesting and little cultivated branch of research. Extended collection of Negro folk-lore is very important and urgent, and should receive close attention.

<sup>1</sup> Since the above report was written, the last number of the Journal for 1911 has been issued.



With the extension of interests over the fields of English, American, Romanic-American, Negro, and Indian folk-lore, the size of the *Journal* threatens to become almost too small; and if the financial conditions of the Society permitted, it should be extended considerably. A strong effort to increase membership, and if possible to establish a publication fund, should therefore be made.

In accordance with the vote of the Society not to proceed with the printing of the General Index until sufficient funds can be secured, the completed manuscript has been kept in the safe deposit vaults of the Hudson River Branch of the Corn Exchange Bank in New York until sufficient funds can be secured for its publication. An appeal to the Carnegie Institution and to the Smithsonian Institution to assist in the publication or to take over the publication has remained without success, so that we are compelled to rely on the resources of the Society or on private contributions. The Permanent Secretary of the Society has generously promised a contribution of \$100. Nine additional contributions of the same amount would enable us to complete this important work, that is to be dedicated to the memory of the unforgotten founder of our Society, Mr. W. W. Newell.

The Editor begs to revert to the recommendation made a year ago; namely, to enter into a contract with the American Anthropological Association for the purpose of publishing jointly with that Association a bibliographical journal, to be furnished free of charge to all members of the American Folk-Lore Society and of the American Anthropological Association; this publication to contain the bibliographical record by Professor Chamberlain, and reviews. If the Editor may be allowed to make the suggestion, it would be to place this publication, if decided upon, in charge of Professor Chamberlain, to be assisted by a number of gentlemen who have in recent years taken particular interest in the development of the review department of the *Journal*, — Dr. A. A. Goldenweiser, Dr. Robert Lowie, and others. Financially the establishment of this independent journal would be a saving for both societies, since the bibliography is now printed twice, and is twice in the hands of the many individuals who are members of both Societies. The Editor would further suggest that this journal be issued as a quarterly; that the bibliography be divided geographically, as it is now; and that the report on each division be made to cover the period of one year; so that, for instance, "America" might appear in April, and should cover the period from April to April; "Africa," in July, and should cover the period from July to July, or whatever convenient month may be decided upon by the Editor.

The Society must decide what to do with the plates of the old numbers of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, which are still with the Houghton Mifflin Company. I think it would be well to dispose

of the metal, except in cases of numbers of which there are less than five copies in stock. These might be held. I should advise referring this matter to a committee.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor*.

The nominations of the Council for the officers for the year 1912 were accepted, and the Secretary was instructed to cast a ballot for their election. The officers are as follows:

PRESIDENT, John A. Lomax, University of Texas, Austin, Tex.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, Professor G. L. Kittredge, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL, Professor Franz Boas, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

PERMANENT SECRETARY, Dr. Charles Peabody, Harvard University, Cambridge Mass.

TREASURER, Mr. Eliot W. Remick, 300 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass.

COUNCILLORS. For three years: R. H. Lowie, E. K. Putnam, A. M. Tozzer. For two years: P. E. Goddard, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, S. A. Barrett. For one year: Phillips Barry, J. B. Fletcher, A. F. Chamberlain. Past Presidents: Roland B. Dixon, John R. Swanton, Henry M. Belden. Presidents of local branches: F. W. Putnam, W. F. Harris, A. C. L. Brown, Miss Mary A. Owen, Joseph Jacobs, Robert A. Law.

The following committees were appointed:—

*On Storage and Disposal of Plates and Memoirs, etc.*: Franz Boas, *Chairman*; C. Peabody; A. M. Tozzer.

*On Plans of Work in Common with the American Anthropological Association*: C. Peabody, *Chairman*; Stansbury Hagar; Clark Wissler.

*Auditing Committee*: The Secretary and R. B. Dixon.

The Secretary was authorized to send votes of thanks to the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art for their kind invitation to a reception on the evening of December 28; and to the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution for the invitation to a reception on the evening of December 27, 1911, and for their hospitality in extending the privileges of the auditorium as a place of meeting, both meetings and reception having been held in the National Museum.

The Secretary was empowered to act as to the time and place of the next annual meeting.

A special meeting of the Council of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Friday, December 29. Present: Robert H. Lowie,

Roland B. Dixon, Pliny Earle Goddard, and Charles Peabody. A vote was taken, on the invitation of the American Anthropological Association, to co-operate in the publication of a separate quarterly of bibliography and literary criticism. The vote was favorable, and was followed by the appointment of Dr. Robert H. Lowie as Editor for the American Folk-Lore Society.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary*.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

**SOME HIDATSA AND MANDAN TALES.** — I give in the following a few tales told among the Hidatsa and Mandans of the Fort Berthold Reservation in North Dakota, together with the story of how an Hidatsa name was acquired. The stories are not long and important myths, merely simple every-day tales, such as are told to the children by the old grandfather or grandmother.

The first three of the stories were related by John Hunts Along, a young Hidatsa Indian. The first story is a bit of more or less modern superstition. The last two stories were told by James Holding Eagle, a young Mandan.

1. There is a lake on the bottom-lands of the Missouri River between Shell Creek and Elbowoods on the reservation. The old people say that in the old days this lake was very deep. In those times there were people living in the lake, under the water. Many who passed there would hear the sound of voices, as the dwellers in the lake were talking or singing. Often also dogs were heard barking, and sometimes the sound of the war-drum came from under the water when the lake people were having their dances.

Now, this lake is only a few feet deep in the deepest places. The old people say that one of the missionaries put poison into the lake, and either killed the people there or made them go away. The poison also made the lake dry up and become shallow.

2. A long time ago there was a man who went out to the Bad Lands to catch eagles. He went up on the top of a high hill and dug his pit there. Then he got in and arranged the covering over the opening.

For a long time the people waited for him, and he did not come back, and finally his friends went out to look for him. When they came back, they said that some monster had come up through the earth to the bottom of the pit, had seized the man, and had pulled him down under ground. He was never seen again.

3. The third story related how the Indian name of the narrator, The-Man-who-stands-up-in-the-Air, was acquired. The name was purchased from the man's grandfather, together with a shield painted with a picture of the sun. The grandfather obtained the name in the following manner: —

One night while sleeping, he dreamed that he saw the sun standing a little way above the western horizon. As he looked, the sun became a man standing up in the air, and talked to him. The Sun-Man told him that he would help him in all that he undertook; he also told him many secrets, and told him how to make a big shield with the sun painted on it for his medicine. When the grandfather awoke, he took his name from this Sun-Man, and he made a shield as the man had directed.

After this the grandfather became a great medicine-man: he could make it rain or hail whenever he wished, and he could go into a fight and never be injured by the weapons of the enemy. Once when the Sioux were defeating the Hidatsa, he made a big hail-storm come up, which so frightened and confused the Sioux that they ran away.

4. A Skunk was travelling along his trail. At the other end a Bear was travelling, going toward the Skunk. Neither one knew that the other was

on the trail. They met; and the Skunk said, "You are on my trail. Step to one side!" The Bear said, "It is you that are on my trail. You must step aside." The Skunk answered, "No. You must get off." Then the Bear said, "I say, you must leave the trail. If you don't, I shall eat you up." Then the Bear began singing, "You are the one who is in my road. I wonder if skunk's flesh will taste bitter or sweet if I eat it!" Then the Skunk began to sing, "I wonder, if I should eat bear-meat, would it taste bitter or sweet!" Then the Skunk cast his scent in the Bear's eyes. The Bear began to cry out, and pluck at his eyes, and he got off the trail. Then the Skunk went on.

5. Some men went out one time to get into pits to catch war-eagles. As they were returning toward evening, one man stopped on the way and sat down. As he was looking around, he saw an eagle chasing a rabbit. The rabbit was running round and round in a circle, and every little while the eagle would make a swoop for him. At each swoop the eagle would come nearer to catching the rabbit. The rabbit kept drawing closer and closer to the man; and as the eagle made a last great swoop, the rabbit jumped into the man's lap, and the eagle failed to get him. Then the Eagle said to the man, "Put him down! I am hungry and want to eat him." The Rabbit said to the man, "Save me! If you do, I will make you very renowned." Then the Eagle said, "Put him down! I will help you. Whatever I say is true. My feet never touch the ground; and whatever I undertake, I never fail in it." The Rabbit answered, "It is true that my feet are on the ground; but whatever I attempt, I too succeed in." And the man saved the Rabbit, and the Rabbit made him powerful, and always helped him in times of trouble.

BISMARCK, N. D.

GEORGE F. WILL.





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# PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

## MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

### VOL. I. FOLK-TALES OF ANGOLA.

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THE  
JOURNAL OF  
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

EDITED BY  
FRANZ BOAS

ASSISTED BY ALEXANDER FRANCIS CHAMBERLAIN  
AND GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

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## TRADITIONS OF THE PAPAGO INDIANS

BY HENRIETTE ROTHSCHILD KROEBER

THE Pima Indians of Arizona, and the adjacent Papago of the same State and of Sonora, are regarded as distinct tribes, but are said by themselves to be so nearly identical in language and customs, that they seem to go back to a common origin of no great antiquity. All that is known of their mythology points to similar close affiliations. The largest collection of traditions assembled, though it is clearly only an outline, is by Frank Russell, from the Pima.<sup>1</sup> An older sketch is by Grossman.<sup>2</sup> Further information as to the beliefs of the same tribe is given by Bancroft<sup>3</sup> and the writer.<sup>4</sup> The Papago live in more forbidding and less accessible localities, and less is known of them. Davidson<sup>5</sup> provides a distorted account of their creation story, which Bancroft<sup>6</sup> repeats, and the author has contributed "Coyote Tales" to the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.<sup>7</sup> The traditions now presented were obtained from Juan Dolores, an educated full-blood member of the tribe. It appears, from the manner in which his first story tallies with the others mentioned, that both Pimas and Papagos possess an important and interesting myth of the origin of the world and of themselves, in which many incidents are told in the same form, and in which Earth-Maker or Earth-Doctor and Older-Brother are the leading personages or gods, with Coyote filling a different and subsidiary place.

### OUTLINES OF THE CREATION MYTH

In the beginning there was nothing but darkness and water. The darkness, the water, and the air composed the whole universe. As

<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-sixth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology*, pp. 3-390 (1908). See pp. 206-250.

<sup>2</sup> F. E. Grossman, "The Pima Indians of Arizona," in the *Smithsonian Report* for 1871 (1873), pp. 407-419.

<sup>3</sup> H. H. Bancroft, *The Native Races of the Pacific Coast*, vol. iii (1883), pp. 78-80.

<sup>4</sup> "Pima Tales," in *American Anthropologist*, new series, vol. x (1908), pp. 231-235.

<sup>5</sup> *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs*, 1865, pp. 131-133.

<sup>6</sup> Work cited, pp. 75-77.

<sup>7</sup> Vol. xxii (1909).

they came together, wherever they met, the friction of these bodies, the darkness and the water, finally produced a living being, which lay upon the water and was carried from place to place. Whatever formed this being also fed it, and it grew until it became a great man. He became our "Older-Brother," the first-born.

After he became a man, he saw that there was a substance gathering around him, the bubbles or scum which always gather around an object in the water. He took some of that and made it into earthworms. He sent them around to gather up the stuff he had seen and had already gathered around himself. They went about and gathered and gathered, and left it all around him. They kept on piling up and piling up. Finally he found himself on a little piece of dry land. So he kept on sending them out, and they kept on piling this and piling it. That was the way he made the earth. First he made the earthworms, and they made the earth.

After the earth was made, it kept on floating. It had no steady place. So Older-Brother made spiders, and sent them all around to tie the earth down. So they went around and made their web, and tied the earth and left it on the water. Then the earth had a steady place.

He made the people and all kinds of things to grow. At that time all animals and birds were people. It is told that many things, when first made, did not work right, and had to be changed or made over.

The people called for light. They gathered around. He had told them the names of other things; and when they called for light, they asked what name they should give it when it came. They tried different names. One said to call it "a long time." After they had already decided to call it this, Coyote said he had a better name. He wanted them to call it by a name meaning "to go over, to climb up." But they would not accept that word, and they took the first name, which means "day" now, and also means "a long time." So the sun came up. The first time it came up, it was very hot, for it was too close to the earth. Then the next time they put it farther away, and it was too far. Then they brought it down. They said to put it away over on one side, and that did not work. It only gave them light in a certain place and in no other place. Finally, after moving it around to various positions, they got it in the place it is now. Then Older-Brother made the moon and the stars come up to give light after the sun goes down.

After a while the people became dissatisfied with some things that had been made, and thought they should be different, so that they might get along better. For instance, the rattlesnake had teeth; but they were like a little plant now called rattlesnake-weed, which is sharp on top, but bends easily when touched. In the evenings the

children would go out and get a snake and throw it around, chasing one another. Of course it would bite, but did not hurt. The poor snake never slept because the children always threw it around. It used to cry all night. So it called upon Older-Brother to give it some way to protect itself. Older-Brother came down. The people gathered together; and after they had been singing four nights, they were to wait on the fourth morning when the sun came up. Sun-rays look like sharp points. It is said that Older-Brother took the ends of the sun-beams and mixed them with something in the water, and put it on the rattlesnake's teeth. So it is a part of the strength of the sun which kills a person when the rattlesnake bites. After he put the water on the snake's teeth, they became poisoned; and he announced this to the people, and said that the snake was from that time more dangerous, and nobody was to pick it up. So from that time on the snake has been poisonous.

After he had made the people, all animals, birds, and so on, they began to multiply, and the big things walked over the little things. They gathered together and called Older-Brother to come down and help them out. So he came down. He gathered them together. He left it to the people to decide what they were going to do, how the smaller people were to live. Then he divided them off, and told how certain people were to live in certain houses. He put them off in different places,—some in the mountains, some in trees, and so on. They were all told where they were to be to keep out of the way of the others. Finally a little Worm said that he was so small, that big things stepped on him, and he could not run fast enough to keep out of the way. He thought it would be better that, after a thing had lived long enough, it died or went to some other place. They did not know what "to die" was; but he said it was "never to be on this earth again." But the people said that those who had lived long enough here were to be put into some other place. Then the question was if this other place would not be filled up also. In speaking of where this place is, the Indians generally say that it is in the east, under the rising sun. After they leave the place where they have lived, they are forever singing and dancing in the east. They join hands, and the circle gets larger and larger as the new people come; and they keep on going around and around, singing and dancing. The surrounding country contains all things they like to eat, such as cactus-fruit and all kinds of game. When they speak of a person about to die, they say, "He is going after the cactus-fruit in the east." Sometimes they say, "He is going to join in the singing."

After they had decided that people should die and leave this place when they had lived here a long time, there grew up a great many who did wonderful things, such as Rain, Wind, and Coyote. There was a

wise man in the east who had a fine daughter. Young men from all over the country came to see this girl, but she would not marry any of them. One of these wise men had a son, and he gave his boy a talk before he started out to see the girl. The son staid there with the girl, but could not bring her home. But she had a baby, and he took the child with him. When he came to his village, he left the baby over the hill and went home. He told his father how he had lived with the woman, but she would not come home with him; and that she had had a little baby, and he had brought it, but left it over the hill. His father already knew all this. He told his son to go back and bring the baby. The young man went back, and found the baby crying. He staid a long time, but would not pick up the baby, and at last went back and left it. He thought that if his wife did not like him enough to come with him, he would not bring the baby home. He would leave it there. So he went home alone. And his father sent him back again. When he got there a second time, he saw that the earth all around the baby was moist. It was the baby's tears running down and making the earth moist. He looked at that, and thought that it was wonderful. He staid there a long time, but could not pick up the baby, and went back once more. His father sent him a third time; and the third time he arrived, he saw a little stream of water running down from where the baby was. And the fourth time he went, he saw that the water was coming all around where the baby was. It was coming up. And he went back and told his father what he had seen. So they went to prepare. The father said that there would be a flood that would cover the whole earth. And he told the people that the water was going to cover the earth; so the different things began to call upon their Older-Brother to save them.

Older-Brother came down and made a pot out of grease-wood for himself. Coyote came and asked him what he was going to do to save himself. He told him, if he could make one like that to get inside of, it would be all right. So Coyote went to work and made one like it. The Humming-Bird asked what he should do to save himself. Older-Brother told him to fly up and hang on the heavens. So he flew up there. The Woodpecker was told to hang up there also. When the water reached the tail of the Woodpecker, he began to cry; but the Humming-Bird told him that he need not cry, because he was the smaller of the two and he was not crying, and, as Older-Brother had said they would be all right, they would be.

Before Coyote and Older-Brother went into their "houses," they said, that, according as they came out first, they were to be related to each other. After the water went down, Older-Brother came out first. Coyote came out later, and went around and looked all over, and saw the tracks of little birds. He followed them around to say

that he had come out first, so that they might be some relation to him. He did not find them, but finally met Older-Brother, and tried to tell him that he was to be Older-Brother because he had come out first. He told him how many things he had seen already. Of course, Older-Brother would not believe him.

Older-Brother and Coyote walked around, and finally decided to make some more people. Coyote was to help. They made them out of mud, and put them aside to dry. After a certain day, they were to come to life. On this day Coyote and Older-Brother went to see them; and they had already come to life, and were speaking to one another. They were people as we see them now. Then they decided to make others. Coyote sat over to one side and made some. He did not make them right. He would have one leg or one arm missing. He put them away to dry; and after a certain day, they were to speak. When the day came that they were to speak, they both went over to see them. When Older-Brother saw how they were made, he did not wish them to be mixed with his people. He gathered them up and threw them over to the other side (in another world) to live by themselves.

#### THE UNDECIDED RACE

There once lived an old woman who had to care for two little boys whose father and mother had died and left them to her. In some mysterious way the boys grew up, true and obedient to the old woman. They followed all the teachings of the old woman. And they were well liked by all the people, because they were brave, good hunters, and good runners, — things which were required, at that time, of all good men. Many girls of marriageable age spoke well of the boys in the hearing of the old woman; but the old woman said nothing. She thought the boys were too young yet to be married, until one day she went for water to the pond. At the pond she found a very good-looking girl. The girl took the earthenware jar or olla down from the old woman's head. She filled it with water and set it to one side, and said, "Remember me, grandmother, when you are to choose a wife for one of your boys. And I should be glad if some day I might have a chance to come and stay with you to do the work which you are now doing." The old woman was much pleased with the appearance of the girl and with what she said, and she told the girl to choose one of the boys. But the girl said she could not choose, for she cared for one as much as the other; the boys both being good-looking and young, and both good hunters and brave. The old woman said she could not decide to which one to give the girl, because she loved one as much as the other, and to give the girl to one would offend the other. But she said, "You remain here, and wait for the boys. I will go home and tell them to run a race from there to this pond, and whoever



wins the race will be the one to marry you." The girl staid, and the old woman went home. She gave her boys a long talk, telling them that she was now old, could not do the work, and that she had found a fine-looking girl, who spoke well, and whom she liked, and she could not decide which one to give her to. This was the only way to decide which one was to marry her, as she loved the boys and did not want to offend either. The race was already won; for the boy who had followed her teachings best, and had got up each morning and run a training-race, would surely be the best runner, and so win.

So after she said this, she sent them out to run the race. As they were both good runners, they staid together until they came within sight of the girl. In this race (at the present time) they run, and throw a wooden ball with the foot; and the one who places the ball across the line (in this case, to where the girl stood) wins, even though he may be behind in the race. When they came within sight of the girl, the oldest one got ahead a little; but the boy behind, not having thrown his ball as far as the other, reached it first, and threw it across the line. When the older had got ahead, he had thrown his ball, but did not succeed in reaching the girl. Then the younger one threw the ball where the girl stood, and she picked it up and hid it in her dress. Now, when the boys came up, they quarrelled about who had won the race. The older was ahead, but the younger from behind had thrown the ball to where the girl was. So they quarrelled. The girl was as much puzzled as ever over which one to choose. She said, "I will keep this ball until you find out from your grandmother to which one I belong, and then I will return the ball." So the boys went home, and told their grandmother how they came out in the race. The grandmother could not decide, either. It was a puzzle. Both seemed to have won. The grandmother said, "Perhaps it is not time for either one of you to be married. There are yet many girls as good-looking as she is, and perhaps some day we shall find one." So neither married.

In those days, when a boy and girl were to be married, a place in the house was fixed for them to sleep. The boy must stay there four nights before he could take the girl home, or before he could be received into the family. If he was to live with the girl's parents, he would stay four nights; and then early in the morning he would go back home, or go hunting. But after four nights, he was received into the family, or could take the girl home.

When the girl told her parents what had happened, they made the place ready for her. There she slept for four nights, but nobody came. The girl still had the ball, as she had said she would keep it until one of the boys came, after the grandmother had decided which had won the race; but as the old woman could not decide, no one came. And

then it happened that in time she found she was going to have a child.

When the old woman heard about this, she went to the place to see if the child would in any way resemble one of her boys, so that she could give the girl to one. But when the child was born, she saw, that, while in all other respects it looked like a man, its fingers and toes were long claws, more like those of a wildcat or some other animal.

The girl and her parents raised the child. When it got so that it could play with other children, it used to make them cry by scratching them, and there were many quarrels between the mother of the strange child and other women. The child grew worse and worse as it grew older, until one night, at one of the gatherings which the people had in those times, under the direction of an old man called the "smoke-keeper," to decide questions of importance, the men said that this thing of scratching the children was getting so bad that it seemed that in a very short time there would be trouble, because the child had grown now. In some way they must rid themselves of it. Then the old man, the father of the girl, told his daughter to take the child away. If it were left there, in a very short time it would be killed, anyhow.

So one night the young woman led the boy straight south. In the morning they came to the edge of the open desert. But she kept on going and going, until by noon they were in the middle of the desert. There she saw the heat-waves rising from the ground; and she stopped, and said, "My boy, you see the heat-waves. Beyond that is where your father lives." She told him that this waving was the strength of his father. His father lay and breathed. This was his breath. "Beyond that you will find him," she said. "Go and see him. And if any time you wish to see me, you know where I am. But it is dangerous for you to live with me any longer." And there she left the boy, telling him to go beyond the wave of heat and find his father.

The boy went, and the waving of heat kept on ahead of him the same distance. Late in the day he came to the south end of the desert. There he could not see the waves any more, so he looked back and saw them behind him. Then he turned around and went back, thinking he had passed the place; but he could not find his father.

As he had come one way and did not find his father, he thought he would go another way. To one side of this plain there is a little mountain rising directly from the level country. He came to this mountain after sundown, and went up. He found a great cave.<sup>1</sup> After four turns he came to a little round place, something like a house. At the back of this cave he found a little fireplace; and to one side, a little hole used for pounding mesquite-beans. As he saw these things,

<sup>1</sup> This cave is still to be found as described.

he thought this must be the place where his father lived, though his father was not there. Every morning after that, he used to go out; and he would see the waving of heat over at one side. Because his mother had told him that that was the strength of his father, and beyond that he could find his father, he used to follow the thing around, but never found his father. But because he always saw this thing about the place, he thought his father must be there, and staid there every night.

Where this mountain is, there is a village, — about five miles away from where the boy lived. The story was told in this village that something had been taking away the children. In time it was found out that something that lived up in the mountain came down at night and took the children away. That was the way the boy was living. He was a cannibal. He lived on human flesh. Exaggerated stories were told, to the effect that in the cave was a big hole in which the children were placed by this thing, and mashed. The people finally decided to find out what this was that was carrying away the children. So they called up the medicine-men. They sang four nights. On the fourth night, in the evening, they said that this thing, whatever it was, that was taking away their children, was nothing like an animal that did not understand, but it was one of their own people, and could be, if they wished, brought down to the village. So they sent somebody there to bring him down. A young man was sent, with instructions to tell this person that they were having a good time, and he, being important, was asked to come and take part and give them some of his songs, this being the custom when visitors came from other villages.

So, when they brought him down that night, they gave him something to smoke to make him sleep. As the pipe was passed from one to another of the old people, they only pretended to smoke it; but when it came to him, he really smoked, not knowing what it was. So he fell asleep in this gathering, and they picked him up and carried him back to the cave. They piled up wood in the four turns, and set it on fire. When this began to burn, he woke up. He ran from one side of the cave to the other, and jumped up and bumped his head against the top. He shook the cave so hard, that they were afraid he would come out; and they called on the "Older-Brother" (Great Spirit) to help them. So Older-Brother came and put his foot on top of the cave, and held it down until the monster died. The footprint of Older-Brother is still said to be seen on the top of the cave, and there is a crack in the cave supposed to have been made at that time.

#### STORY OF THE WIND AND RAIN

In a village where there were a great many people who had power to do wonderful things, there lived a certain wise man. This man was

different from the people who had the great powers. He was only wise in understanding things. He had a very beautiful daughter. He brought up this girl to what he thought was a perfect woman. She would never laugh at foolish things; but she had great power to make other people laugh. She would make other people laugh at foolish things she would say, to see how small their minds were.

So this man said that the girl could marry if she found anybody that would please her. Formerly girls married to please their parents, but this girl could marry the one that pleased her the most. In order that she might decide whom to marry, different ones would come to her. She would talk to them and tell them little foolish things, and they would laugh, and so they lost their chance. She did not want them. She wanted to find somebody that would please her so much that she could laugh.

A Whip-poor-will came to see her. He was very good-looking. He came on the strength of his good looks, thinking they would please her. But that was not what she was looking for. She started to tell him something, and he began to laugh. When he laughed, his mouth went far back, as it is now, and never got any smaller; and he became ashamed of himself and went away.

Coyote came to see the girl, and tried to make her laugh at a few silly things he had to say, but was unsuccessful. And so many others failed in the same way.

A group of young men in the village were talking of these things one day when the girl came by. Whirlwind was one of the great men of the village. These young men called upon him to do something as the girl came by. She came out of the house. The wind began to blow; and before realizing it, she knew it was the Whirlwind coming towards her; and he came right where she was, and twisted her clothes, and she was exposed to the young men. That was what they wanted when they had called on Whirlwind. The girl cried, and went back to the house. Her father got angry at this. He knew that it was done by the Whirlwind. Whirlwind was told to leave the village.

Rain was a good friend to Whirlwind. Rain was blind; and wherever Whirlwind went, he had to lead his friend. So when the old man became angry, and said that Whirlwind had to leave the village, Whirlwind left the village and took his friend with him. Where he went, nobody knew. He was gone four years. During that time there was no rain, and there was no wind. And they gathered together, and called upon different animals to help them find the rain and the wind. They called upon Coyote; and he went around the villages, nosing along, smelling the different roads and paths and trails all about the villages and mountains. In four days he returned home, and said he could not find the rain and the wind. They called upon

the Buzzard; and he flew around over the mountains, looking all over, and in four days he returned home, but he could not find the rain and the wind. They called upon the Bear. He went over the mountains, turning over great heavy things, such as logs and rocks, and went into caves and different places. In four days he returned home without finding the rain and the wind.

They called upon a certain little Bird, a little larger than the humming-bird, but without its long tail and bill. As this little Bird started out of the village, he took a stick and tied one of his down-feathers to it. As he flew into the first of the bushes, he held out this little stick everywhere he went. He would look at the down as it hung on the stick, and it did not move. And everywhere he flew, he carried this little stick; and the down hung there and wouldn't move. One day, somewhere in the east, he put out this little stick, and he saw the down begin to move a little. He flew around here and there, and finally he saw which way this down began to move, and he knew from where the wind was coming. He alighted at a place where there were green grass and flowers and trees, and a little stream of running water. He followed this little stream of water, and came to a big cave. There was a little bit of a fire; and on one side was the Rain, and on the other side was the Whirlwind. They were both asleep. He took one of the coals and put it on Rain's back. The coal sizzled and went out. He took another one and put it on his back, and again it sizzled and went out. He did this four times. The fourth time Rain woke up.

The little Bird told him that for these four years the people had had no rain and no wind. There was no food and no water, and they wanted him to return. Rain told him that he could not return unless his friend went along with him. So he had to wake up Whirlwind. Whirlwind said that although they sent him away, if they now wished to have him back as one of his people, he would return. The little Bird went back.

It was after four years he returned. He told them that in the east there was a most beautiful spot, where they had green grass and flowers, and all kinds of little springs, and that there he had found Rain and Whirlwind. But they both thought themselves so important that they would not return. The people had to send again. They had to call for them four times; and the fourth time Rain and Whirlwind said, "All right, we will come along." Then they started out. On the fourth day the wind began to blow and blow. Thus it was on the first day after they started out. It came closer and closer; and on the fourth day the wind was there, and there was a great wind-storm with dust. After this wind had passed, there came the rain; and it rained and rained and rained. They went all over the country,

and then they returned home. After this, whenever the people wished rain, they had to call on these two, and they would come at certain times. Whenever Whirlwind came, he had to lead his friend along, because Rain was blind and he had to follow.

They say there used to be more rain in Arizona, because they do not call on the rain any more.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## BULU TALES FROM KAMERUN, WEST AFRICA

BY ADOLPH N. KRUG

## I. "AS YOU CONTEST IN WRESTLING, REMEMBER THE RIVER YOM"

Once upon a time there lived a youth who surpassed everybody in wrestling; so that, as often as he wrestled, he threw people down. They usually went to wrestling-matches across the river Yom. As thus they went to a wrestling-match again on a certain day, the youth repeatedly threw many people in wrestling. It was their custom, when they went to wrestling-matches, not to tarry very long, because the river Yom very often rose in flood.

As thus they went again, they and other people with them, the youth wrestled, and kept on wrestling and throwing people down in the contest, but never once did he remember that the river Yom might rise in flood. Therefore his brother kept calling to him repeatedly through a trumpet, "As you contest in wrestling, remember the river Yom."

At that time he again threw a man so that the man broke his leg. Immediately the wrestling-match broke up, and they fled with all possible speed, but they found that the river Yom was in flood. The people pursued them, and came upon them and slew them.

This story is true to real life, therefore the people have narrated it.

## 2. THE TORTOISE AND THE ELEPHANT

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Elephant went on a journey, and they said one to the other, "Let us go and visit Zambe, the son of Mebe'e!"

Thereupon they started on their journey; and when they came to a river, they stopped and took a bath. When they had finished taking a bath, the Tortoise began, and said to the Elephant, "Come, my friend, we will take new names for ourselves!" When the Elephant therefore asked him, "What names shall we take?" the Tortoise began, and said, "My name is 'Guests, go to the house;'" but the Elephant was named "Guests, remain seated." After this the Tortoise said, "Now we have finished taking new names for ourselves, therefore we will do after this manner: when we have arrived in town, and you hear the people call, 'Guests, go to the house,' then they are calling me, the Tortoise; but if you hear them call, 'Guests, remain seated,' then they are calling the Elephant."

When they had thus finished taking new names, they left the river-crossing, and came to the village. Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, was

- greatly surprised, and said, "Great guests have come to my village." So he killed a fowl and gave it to a woman to cook, and the woman prepared and cooked it. After this Zambe called a boy, and said to him, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house." The boy accordingly went to the palaver-house, and called out, "Guests, go to the house!" The Tortoise thereupon quickly arose, saying, "They have called me by my name;" and he said to his children, "Let us go to the house!" So the Tortoise and his children went to the house; and they ate the fowl, and saved for the Elephant and his children only a piece of the breast.

Thereupon said Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, "Perhaps the Elephant despised the fowl;" so he killed a dog and had it cooked, and said to the boy, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house." The boy therefore went to the palaver-house and called out, "Guests, go to the house!" So the Tortoise again said, "It is I they are calling;" and he and his children went in and ate the dog, but they kept for the Elephant and his children only a small piece of the dog.

After this Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, killed a sheep and had it prepared also. Then he said again to the boy, "Go and call my guests from the palaver-house." The boy therefore went to the palaver-house and called out, "Guests, go to the house!" The Tortoise therefore said again, "It is my name they have called;" so the Tortoise and his children went to the house, and they ate all of the sheep, keeping for the Elephant and his children only a piece of a leg.

When the next morning had dawned, the Elephant and the Tortoise said one to the other, "Now we will go home." Thereupon Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, took a staff in his hand, and said to the Elephant, "On the day you arrived here I killed a fowl, but you did not eat of it; after that I killed a dog, but you did not eat of it, either; so at last I killed a sheep, but never a bite did you eat of it, either; therefore I want to ask you, what is it you desire that I should now kill for you?"

To this the Elephant replied, and said, "I did not eat, not because there was too little food, but because we took new names when we came to this town. Therefore I did in this manner: the name of the Tortoise is 'Guests, go to the house;' and the Tortoise always went, because you always called his name, 'Guests, go to the house.' I did not go because I did not hear you call 'Guests, remain seated.' If, however, you had called me in that manner, I certainly should have gone."

Therefore the people said to the Elephant, "You are certainly a great big blockhead. Will any one with any sense ever take such a name for himself?"

Thus did the Tortoise deceive the Elephant.



## 3. A YOUTH AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW

Once upon a time a youth and his father-in-law went out to cut gardens, and a porcupine got under the blanket of the youth; so he caught it, and called to his father-in-law, "I am holding on to two things!" and his father-in-law said, "Let one of the two go!" So the youth foolishly let the porcupine go, but he held on to the cloth. Again, as they went and cleared a garden-patch, a rat jumped up, and the youth caught it; and again he said to his father-in-law, "I am holding on to two things!" and the father-in-law replied, as before, "Let one of the two go!" Then the youth again released the rat, but held on to the cloth.

Therefore the people said to him, "Young man, you excel in being a fool, because you have let go two animals which you had caught. You and your father-in-law were in the woods alone,—he a man and you a man,—because men among themselves do not feel much shame when they are in the woods alone. Therefore the people said, "This person is certainly a fool, for he released two animals at the same time." Thus they said of him, "This boy is surely a blockhead."

Thereupon the boy said, "If I have done very foolishly, I will not be able to do such a thing again." He said this, for he felt ashamed when his father-in-law asked him, "O my son-in-law! will a man indeed do such a thing as you have done?"

## 4. THE SON OF A MAN AND THE SON OF A GHOST

Once upon a time the son of a man and the son of a ghost dug pitfalls in the forest. So the son of the ghost said to the son of the man, "You select now the share of the animals which you will always take." Therefore the man said, "I will always take the male animals." The ghost said to him, "Choose now a good thing, so that you will have it always." Thereupon said the man to the ghost, "Choose now the portion which you will have to eat all the time." So the ghost said, "I will eat the females of all the animals, all that we shall catch; but you, the son of a man, you will eat all of the male animals." Then said the man to the ghost, "You can also eat of the males;" but the ghost said, "No, I will not eat them, because it is forbidden to us ghosts to eat of male animals."

When two nights had passed, they went out to visit the traps, and they found that ten animals had been killed in the pitfalls. So the ghost said to the man, "You take all of them!" So he took them all. Then they went home. On another day they went to visit the traps, and they found a buffalo and an elephant standing in the pits; and these also were males, both of them. And again the man took them all. The man said, however, to the ghost, "Come, you may take one of the tusks;" but the ghost said, "No, for it is forbidden to us

ghosts to take ivory of a male animal, lest we die." So the man took the whole elephant, and carried the meat to his town.

But the wife of the man had forgotten the broken cutlass at the place where they had cut up the elephant. When the ghost saw the woman coming, he threw the broken cutlass into the pit for her. So he said to the wife of the man, "Go down into the pit and get your cutlass." So the woman descended into the pit; and she said to the ghost, "Help me up out of the pit!"

When the man saw that his wife did not speedily return, he followed after her, and found the ghost standing beside the pit. Then he asked him, "Where is my wife?" and the ghost replied, "She is down there in the pit." The man, in turn, said, "Help her up out of the pit!" but the ghost replied, "No, I will not help her up, because I said I would not eat any male animals killed in these pits, but the females. At the present time there is a female down in the pit; there is nothing else for me to do but to take her." To this the man replied, "But she is my wife!" but the ghost said, "It is forbidden that a female animal, once it is caught in a pit the ghosts have dug, be released again, but the ghosts themselves must take it."

Upon this the man became angry, and broke off a club with which to strike the ghost; but the ghost suddenly went down into the pit, and took the woman, and they disappeared down there in the pit; and he was never seen anywhere again, but in the streets of his father's village.

Thus the man lost his wife.

#### 5. THE TWO HUNCHBACKS

Once upon a time there was a man who was a hunchback; and when he went a-courting, he saw a woman who was also a hunchback, even as he himself. So he said to the woman, "I wish to marry you, because you are a hunchback, even as I myself: therefore I wish to marry you." The woman assented, and they were married.

But the man happened to hear of a person who had the power to heal hunchbacks, so he arose to go to this man. As he was journeying on the road, he came upon a very old man, and he gave him some food; although he was offensive and ugly and dirty, nevertheless he gave him of his food. Thereupon the very old man said to him, "My young man, when you have reached the town, and they cook food for you, and take it to a house that is old and tumble-down, do not object, but go and eat there." And the man did after this fashion.

When he had reached the town, they cooked food for him, and took it to a bad-looking house; but he also went, and entered the house and began to eat the food. Suddenly he noticed a very old man lying there, and he took part of his food and gave it to the old man. The old man

asked him, "Who instructed you in this matter?" and he answered, "I myself." Thereupon said the old man to him, "This very night, if they come and ask you, 'Which do you prefer, — a fetish covered with the skin of the genet, or a fetish covered with the skin of the civet-cat?' you reply, 'I prefer a fetish covered with the skin of the genet;' and if they ask you again, 'Which do you prefer to be, — straight as an arrow or bent over?' you answer, 'Straight as an arrow.'" When night had come, they showed him a house in which he was to sleep. During the night, when they came to ask him all these questions, just as the old man had instructed him, he answered rightly; and thus he was healed, because he did not disdain the evil things he met at the beginning. Thus did he return to his own town, a man healed completely.

When his wife saw this, she was very much grieved, because she and her husband had both been hunchbacks, but now her husband was a well man. So the woman jumped up quickly and started to go; but her husband called out to her, and said, "Wait a moment! I will instruct you as to what you should do." But she replied, "No, indeed! Did you tell me at all, or say good-by, when you went away?" Thus did she go in great haste; and when she came upon the old man lying by the roadside, she spit on the ground, and said, "What a horrid old thing this is!" And the old man, in turn, said, "My youthful maiden, go on to where you wish to go." The woman also said to him, "I see that you wish to offer me insult with your talk." Thus did she leave him lying there, and went on her journey.

When she had come to the town, they cooked food for her, and they took the food to the house where the old man was staying. So she said, in her pride, "Am I, indeed, of no account, that they take food for me to such a horrible place?" The people said to her, "We knew of no better place where you could have gone to eat food." And the woman ate all the food herself; never a bite did she give to the very old man. When night came, they showed her a house to sleep in. When they came during the night, and asked her, "Which do you prefer to be, — straight as an arrow or bent over?" she replied, "Bent over." And when they asked her again, "Which do you prefer, — a fetish covered with the skin of the genet, or one covered with the skin of the civet-cat?" she replied, "A fetish covered with the skin of the civet-cat." Thereupon the hunch on her back became even worse than the one she had previously borne.

When she returned home to her husband, he said to her, "I will never live in marriage with you again." Thus did the woman go from bad to worse, because she had no pity on people in distress, but lifted herself up in pride; and thus it was that she saw all this trouble.

Upon whom rests the blame of this affair? Is it upon the woman herself, or her husband? Thus did this woman go from bad to worse.

#### 6. HOW ZAMBE<sup>1</sup> CREATED MAN, THE CHIMPANZEE, AND THE GORILLA

Some people have believed that Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, created the man Zambe, the chimpanzee Zambe, the gorilla Zambe, and the elephant Zambe. One man was black, the other one white. He gave unto them, moreover, fire and cutlasses and hoes and axes and water. After this they stirred up the fire; and when the white man came and sat by the fire, when he looked into the fire, the smoke came into his eyes, so that the tears came. Therefore he arose and went away from the fire. The only thing which the white man treasured was the book which he held in his hand.

The chimpanzee saw a cluster of mvut-fruit ripening on a tree standing in the unplanted border of a clearing; so he threw away all he had, and went and ate the fruit of the mvut-tree. He and the gorilla Zambe did in this manner.

The black man stirred up the fire around the standing stump of an adum-tree, but he neglected the book.

The elephant also had enough things, but he did not remember one of them.

When Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, came, he called them together and asked them, "All the things which I left in your possession, where are they?" The Chimpanzee made answer, and said, "My things I left where I ate the fruit of the mvut-tree." So he said to him, "Go and fetch them!" When, however, the chimpanzee came to the place where he had left them, he found not a single one of them there. Therefore Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, became angry with him, and said to him, "You are a fool." And he dipped his hands into a pool of water, and sprinkled hair all over the body of the chimpanzee; he gave him also large teeth in his mouth, and said to him, moreover, "You will always live in the forests." The same he said to the gorilla: "You and the chimpanzee will be alike."

After this he also asked the black man, "Where is your book?" and he replied, "I threw it away." Zambe therefore said to him, "You will be left without knowledge, because you threw away the book." Moreover, Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, said to him, "You will go to a man and ask of him a wife in return for goods, you will also work for him." He also said again to the black man, "You will be always tending the fire, for it is the one thing you especially looked after." Thereupon said Zambe to the white man, "In all the days to come you will never put away the book, because you did look after the book which I gave you; therefore you will be a man of under-

<sup>1</sup> The god of Bulu mythology.

standing, because you cared for a real thing." He said to him also, "You will always live without fire, for you cared but little for the fire."

Thus it is that the chimpanzees and gorillas and elephants went to the forest to live; and they always cry and howl, because Zambe, the son of Mebe'e, gave them a curse because they did not keep the things he had given them to keep.

Therefore we now perceive that the white men are men of understanding, but the black people are ignorant; moreover, also the black men go and serve them; the black people also warm themselves at the fire.

#### 7. THE LITTLE SQUIRREL AND THE VIPER

Once upon a time the Squirrel and the Viper lived in friendship. The Viper said to the Squirrel, "Come and let us live together in one nest!" But the Squirrel said, "I am afraid of you, lest you do me harm." But the Viper replied, "No, I will do you no harm."

So they lived together in the same nest.

When two days had passed, the Squirrel gave birth to children, and she went out to hunt food for them; but the Viper staid in the nest, and she ate all the children of the Squirrel, never leaving even one of them.

When we hear the call of the Squirrel, it always says, "Is the Viper really a friend of mine?" It is always saying, "Is this really a friend of mine, is this really a friend of mine?"

Therefore one man should not deceive another.

#### 8. THE DOG AND THE CHIMPANZEE

Once upon a time a Dog and a Chimpanzee went on a journey together, going from town to town. They said one to the other, "We ought to make an agreement with each other as we go on this journey." So the Dog said to the Chimpanzee, "As we go on this journey, if the people give us food in which there is any meat, do not throw any bones on the ground, but eat them all up." The Chimpanzee said also to the Dog, "You also, as we go on this journey, when the day dawns, you quickly give me my loin-cloth."

Soon after this they came to a town, and they slept there one night. The second evening the people killed a fowl for them; and when they were eating, the Chimpanzee threw a bone to the ground, so the Dog arose and ate it. Therefore all the people laughed at the Dog. On the third night, as the day was dawning, the Chimpanzee said to the Dog, "Give me the loin-cloth which I always wear;" but the Dog refused to do so, and took the cloth and threw it away to the dung-heap. When the Chimpanzee appeared outside, all the people saw him naked, and they all laughed at him.

The lesson to be drawn from this story is this: a friend should not deceive his friend, for he will also do likewise.

## 9. THE TWO BROTHERS

There were two men born of the same mother. One was the older, the other the younger son. The older one was a foolish fellow, but the younger one was a real man. The father loved the younger son very much. So the father said unto them, "I have begotten you, my sons, but I have no riches for you. If you seek riches, go to the crest of yonder hill: you will see something there."

So the younger son started to go; and he saw an old man on the path, with many scales of the itch on his skin, who also had but little fire-wood. So the boy went out and cut fire-wood for him; and the old man gave him thanks, and asked him, "Where are you going?" and he replied, "I am going to hunt for riches." So the old man replied, and said to the youth, "As you go now, if you see in that place a large man, do not stand in front of him, but behind him, and say unto him, 'I wish to get riches.'"

Thereupon the boy went and did as the old man had instructed him. The large man therefore gave him a small ivory tusk, and said to him, "If you want anything, strike upon the ground with this small ivory tusk once: do not strike twice, but once only."

The boy did in this manner, and he became very rich.

The older son went also; but he blundered, for he ill-treated the old man, and showed no mercy to him; he also stood in front of the man, therefore he did not instruct him as to what he should do.

Thus he failed to obtain any riches, because he was not prudent.

## 10. THE STORY OF THE FOOL

Once upon a time many people went out to make war and raids, and they took many people as prisoners. One man among them, however, was a fool. His brothers caught many prisoners, but the one born a fool caught as his only prisoner only a cockroach. His brothers, who had taken many prisoners, said unto him, "Show unto us the prisoner you have taken;" but he said to them, "I have him over yonder." Again his brothers said to him the second time, "Show unto us the prisoner you have taken:" therefore he answered them, and said, "You begin, and show me first the prisoners you have taken." So they showed him the prisoners they had taken: thereupon he also showed them the thing he had taken. Therefore they made fun of him; but he replied, "I have the things that belong to me, the fool."

When they had reached home again, he released his prisoner. Then a fowl came and picked it up: so he asked the owner of the fowl, "What shall I do?" Thereupon the man who owned the fowl said, "You take the fowl." So he took the fowl, and kept it in the street of the village. After that a civet-cat came and caught the fowl, therefore he killed the cat and threw the corpse into the yard. Thereupon a leopard

came and stole the body of the civet-cat, and he followed the leopard and killed it and stretched the skin on a drum.

After this a man who had just taken to himself a wife came to him to borrow his drum. The man who had married a wife kept on asking him for the drum; so finally the fool consented, and gave him the drum, and said to him, "Do not tear the skin of my drum." Then the man had a marriage-dance, and the drum of the fool split open; so the fool said to him, "Give me back my drum." Therefore the man gave him a woman.

Thus the fool himself had a marriage-dance, and he begat many children, and he became a real man because of the cockroach he had caught in war. He gave his daughters in marriage, and became a rich man.

## II. THE TORTOISE AND THE MONKEY

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Monkey lived in friendship. So the Tortoise went to the village of the Monkey; and therefore the Monkey killed a fowl, and said to his wife, "Cook this fowl for the Tortoise." The woman therefore cooked the fowl. A little later the husband came and asked his wife, "Have you finished cooking the food?" and the woman replied, "Yes." Thereupon the Monkey said again to his wife, "Put the food on the loft over the fire, thus the Tortoise will not be able to eat this food." They accordingly did in this manner.

After this the Monkey said to the Tortoise, "Go to the house and eat the food." So the Tortoise went to the house, and found the food on the loft over the fire; and he wore himself out trying to get at the food, for he could not climb up to the loft. Therefore he gave up in disgust, and said to the Monkey, "I am going home now;" and the Monkey replied, "All right, go ahead!" Then said the Tortoise to the Monkey, "Come over the day after to-morrow and see me."

The Monkey came, therefore, to visit the Tortoise. The Tortoise also had food cooked for the Monkey, and said to him, "It is like this with my food: when you wish to eat of it, you will first have to wash your hands real clean and white." So the Monkey said, "Give me some water;" and they brought him a crock of water and gave it to him. Then the Monkey began to wash his hands; and he washed and washed, and kept on washing, but they would not rub clean, but remained as black as ever. Therefore he gave up in disgust, and said to the Tortoise, "I am going home now;" and the Tortoise replied, "Go ahead!" So he went home to his village.

When they talked this palaver, the Monkey was judged to be at fault. Thereupon the Tortoise said to the Monkey, "You troubled me when you put the food for me on the loft over the fire: therefore I also said to you, 'Wash your hands clean,' for I knew very well that your hands could never be white."

12. THE TORTOISE AND THE LEOPARD (*first version*)

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Leopard lived in the same town. The Tortoise spoke up, and said, "I am able to do in this fashion: they may cut my head off, but I can put it on again." Thereupon the Leopard spoke up, and said, "If you can cut your head off, I can do it also." So the Tortoise, in turn, replied to the Leopard, "I know that you surpass me only in fierceness, but I surpass you in shrewdness." The Leopard again said, "What thing is there that you can do that I could not do?" Thereupon said the Tortoise to the Leopard, "Call all the animals to come together here two days from now." After that the Leopard went home.

Two days later the Leopard called together all the animals, and they went to the village of the Tortoise. So the Tortoise sent his children out, and said to them, "Go and find a lizard for me." Then the children of the Tortoise went and hunted for a lizard; and as they hunted, they found one; and they came home and gave the lizard to the Tortoise. The Tortoise took the lizard and cut off its head, and said to his children, "Go and stick up the head of the lizard in the street." After this he said to his children, "When all the animals are dancing, this head will be exposed in the street; but when the dance is about half through, you bring back the head of the lizard, and say, 'We are taking the head back to the Tortoise, and he will put it on again.'" Thus did the children of the Tortoise. When the animals saw the head of the lizard, they said, "This is really the head of the lizard; so they really meant it when they said that the Tortoise would cut his head off." Then they danced again; and when the dance was about half through, the children of the Tortoise came and took the head of the lizard, and said, "We are taking the head back to the Tortoise, so that he can put it on again." So they went to where the Tortoise was in the house, and the Tortoise threw the head of the lizard away. Then the Tortoise went out and saw the animals; and the animals also saw the Tortoise, that he had cut his head off and still lived again, so that they greatly wondered, and said, "The Tortoise has surely surpassed all others. Can any one, indeed, cut off his head and yet live again?"

Thereupon said the Leopard to all the animals, "To-morrow you all come again, and you will see what I also will do." Then said the Tortoise to them, "As you go away, remember, the head of a tortoise resembles the head of a lizard, but the head of a leopard resembles the head of a fox." After that the Leopard went to his town.

13. THE TORTOISE AND THE LEOPARD (*second version*)

Once upon a time the Tortoise and the Leopard lived in a town, and they had a dispute. The Tortoise said, "I am able, though they



bury me in a grave, to rise again." Thereupon the Leopard dug a large pit, which was very deep in the ground; and when the Leopard had finished digging it, he took the Tortoise and threw him down into the pit. After that he filled up the pit and returned home to his town.

The Tortoise staid for some little time down there in the pit, when suddenly a rat came along, which was burrowing a hole; and he came to where the Tortoise was in the bottom of the pit. In this way the Tortoise escaped from the pit, and went home to his town.

Therefore the Leopard marvelled, and asked the Tortoise, "Where did you get out of the pit?" Thereupon the Leopard also said to the Tortoise, "Come on, now! let us go, and you put me also into the grave." So the Tortoise also dug a pit, but it was shallow; and the Tortoise threw the Leopard into the pit, and filled it up and went home. When night came, the Leopard called out in anguish and fear, and said, "Let them come now and take me out of this pit!" So the people came and took him out of the pit.

Thus do we see that the Leopard is certainly a fool, because in every instance where the Tortoise tempted him, he easily fell into the trap.

Thus do we see that the Leopard is foolish, and has no prudence.

#### 14. THE TORTOISE AND THE LEOPARD QUARREL ABOUT THEIR VILLAGES

Once upon a time there lived a Tortoise and a Leopard. The Tortoise built a town by the name of Minte'ebo. This town produced food in abundance, but in the town of the Leopard there was not even as much as an unripe plantain. Then said the Leopard, "I will go and rob the Tortoise of his town." So he called his children, and said unto them, "Let us leave this town of Nkôle Melen ('hill of the palms')!" And they went away from there. Then said the Tortoise, "I will kill the Leopard yet, and that before very long, too." So the Tortoise and his children went from there to live in another town, which was also called Minte'ebo. This town also produced food in abundance; but into the town of the Leopard again there came a famine, so that there was not the least bit of food there for them to eat.

Then said the Leopard, "Come on, children! Let us go and again rob the Tortoise of his town, to which he has gone to live, at Minte'ebo!" Thereupon they left the town, and came upon the Tortoise living at Minte'ebo; and the Leopard spoke up, and said, "Hurry up, now, and move from the village-site of my father!" Then said the children of the Tortoise to the Tortoise, "You are afraid of the Leopard because he has robbed you of your towns." But the Tortoise replied, "No, my children, you just let me alone! I will kill the Leopard yet, and that before very long, too." So they went away from Minte'ebo; but the Leopard came and settled there, and lived there. Then the

Tortoise went to live at another place, called Memvutu Si. In this town also food was again very plentiful, as it had been in the other towns in which they had begun to live.

But a famine came again upon the Leopard: so he said to his children, "Up, now, and let us go and rob the Tortoise again of his town, to which he has gone to live!" So they left Minte'ebo and went and found the Tortoise living at Memvutu Si. The Leopard said, "Move out from my father's village-site! When my father died, they buried him in this little palaver-house." But the Tortoise replied, "No, but let us go and settle this dispute about these towns; but we will not argue the case upon the earth, but before the spirits." Then the Tortoise said, "Come to-morrow morning."

When the Tortoise was alone, he called his oldest son, and said to him, "Go and call all the Tortoises in this forest, and put them into the bottom of this pit here." When they dug the pit, they dug also a little hole off to one side, about the middle of the pit.

When the next morning had dawned, the Leopard and his children came. Then the Tortoise said, "Come, now, and see how I go down to the spirits!" And he took a bundle of spears and his pouch, and put a red cap on his head, and went down into the grave, into the space off to one side of the grave. Then said the Tortoise, "Come hither!" and Ekotô Kulu came and stood beside the grave, and they filled up the grave.

Thereupon the oldest son of the Tortoise, whose name was Ekotô Kulu, said, "My father and the Leopard are disputing over their towns: my father lived first at Minte'ebo, again at Minte'ebo, and last at Memvutu Si; but the Leopard came and said, 'These are the village-sites of my father.' This is the dispute they are to settle to-day. If the Leopard is truly the owner of these towns, you answer in the affirmative." But they all kept silent. Again he asked the second time, but again they all remained silent. After that he said, "The Tortoise truly owns these towns, the Leopard is only trying to rob them from him;" and they all replied in the affirmative. Again he asked the same question the second time, and they all replied, "Yes," at the top of their voices. Thereupon he said, "Open up the grave!" Then came the Tortoise out of the grave, and said, "O Leopard! wonderfully beautiful things are down there with the spirits; but my father always told me, 'Don't go, lest you die!'"

The Leopard said, "The Tortoise is trying to get ahead of me;" and again he said to all present, "I am going now," and so down into the grave he went. When he went into the grave, he did not go into the little by-path from which the Tortoise came back. Then stood Akulu Ze, the oldest son of the Leopard, upon the grave, and said, "If the Leopard himself really owns these towns, you answer in

the affirmative;" but they all kept silence. Again he asked the second time; but all remained silent still. Then he said, "Does the Tortoise own these towns, indeed?" and they all replied, "Yes," at the top of their voices. Thereupon he said, "Open up the grave!" but when they opened the grave, they found that the Leopard had died.

Therefore the women were about to raise a chant to mourn for the Leopard; but he said, "No, the Leopard has died because of his own foolishness, the Tortoise owns these towns."

Thereupon the Tortoise said, "Did not I say unto you, 'I will kill the Leopard yet, and that before very long, too'? Have you seen me do it now?"

#### 15. THREE MEN WHO QUARRELLED ABOUT AN ELEPHANT

Once upon a time three men went on a journey. One of them had some food cooked in a leaf; another one, a roll of cassava; and the third one had a dog with him. Thus they were journeying together along the road.

Thereupon said the man who had some food cooked in a leaf to the one who had the cassava-roll, "I have nothing to eat with my food." Thus said also the one who had the cassava, "I have nothing to eat with my cassava." Therefore they sat down together, and ate the cooked food in the leaf and also the roll of cassava.

When they had finished eating, they threw away the leaf; and the dog went and licked off the leaf, while the men went on ahead. Then said the owner of the dog to the others, "My dog is left behind, I will go back after it;" and they replied, "Go ahead!" So he went back to get the dog. When the man came to the place, lo, and behold! the dog was eating an elephant. Then he took an ivory tusk, and with the dog returned to where he had left the men; and he told them, "My dog found a dead elephant." Thereupon they said to him, "The elephant belongs to us." But he said, "No, come along with me, and we will settle this dispute in the town!" So they went to the town.

One man said, "Were it not that I brought the food cooked in a leaf, you never would have found the elephant." Another one said, "Were it not that I brought the cassava-roll, you never would have found the elephant." The owner of the dog said, "I myself own the elephant, because I brought the dog."

They settled the dispute as follows: "The owner of the dog gets one half of the elephant, the other two take the other half."

#### 16. THE YOUNG SNAKE AND THE YOUNG FROG

Once upon a time it came to pass that famine came upon all the animals of the forest, so that they had not a thing to eat. Upon a certain day the young Snake and the young Frog were playing on a

cleared space in the sand. When it came to be late in the afternoon, the young Snake said, "I am tired of play, I am going home now;" and the little Frog replied, "Go on home! We will meet again to-morrow." Thus they separated.

When the young Snake came into the house of his mother, he said to his mother, "I am hungry." Thereupon the mother asked him, "Where do you come from?" and he replied, "I come from play, the young Frog and I have been playing together." Then said his mother to him, "That is food which you have let go again. Why, son, don't you really know, those are the very things for which we hunt? Now, you do like this when you and he are playing together again: then you just catch him and swallow him."

When the young Frog came into the house of his mother again, his mother asked him, "Where do you come from?" and he replied, "I come from play, the young Snake and I have been playing together." Then said his mother to him, "Are you, indeed, a fool? Don't you really know that the Snakes hunt for us? Don't you go there again to-morrow!" The young Frog replied, "I will not go, I will obey;" but he went again to the place of play.

When he came to the place of play, the young Snake said to him, "Come, let us play!" but the young Frog said to him, "The instructions your father and mother gave you, the same kind of instructions did my father and mother impart to me. I will not come there."

Thus was the young Snake outwitted, for he intended to catch the young Frog.

#### 17. THE TORTOISE AND THE LEOPARD AND THE PYTHON

Once upon a time the Leopard came to the Tortoise, and said to her, "Catch the Python for me!" So the Tortoise dug a pit and covered the top. Then said the Python also to the Tortoise, "Catch the Leopard for me!" Therefore the Tortoise felt very badly.

When the Leopard came to see the Tortoise, the Tortoise said to him, "Please go over yonder!" So, as the Leopard went over to the pit, he fell into it.

When the Python came to see the Tortoise, the Tortoise said to her, "Please go over yonder!" and as the Python was going across the pit, she fell into it.

Thereupon said the Tortoise to the Python and to the Leopard, "You are both now down in the pit: settle this affair as you wish to between you." Then said the Leopard to the Python, "I have indeed caught very many beasts of the forest, but I have never caught a python." Thereupon said the Python also to the Leopard, "I have caught, indeed, many beasts of the forest, but have I ever caught you?" and the Leopard replied, "No." They spoke after this fashion, be-

cause one of them did not despise the other. And thereafter they separated as friends.

#### 18. THE DOG AND THE PANGOLIN

Once upon a time the Dog went to visit the Pangolin; and the Pangolin said to him, "You and my child please stay here and crack these gourd-seeds for me, while I go to the garden." Thus the Dog and the child were left together; and as they cracked the seeds, the Dog cracked them open and put the kernels into a basin, but the child cracked them and put them into his mouth. Therefore the Dog asked the child, "Why do you do after this fashion? I crack the seeds and put the kernels into a basin, but you put the kernels into your mouth." When the Dog had finished speaking in this way, the child died.

When the Dog was about to return to his town, the woman asked him, "Of what did the child die?" So the Dog said to her, "I asked him, 'Why do you do like this: while I am cracking the seeds, you put them into your mouth?'" and when the Dog had finished relating this to the woman, the woman also fell down and died. And all the people, — when they asked the Dog, and he replied, "I asked him, 'Why do you put the kernels into your mouth?' and he answered the people in that way," — the people suddenly died.

Finally the sister of the Dog came; and she asked the Dog, "Of what did the people die?" and he said, "You do like this: you crack the gourd-seeds and unexpectedly eat the kernels, thus did the child die unexpectedly." Thereupon his sister also fell down and died.

Therefore said the Dog, "If it is after this fashion, I will endure living without ever speaking to people again."

Silent with that silence the dog remains to this very day.

#### 19. THE MAN WHO DIED AND LEFT CHILDREN

Once upon a time there lived a man who begat three sons. When their father died, these sons were left poor beggars. Their father came and appeared to them by night, and said, "You go to-morrow and sit under a certain butternut-tree."

When the day had dawned, they arose and went to that place, and they camped there one night. Then said their father unto them, "Of the fruits which will fall from this tree, the one which falls first belongs to the oldest, the second one to the next son, and the last one will belong to the one born last."

When the fruits began to fall, they said to the youngest son, "You go and pick it up, for you are the smallest." After this the second son picked up the second fruit, and later the oldest one picked up the one which fell last.

Thereupon they all took up their fruits and started for home. But

as they were going along the road, the oldest one said, "My fruit is too heavy, indeed, I will open it." So he took a cutlass and split the fruit open, so all the riches which were enclosed in the fruit went to the bush. Therefore he howled a great howl, and followed after his brothers, and said unto them, "There is not a single thing in these fruits." Then he who was the second oldest, he also split open the fruit; and then all the riches that were in the fruit went to the bush.

Thereupon they planned together to deceive their youngest brother. Then they followed him in haste, because they thought that they would catch up with him on the way, and they would then say unto him, "Split open the fruit, there is nothing in it;" but instead of this, they did not come up to him before he reached town, but they found him already seated in his house.

When he came into his house, however, he shut the door and fastened it securely. So his brothers came and raised their voices, and said, "The fruit which you have, there is not a thing in it." After that he took a cutlass and split the fruit open, and then riches of all sorts came out of the fruit, which filled the house full.

Thus did the older brothers fail to obtain riches, because they were easily tired of a heavy load: therefore they again begged their brother for some of his riches.

## 20. THE BOY AND THE GIRL

Once upon a time a sister and her brother went fishing. When they returned to the town, they found that their mother and father and all the other people had moved away. Thus they were left alone on the site of the deserted village. Then said the brother to his sister, "My father and I found a cave in the rocks over yonder." So the sister replied, "Up, and let us go and live there!" So they went there to live.

While they were living in that place, on several mornings the sister went to visit the traps; and lo, and behold! she found a dead elephant in the middle of the path. Then she said, "Is there any other person in this forest?" And as she was listening, there was a man in the lower part of the forest. Then the girl called out, "Come, let us cut up this elephant!" But the man said to the girl, "It is not you who owns this elephant, but it belongs to me." But the girl replied, "No, indeed! I myself own this elephant." Thereupon said the man, "If you talk there again, I will kill you." So the girl, in turn, said to him, "When we are cutting up the elephant, may I make up a plan?" And he replied, "Yes, make your plan." Therefore she said, "It is fitting that you should cut up the elephant, but that I take the baskets full of meat to your village." He replied, "Yes, indeed, you take the baskets full of meat to my village."

But instead of this the girl carried the baskets full of meat to the

cave in the rocks, where she and her brother lived; but the last basketful she carried and gave to the wife of the man with whom she disputed about the elephant. Then she returned in haste, and entered the cave in the rocks, where she and her brother were living.

After this the man returned to his village, and said to his wife, "Come and wash my hands!" His wife came and washed his hands; and he asked her, "Did you receive the elephant-meat which I sent hither?" And the wife replied, "I have seen only one basketful, which the girl brought." To this he replied, "Do you really mean it?" And she replied, "Certainly, I do! Come into the house and look for yourself!"

Thereupon said the husband, "Ondoñelô Ejô, where will she be going to-morrow?" The girl who stole the elephant-meat had that name; and she said, "I will go to the garden to-morrow for plantains." Then the man changed himself into a large plantain-stalk. When the day dawned, Ondoñelô Ejô went to get plantains in the garden. She soon finished taking the plantains that were small, but she left the one which was large. Then said she to him, "When you came and changed yourself into a large plantain, did I not know you?" Then the man drove her away; and she said, "O Edu Akok, Edu Akok!" Then the brother opened the rock to her. Thus he and she together did many things like this.

On a certain day this man went to Odime Zezole, and asked him, "How can I kill this girl?" And Odime Zezole said to him, "Go and set traps in the place where she will go in the morning; and thus it will happen, that when you run after her, she will be caught in a trap." Thereupon the man asked, "Ondoñelô Ejô, where will she be going to-morrow?" She replied, "I am not going anywhere to-morrow." Thus it happens and thus it goes, when you have killed an animal, do you not first partake of the meat thereof? Listen, now, as I am eating the liver of the elephant at this very time.

Finally this man grew weary of pursuing this girl, for she surpassed him in shrewdness.

## 21. THE DUNCE WHO FOUND OUT DECEPTION

Once upon a time a dunce went out to set traps; and when he visited the traps, he found a red antelope caught, so he took it home. The people, however, took it and ate it: he himself did not eat of it, because he was an uninitiated person. Thus he killed many animals; but they said, "You are not able to eat of them, for you are an uninitiated person."

Upon a certain day, as he came from visiting the traps, his brothers asked him, "Whence do you come?" and he replied, "I have returned from a walk." So they again said, "Why do you answer us in this

way?" and he told them, "I can kill all of these animals, but I myself do not eat of them." Therefore they said to him, "Are we to blame for the fact that you are not initiated?"

Again the boy went to visit his traps; and he found there a red antelope (*Sδ*), a mouse-colored one (*δkpweñ*), and a dark one (*mvin*). Then he took all of these animals out of the traps and carried them away, and hung them up at the cross-roads, but he himself hid beside the path.

People that passed by that place, when they saw the animals, said, "Look yonder and see! An *δkpweñ* and *mvin* and *Sδ* are hanging there!" When they had passed, the dunce knew which one was the *Sδ* antelope. After that he took the game and went to town.

When he arrived in town, he said to his brothers, "The dunce now knows the animal which you call *Sδ*." Therefore he took only the *Sδ* and gave it to them, but he himself took the other two antelopes and went to his mother's house. After this said his brothers to him, "We perceive now that this dunce knows the *Sδ* antelope; and he replied, "Yes, indeed, I do know the *Sδ* antelope now."

## [22. THE STORY OF THE HUNGRY ELEPHANT

Once upon a time there lived an Elephant; and he said to himself, "I am very hungry." Therefore he walked in a path of the forest, and he found a bamboo-palm standing in a swamp. He therefore went in haste and broke down the palm, and he found in it a tender bud of the palm-leaves. But when he took out the bud of the palm, it fell into the water. Therefore he hunted and hunted for it, but could not find it; for he had riled up the water, and it blinded his eyes. Then a Frog began to talk, and said, "Listen!" The Elephant did not hear, however, but hunted all the more. Thereupon the Frog spoke again, and said, "Listen!" Therefore the Elephant stood perfectly still. Thereupon the water became clear again, so that he found the palm-bud and ate it.

## 23. THE SON-IN-LAW AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW

Once upon a time a young man and his father-in-law arose and said, "Let us go and kill porcupines at the akam-tree!" When they had come to the akam-tree, they set up their nets. Then said the father-in-law to the son-in-law, "You go and return hither, and I will lay in wait here." So the son-in-law went and returned again; and a porcupine came and ran into the net, and the father-in-law caught it. At that time his belt became unfastened, and he called out, "Ah, my son-in-law! I have two things here to look after." And the son-in-law replied, "Let one of them go." So he released the porcupine, and fastened his belt again.



After this the son-in-law said to his father-in-law, "You go and drive the game hither, while I lay in wait here." When he drove, a porcupine ran into the net, and the son-in-law caught it, but the string around his loin-cloth became loose. So he said to his father-in-law, "Here I hold two things." So the father-in-law replied, "Let one of them go!" and he let go of the cloth, but held fast to the porcupine.

Thus do we see that the son-in-law surpassed his father-in-law in shrewdness.

#### 24. THE TORTOISE WHO WAITED FOR TOADSTOOLS

Once upon a time there lived a Tortoise; and one day he saw many toadstools on a log: so he said, "I shall not leave this place very soon, not until these toadstools are all finished." Just about the time he said this, some men said, "Let us go a-hunting!" So the men went on a hunt, and the dogs started up a red antelope. So they followed the antelope, and it came to the place where the Tortoise was. Then said the Antelope to the Tortoise, "They are following me;" but the Tortoise said, "I will never leave this place until all these toadstools are finished." Thereupon said the Antelope, "Will you please protect me, lest the men come and kill both me and you!" So the Tortoise said, "If that is the case, there is nothing for me to do but to go; not, however, to-day, but to-morrow." After that the Antelope said to him again, "Go now!" but the Tortoise said, "No!"

So the Antelope left the Tortoise where she had found him, but she herself ran away. Soon after this the dogs came along and picked up the Tortoise; and when the men came, they themselves took the Tortoise and brought him home to their village.

GREAT BATANGA,

KAMERUN, WEST AFRICA.

## NEGRO TALES FROM GEORGIA

[THE following tales were collected by Mrs. E. M. Backus and by Mrs. Ethel Hatton Leitner at Grovetown, Columbia County, Georgia. Those collected by Mrs. Backus are signed E. M. B.; those collected by Mrs. Leitner, E. H. L. — ED.]

## I. WHEN BRER RABBIT SAW BRER DOG'S MOUTH SO BRER DOG CAN WHISTLE

In the ole times, when Brer Dog a roaming through the woods, he come up with Brer Rabbit, Brer Dog do. Brer Rabbit he set on the sand just a-whistling, and a-picking of the banjo.

Now, in them times Brer Rabbit was a master-hand with the banjo. These yer hard times 'pears like Brer Rabbit done forget how to whistle, and you don' hear him pick the banjo no more; but in the ole times Brer Rabbit he whistle, and frolic, and frolic and whistle, from morning twell night.

Well, Brer Dog he mighty envious of Brer Rabbit, 'case Brer Dog he can't whistle, and he can't sing, Brer Dog can't. Brer Dog he think he give anything in reason if he could whistle like Brer Rabbit, so Brer Dog he beg Brer Rabbit to learn hisself to whistle.

Now, Brer Dog he called the most reliable man in the county; and he have some standing, Brer Dog do; and he have right smart of sense, Brer Dog have; but bless you, Sah, Brer Dog he can't conjure 'longside that Ole Brer Rabbit, that he can't.

Well, when Brer Dog beg Brer Rabbit will he learn hisself to whistle, Brer Rabbit he say, "Brer Dog, your mouth ain' shape for whistling." Brer Rabbit he say, "Name of goodness, Brer Dog, how come you studying 'bout whistling with that mouth? Now, Brer Dog, you just watch my mouth and try yourself;" and Brer Rabbit he just corner up his mouth and whistle to beat all.

Brer Dog he try his best to corner up his mouth like Brer Rabbit; but he can't do it, Brer Dog can't. But the more Brer Dog watch Brer Rabbit whistle, the more envious Brer Dog get to whistle hisself.

Now, Brer Dog he know how Brer Rabbit are a doctor; so Brer Dog he ax Brer Rabbit can he fix his mouth so he can whistle?

Brer Rabbit, he 'low as how he might fix Brer Dog's mouth so he can whistle just tolerable, but Brer Rabbit he 'low how he have to saw the corners of Brer Dog's mouth right smart; and he 'low, Brer Rabbit do, how "it be mighty worrisky for Brer Dog."

Now, Brer Dog, he that envious to whistle like Brer Rabbit, Brer Dog he 'clare he let Brer Rabbit saw his mouth.

Brer Rabbit he say as how he don' want deceive Brer Dog; and he say, Brer Rabbit do, as how he ain' gwine promise to make Brer Dog whistle more same as hisself, but he say he "make Brer Dog whistle tolerable."

So Brer Rabbit he get his saw, and he saw a slit in the corners Brer Dog's mouth. It nateraly just nigh 'bout kill Ole Brer Dog; but Brer Dog he are a thorough-gwine man, and what Brer Dog say he gwine do, he gwine do, he sure is.

So Brer Dog he just hold hisself together, and let Brer Rabbit saw his mouth.

Now, Brer Rabbit he know in his own mind Brer Dog ain' gwine whistle sure 'nough, but Brer Rabbit he don' know just what Brer Dog gwine say; so when Brer Rabbit get through a-sawing of Brer Dog's mouth, Brer Rabbit he say, "Now try if you can whistle!" Brer Dog he open his mouth, and he try to whistle; and he say, "Bow, wow, wow!" Brer Dog do say that for a fact.

Well, when Brer Rabbit hear Brer Dog whistle that yer way, Brer Rabbit he that scared he just turn and fly for home; but Brer Dog he that mad, when he hears hisself whistle that yer way, he say he gwine finish Ole Brer Rabbit: so Brer Dog he put out after Brer Rabbit just a-hollering, "Bow wow, bow wow, bow wow!"

Now, in them times, Brer Rabbit he have a long bushy tail. Brer Rabbit he mighty proud of his tail in the ole times.

Well, Brer Rabbit he do his best, and he just burn the wind through the woods; but Brer Dog he just gwine on the jump, "Bow wow, bow wow!"

Presently Brer Dog he see Brer Rabbit, and he think he got him; and Brer Dog he open his mouth and jump for Brer Rabbit, and Brer Dog he just bite Brer Rabbit's fine tail plum off.

That how come Brer Rabbit have such little no count tail these yer times; and Brer Dog he that mad with ole Brer Rabbit 'case he saw his mouth, when he run Brer Rabbit through the woods, he still holler, "Bow wow, bow wow!" and you take noticement how, when Brer Rabbit hear Brer Dog say that, Brer Rabbit he just pick up his foots and fly, 'case Brer Rabbit done disremember how he done saw Brer Dog's mouth.

E. M. B.

## 2. BRO' RABBIT AN' DE WATER-MILLIONS

Bro' Rabbit an' Bro' Coon dey go inter cohoot fuh ter plant dey crap tergedder an' fuh ter stan' by one annudder ef trubble cum erlong. One day dey wus wurkin' in dey water-million patch, en dey bofe see Colonel Tiger come er creepin' roun' de fence, lookin' hungry enough fuh ter eat dem bofe. Bro' Coon he goes back on Bro' Rabbit,

en climb up er tree, an lefe he fren fuh ter face trubble by hesef. Bro' Rabbit carnt climb, an' he so scard dat he teef rattle; but he grab he spade an' meck haste an' dig two holes, an' bury two uf he biggest water-millions in dem, & kiver em wif yearth, an' pat dem smooove wid he spade: he wurk so hard dat by de time Colonel Tiger git ter de gate, he is dun got annudder hole dug most deep ernuf fuh one more.

Colonel Tiger stan' dar — in he fine stripe suit — watchin' him, an' he mity curious, Colonel Tiger am: *when he see dem two graves dar, an' Bro' Rabbit a-makin' one more, he done know what ter think.*

So finely he talk out, an' ax him. "Bro' Rabbit," he ax, "what's dat yo is doin' dar?" Bro' Rabbit he mity scared, but he hold he heart bold, an' he meck answer out loud an' brash like he wus mad. "*I is buryin' de folks what I is dun kilt,*" he say, slappin' de grabes wid he spade. "Dat Bro' Lion, dat Bro' Bear; an' I'se got er Coon treed dar what I'se dun cungered, but I ain't kilt him yit. Who is you axin' me questions, anyhow? I ain't got time ter turn roun' ter look at yer; but yer is so brash, ef yer'll wait 'twell I gits fru, I'll cum out dar an' cunger yo' an' kill yo too, 'case I wants free more fools fuh ter finish out dis row."

Colonel Tiger wus dat scared, he jes burn de wind, gittin' erway frum dat dangus-talkin' man.

Atter he gone, Bro' Coon he cum down he tree, en meck er *great miration* ober Bro' Rabbit; but Bro' Rabbit he say, "I done want none er yer talk; yo ain't no true fren', en done keep ter de 'greemint, so I'se gwine ter vide de crap an' break up."

Bro' Coon he say, "How yo gwineter vide?" An' Bro' Rabbit he meck answer, en say, "You is de biggest Bro' Coon, so yo kin teck all dat yer kin tote erway. I is de littlest, so I'se got ter teck what is *lef behine.*" Bro' Coon kin jes lif *one leelle water-million* wif er rotten end; an' wid dat he hafter go — 'case Bro' Rabbit talk so big, he was scaid of him, ennyhow, en glad fuh ter git erway.

E. H. L.

### 3. BRO' FOX AN' DE FOOLISH JAY-BIRD

One day Bro' Fox bin eatin' sum Turkey, an' he git er bone stuck in he tooft (tooth) what meck it mighty hot, an' ache. Hit hurt so bad he carnt eat nuffin fur four days, so he go ter Mr. Jay-bird an' ax him fur ter pull de piece ob bone out. Mr. Jay-bird ergree fur ter pull hit out; but de Jay-bird wus mighty cute an' sceamy bird, he wus jealous uf Mr. Mockin'-bird, 'case he wus de finest singer, an' he hate him 'case he mock him. He meck er plan in he mine fur ter get Bro' Fox ter kill Mr. Mockin'-bird, an' all he fambly so he ergree fur ter pull out de piece ob bone; but he meck Bro' Fox wait er long

time fust, whilst he tell him how dangous hit wus ter chaw big bones; den when Bro' Fox git mighty impashunt, he hop on he jaw, an' peck de piece ob bone out he tooft. Bro' Fox mighty releabed.

"Dere Bro' Fox!" he say, "dat all right. Now I'se guyen ter gib yo' some good advice: you eat *leettle* bones atter dis. If yer has er mine ter, jest es soon es hit git dark, I'se guyen ter show yer whar Mr. Mockin'-bird an' he hole fambly roost, an' den yer kin cotch 'im, an' taste meat what am sweet."

An' wid dat he argufy 'bout how good bird-bones taste, 'twel Bro' Fox mouf jest water; den he ax, "Yer feels er heap better, doan yer, Bro' Fox?" an' Bro' Fox he say, sorter anxus-like, "I'se 'fraid yo' is dun lef er leettle piece ob dat bone in dar yit. I wish yo' wuld jest step in ergin an' look, Bro' Jay-bird."

Den, when Mr. Jay-bird hop on he jaw, fur ter look in he tooft, Bro' Fox snap he mouf too an' cotch him, an' meck remarkt, fru he teetf, "Yes, Mr. Jay-bird, I does feel er heap better; I feels so much better dat I is hongry, an' yer dun telt me so much erbout de fine flavor ob de leettle bones, dat I carnt wait twel night cum, fur ter try dem!"

An' wid dat he chaw him up, an' say de flavor were berry fine indeedy.

*When yer ba'rgins wif er rascal fer ter harm yer frens, yo better meck shore yo' is in a safe place yosef erfore yer bergins ter meck yer ergreemint.*

E. H. L.

#### 4. WHEN BRER RABBIT HELP BRER TERAPIN

In the old days Brer Wolf he have a mighty grudge against Brer Terapin, Brer Wolf do; and one day Brer Wolf come up with old Brer Terapin in the woods; and he say, Brer Wolf do, how he just going to make a end of Old Brer Terapin.

But Brer Terapin he just draw in his foots and shut the door; and he draw in his arms and shut the door; and then if the old man don' bodaciously draw in his head and shut the door right in Brer Wolf's face.

That make ole Brer Wolf mighty angry, sure it naterly do; but he bound he ain' going to be outdone that er way, and he study 'bout how he going smash Brer Terapin's house in; but there ain' no rock there, and he feared to leave the ole man, 'case he know direckly he leave him the ole chap going open the doors of his house and tote hisself off.

Well, while Brer Wolf study 'bout it, here come Brer Rabbit; but he make like he don' see Brer Wolf, 'case they ain' the bestest of friends in them days, Brer Wolf and Brer Rabbit ain', no, that they ain'.

But Brer Wolf he call out, he do, "O Brer Rabbit, Brer Rabbit,

come here!" So Brer Rabbit he draw up, and he see Old Brer Terapin's house with the doors all shut; and he say, "Morning, Brer Terapin!" but Brer Terapin never crack his door; so Brer Wolf say, he do, "Brer Rabbit, you stay here and watch the ole man, while I go and fotch a rock to smash his house!" and Brer Wolf he take hisself off.

Directly Brer Wolf gone, ole Brer Terapin he open his door and peak out. Now, Brer Rabbit and Brer Tarapin was the best friends in the ole time; and Brer Rabbit, he say, he do, "Now, Brer Terapin, Brer Wolf done gone for to tote a rock to smash your house;" and Brer Terapin say he going move on.

Then Brer Rabbit know if Brer Wolf come back and find he let Brer Terapin make off with his house, Brer Wolf going fault hisself; and Brer Wolf are a strong man, and he are a bad man; and poor old Brer Rabbit he take his hindermost hand and he scratch his head, and clip off right smart. Brer Rabbit was a peart man them days.

Directly he come up with old Sis Cow, and he say, "Howdy, Sis Cow? Is you got a tick you could lend out to your friends?" and he take a tick and tote it back, and put it on the rock just where Brer Terapin was.

Presently here come Brer Wolf back, totin' a big rock; and he see Brer Rabbit just tearing his hair and fanning his hands, and crying, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I'se feared of my power, I'se feared of my power!" but Brer Wolf he say, "Where old man Terapin gone with his house? I done told you to watch." But Brer Rabbit he only cry the more, and he say, "That what I done tell you, don't you see what my power done done? There all what left of poor ole Brer Terapin right there." And Brer Rabbit he look that sorrowful-like, he near 'bout broke down, and he point to the cow-tick.

But Brer Wolf he done live on the plantation with Brer Rabbit many a day; and Brer Wolf he say, "Quit your fooling, ole man. You done turn Brer Terapin loose, and I just going to use this yer rock to smash your head." Then Brer Rabbit he make haste to make out to Brer Wolf how that little chap surely are all what's left of poor old Brer Terapin.

And Brer Rabbit he make out how the power are in his left eye to make a big man perish away; and Brer Rabbit he 'low how he just happen to strike his left eye on his old friend Brer Terapin, and directly he get smaller and smaller, twell that all there be left of the poor old man. When Brer Rabbit say that, he turn and cut his left eye sharp at Brer Wolf, Brer Rabbit do.

Brer Wolf he just look once on the little tick, and he say, "Don' look at me, Brer Rabbit! Don' look at me!" and Brer Wolf he strike out, and he just burn the wind for the woods.

Then Brer Rabbit he clip it off down the road twell he come up with old Brer Terapin; and they strike a fire, and make a good pot of coffee, and talk it over.

E. M. B.

##### 5. WHEN BRER 'POSSUM ATTEND MISS FOX'S HOUSE-PARTY

Once long before the war, when times was good, Miss Fox she set out for to give a house-party, Miss Fox did.

And Miss Fox she 'low she ain' going invite the lastest person to her house-party 'cepting the quality; and when Brer Fox he just mention Brer 'Possum's name, Miss Fox she rare and charge, Miss Fox do. She give it to Brer Fox, and she 'low how she don' invite no poor white trash to her house-party; and she 'low, Miss Fox do, how Brer Fox must set his mind on giving a tacky party.

Brer Fox he 'low how Brer 'Possum ain' no poor white trash; but Miss Fox she 'clare Brer 'Possum ain' no more than a half-strainer, and so Miss Fox she don' invite Brer 'Possum to her house-party.

Well, Brer 'Possum he feel mighty broke up when he hear all the other creeters talking about the house-party, 'case Brer 'Possum he have plenty money. Brer 'Possum are a mighty shifty man, and always have plenty money.

Well, Brer 'Possum he tell Brer Rabbit how he feel 'bout Miss Fox house-party; and he ax Brer Rabbit, Brer 'Possum do, why he don' be invited.

Brer Rabbit he 'low it all because Brer 'Possum don' hold up his head and wear store clothes; and Brer Rabbit he advise Brer 'Possum to order hisself some real quality clothes, and a churn hat, and go to Miss Fox house-party; and he 'low, Brer Rabbit do, how they won't know Brer 'Possum, and mistake hisself sure for some man from the city.

So ole Brer 'Possum he got plenty money, and he go to the city, Brer 'Possum do; and he order just a quality suit of clothes, Brer 'Possum do; and he go to the barber, and get hisself shaved, and his hair cut, and he present hisself at Miss Fox house-party.

Well, you may be sure Brer 'Possum he receive flattering attention, he surely did; and the last one of the people asking, "Who that fine gentleman?" "Who that city gentleman?" "Who that stinguished-looking gentleman?" and Brer Rabbit he make hisself forward to introduce Brer 'Possum right and left, "My friend Mr. Potsum from Augusta!" That old Brer Rabbit he done say "Potsum," 'case enduring they find him out, that old Brer Rabbit he going swear and kiss the book he done say 'possum, all the time. That just exactly what that old man Rabbit going to do.

But, Lord bless you! they all that taken up with the fine gentleman,

they don' spicion hisself; and he pass a mighty proudful evening, Brer 'Possum do.

But when it come retiring-time, and the gentlemen all get their candles, and 'scorted to their rooms, Brer 'Possum he look at the white bed, and he look all 'bout the room, and he feel powerful uncomfortable, Brer 'Possum do, 'case Brer 'Possum he never sleep in a bed in all his born days. Brer 'Possum he just can't sleep in a bed.

The poor old man he walk round the room, and round the room, twell the house get asleep; and he take off all his fine clothes, and he open the door softly, and step out all to hisself, he powerful tired; and he just climb a tree what stand by the porch, and hang hisself off by his tail and fall asleep.

In the morning, when Miss Fox get up and open the door, she see Brer 'Possum hanging from the limb. She that astonished she can't believe her eyes; but Miss Fox know a fine fat 'possum when she see him, she surely do.

Well, Miss Fox she cotch hold of Brer 'Possum and kill him, and dress him, and serve him up on the breakfast-table; and the guests they compliment Miss Fox on her fine 'Possum breakfast; but when they go call the fine gentleman from the City, they just find his fine clothes, but they never suspicion where he done gone, twell many day after, when old Brer Rabbit he done let the secret out.

E. M. B.

#### 6. HOW BRER FOX DREAM HE EAT BRER 'POSSUM

In the old times Brer 'Possum he have a long, wide, bushy tail like Brer Fox. Well, one day Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox get a mighty honein' to set er tooth in some fresh meat, and they both start off for to find some, and directly they find Brer 'Possum up a black gum-tree.

Now, in them times Brer Rabbit he can climb well as any other of the creatures, 'case he has sharp claws like a cat; and he don't set down to nobody on climbing, Brer Rabbit don't. So when they find Brer 'Possum way up in the top of the gum-tree, Brer Rabbit he jest climb up after Brer 'Possum, Brer Rabbit do; and jest before he reach him, Brer 'Possum he wind his tail on the limb, an' hang wid he hade down, an' swing hisself out.

Brer Rabbit he standing on the limb; an' he reach out, and he grab Brer 'Possum's tail nigh the stump, Brer Rabbit do; and Brer 'Possum he swing hisself out, and try to reach another limb with he hand; and every time Brer 'Possum swing out, Brer Rabbit's hand slip a little on Brer 'Possum's tail; and next time Brer 'Possum swing and reach out, Brer Rabbit he hand slip a little more, twell Brer Rabbit he done skin the whole of Brer 'Possum's tail; an' Brer 'Possum fall



to the ground, where Brer Fox done wait for him, and Brer Fox done kotch him and kill him; but since that day Brer 'Possum he never have no hair on his tail. Then Brer Rabbit he come down, Brer Rabbit did, and they study how's der bestest and soonest way to cook Brer 'Possum, 'case dey both jes er droolin' for some fresh meat.

Brer Fox he say "he take Brer 'Possum home and cook him," and he invite Brer Rabbit to come and dine with him. Brer Rabbit agrees to that, so Brer Fox he takes Brer 'Possum home and he fly round to beat all, Brer Fox do; and he gets some nice fat bacon and yams, and he just cooks dat 'Possum up fine and brown.

Then Brer Fox he get mighty tired, and he say, "I 'clare, I plum too tired out to eat. I don't know if I better eat that 'Possum now, and go to sleep and dream about him, or whether I better go to sleep and dream about him first, and then wake up and eat him;" and he lay down on the bed to study a minute, and first thing Brer Fox knowed he fast asleep.

Directly here come Brer Rabbit, he knock on the door, but he ain't get no answer; but he smell dat 'Possum, and the bacon and the yams, and the sage, and he most 'stracted to set he tooth in it. He crack the door softly, and he find Brer Fox fast asleep on the bed, an' the nice dinner all smoking hot on the table.

Brer Rabbit he just draw up and set to, Brer Rabbit do. He eat one hind-leg; and it so fine, he say to hisself he bound ter try er fore-leg, and then Brer Rabbit 'low he bound ter try the other hind-leg.

Well, sar, dat old man Rabbit he set there and eat twell the lastest mouthful of that 'Possum done gone.

Then he just turn to wonderin', Brer Rabbit did, what Brer Fox gwine to say when he done wake up and find the bestest bits of that 'Possum gone.

Brer Rabbit he find hisself in er right delicate situation, and was disturbed, Brer Rabbit was; but he say to hisself he gwine fool Brer Fox; and Brer Rabbit he take all the bones, and he put them on the floor in a row round Brer Fox's head; and he take the marrow-grease, and he rub it softly on the whiskers round Brer Fox's mouth; then he go out softly and close the door, and put he eye to the key-hole.

Directly Brer Fox he yawn and stretch hisself and wake up; and couse his mind turn to that 'Possum, and he rise up; and shorely he most powerful astonished when he see the dish empty, and the bones all 'bout hisself on the floor.

Directly here come Brer Rabbit's knock. Brer Fox say, "Come in!" and Brer Rabbit say, "Brer Fox, I come for my share of that 'Possum." Brer Fox say, "Fore de Lord, Brer Rabbit, where that 'Possum gone?" and he fling he hand at the bones on the floor.

Brer Rabbit he snap he eye, like he most mighty got er way with;

and he say, "Brer Fox, I heard the creatures tell heap er powerful hard tales on yourself, but I 'clare, I never think you treat a friend dis yer way."

Then Brer Fox he swear and kiss the book he ain't set er tooth in that 'Possum. Then Brer Rabbit he look most mighty puzzled; and at last he say, "Brer Fox, I tell you what you done done, you just eat the lastest mouthful of that 'Possum in your sleep." Brer Fox he rare and charge, and swear he ain't "even got the taste of 'Possum in he mouth." Then Brer Rabbit he take Brer Fox to the glass, and make Brer Fox look at hisself; and he say, Brer Rabbit did, "Bre rFox, how come all that fresh marrow-grease on your whiskers?" and Brer Fox he look mighty set down on; and he say, "Well, all I 'low dat the most unsatisfying 'Possum I ever set er tooth in."

E. M. B.

#### 7. SUPERSTITION OF THE GRAVEYARD SNAKE AND RABBIT

Ain't I nebber tole yer 'bout dem grabeyard snakes? Bite? No, hit don't bite! Hit's black, most ginerelly, wid yaller splotches on he's back, an' he lib all de time in de Cemettery, whar hit greab an' moan. Yer see, when de Debbel temp Eab, an got her an' Adam druv outen de garden ob Eden, he wus dat tickled ober hit, dat he laft, an' he laft, 'twel he split hesef in two. So de Sperit part ob him go roun' now, temptin' folks ter sin, an' he'pin' de Hoodoos. But de body part ob him wus turn by de Lord inter dem grabeyard snakes what libs in de grabeyards whar dey moans all de time ober de death what dey is brung inter dis world. En, honey, ef yer kin git de skin uv one uv dem snakes, an' put hit roun' yo waist, whar noboddy see hit, yer will conquer yo ennemys sho: ef yer greases yo hand wid de grease ob a grabeyard snake, an' steals things, nobody will see yer, an' yer won't git found out; 'case *Satan* is 'bleged ter stan' by folks what are greased wid he *own* grease. Hoodoo folks is mighty fond er eatin' snakes, 'case hit makes dem wise an' cute; but dey don't dar ter eat er grabeyard snake, 'case dey ud be eatin' de Debbel hesef, an' he couldn't he'p em no more. Dey am a heap ob tings dat snake-ile am good fer dat I is dun disrremembered; but I knows dis fer sartin: ef yo hates a pusson, an' yo makes dey image outen dat ile mix up wid flour er san', an' den names hit atter de pusson yo hates, an' bakes de image good by de open fire, yer kan meck dat pusson miser'ble, 'case yer got em snake Hoodoo'd, an dat's de wus kine ob Hoodoo. If yer stick pins in dat image, de pusson what yer dun name it atter 'ill hab pains an' misery in de same place on dem es whar de pins goes in de image. I once know'd a man what wus kilt clean dead 'case dey stick pins inter de image ov him, in de place whar he heart wus, do dat wus er mistook, yer see.

Grabeyard rabbits? Oh, yessum! Dem is de rabbits what de grabeyard snakes charm fer ter meck em stay dar, an' keep dem cumpany. Dey don't do no harm, an' dey left hine-foot 'ill bring good luck, shore; but ef yer want Satan ter cum right down an' foller yer, an' he'p yer in ebberry-ting, yo jes' git de button offen er grabeyard rattlesnake, an' sew hit up wid a piece ob silver in er leetle red flannel bag, en war hit on yo heart. Why, ef yer do dat way, an' seys er varse outen de Bible backards, at twelve er'clock on de crossroads, uf er moonlight night, de ole Nick 'ill cum walkin' up ter meet yer, mos' any time yer calls him. No, I ain't nebber tried hit myself, 'case de smell uf brimstone allers meck me narvous; an' I nebber would like ter be took dat er way, 'jes lik er 'oman.

E. H. L. and E. M. B.

#### 8. WHY MR. OWL CAN'T SING

When Mr. Owl was young, he could sing to beat all the birds in the woods. This ole man what you see flying about calling "whoo, whoo!" in the ole time he could sing so fine that he teach the singing-school.

In them days Mr. Owl he never wander round, like he do in these yer times, 'case he have a happy home, and he stay home with his wife and chillens, like a spectable man.

But that poor ole man done see a heap of trouble in he time, he shore has; and it all come along of that trifling no count Miss Cuckoo, what too sorry to build her nest fer herself, but go about laying her eggs in her neighbors' nests.

In the old time, Mr. and Miss Owl they belong to the quality; end they have a shore 'nuff quality house, not like these little houses what you see these yer times, what secondary people live in.

One night Miss Owl she go out to pay a visit, and she leave Mr. Owl at home to mind the chillens; but directly she gone, Mr. Owl he take he fiddle under he arm, and go off to he singing-school. Then that trifling no count Miss Cuckoo come sailing along calling "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" and she leave her eggs in Miss Owl's fine nest, and then she go sailing off, calling, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

Now, presently Miss Owl she come home; and when she find that egg in her nest, she rare end charge on the poor ole man to beat all; and she tell him she never live with him no more twell he tell her who lay that egg; but the poor ole man can't tell her, 'case he don't know hisself. But Miss Owl she be mighty proud-spirited; and what she done say, she done say.

So the ole man he leave he fine home, and he go wandering through the woods looking for the one what lay that egg and make all he

trouble. And the ole man he that sorrowful he can't sing no more, but jest go sailing 'bout, asking, "Whoo, whoo!" But Mr. Owl he never find out to this day who lay that egg, and so Miss Owl never live with him no more; but he keep on asking, "Whoo, whoo?" And now it done been that long, the poor ole man plum forgot how to sing, and he don't play he fiddle no more, and can't say nothing but "Whoo, whoo!"

E. M. B.

#### 9. THE NEGRO'S SUPERSTITION OF THE SPANISH MOSS

Long time ago there was a powerful wicked man. He was that sinful, that Death he don't have the heart to cut him off in his sins, 'cepten' he give him a warning. So one day Death he appear to the wicked man, and he tell him how that day week he gwine come for him. The wicked man he that frightened, he get on his knees and beg Death to let him live a little longer. The wicked man he take on, and he beg, 'twell Death he promise he won't come for him 'twell he give him one more warning.

Well, the years go by, but the wicked man he grow more wicked; and one day Death he appear to him again, and Death he tell the wicked man how that day week he gwine come for him; but the wicked man he more frightened than what he was before; and he get on his knees, the wicked man do, and beg Death to let him live a little longer; and Death he promise the wicked man how before he come for him he gwine send him a token what he can see or what he can hear.

Well, the years go by; and the wicked man he get a powerful old man, — he deaf and blind, and he jest drag hisself about. One day Death he done come for the wicked man once more, but the wicked man he say how Death done promise him he won't come for him twell he send him a token what he can see or hear; and Death he say he done send a token what he can see. Then the wicked man he say how he can't see no token, 'cause he say how he done blind. Then Death he say how he done send a token what he can hear. But the wicked man he say how he plum deaf, and he say how he can't hear no token; and he beg Death that hard to let him live, that Death he get plum outdone with the wicked man, and Death he jest go off and leave him to hisself. And the wicked man he jest wander about the woods, and his chillen all die, and his friends all die. Still he jest wander about the woods. He blind, and he can't see; and he deaf, and he can't hear. He that blind he can't see to find no food; and he that deaf he never know when anybody try to speak to him. And the wicked man he done perish away twell he jest a shaddow with long hair. His hair it grow longer and longer, and it blow in the wind;

and still he can't die, 'cause Death he done pass him by. So he here to wander and blow about in the woods, and he perish away twell all yo can see is his powerful long hair blowing all 'bout the trees; and his hair it done blow about the trees twell it done grow fast, and now yo all folks done calls it Spanish Moss.

E. M. B.

## SONGS AND RHYMES FROM THE SOUTH

BY E. C. PERROW

THE region of the southern Appalachian Mountains, embracing the southwestern portion of Virginia, eastern Kentucky, western North Carolina, East Tennessee, and the northern portions of Georgia and Alabama, constitutes a country which, though divided among several States, is indeed a unit with regard both to the country and to the character of its people. The relative inaccessibility of the country, as compared with the surrounding territory, has until very recently kept back the tide of progress, which, sweeping around this region, has shut up there a strange survival of a civilization of three hundred years ago.

The most striking thing to be observed about the Southern people to-day is, I think, their extreme conservatism with regard to their customs, their manners, and their habits of thought; for the Southern people brought with them from Europe many Middle-Age traditions which their manner of life has tended to conserve. Their settlement in the plain country, on large and comparatively isolated plantations, the coming-in of the slave relation (essentially feudal in its nature), and the complete absence of immigration during recent years, have all tended to keep alive a form of civilization long outgrown by other divisions of the country.

In the mountain region to which I have referred the conditions have been especially such as might be expected to preserve primitive ideals. At an early date after the settlement of eastern Virginia and North Carolina the more adventurous spirits began to thread their way through the mountain-defiles of what was then the unknown West, and to build their cabins along the creeks that broke from that labyrinth of mountain and forest. They were rough; but many of them were worthy, honest-hearted people. Among them were not a few Scotch-Irish, who brought with them, besides their Scottish names and many Scottish words, their native sturdiness of character and love of liberty. Others there were, no doubt, of more questionable condition,—men who had been outlawed in Virginia and North Carolina and had sought refuge in these fastnesses; men who loved fighting better than work, and freedom better than the restraints of the law.

Since their settlement in this region, there have been few enough influences brought to bear to keep this isolated people in line with the growth of the outside world. For a long time commerce left the territory unexploited: "What sholde it han avayed to werreye?"

Ther lay no profit, ther was no richesse." The rude log cabin of the mountaineer, with its stone-stick-and-mud chimney; the bit of truck garden near the house, tilled by the women-folk; the hillside, with its scant cover of Indian-corn, with now and then a creek-bottom in which weed and crop struggle on equal terms for the mastery; the cold, clear limestone water breaking from the foot of the ridges; the noisy trout stream, now clear as glass, now swollen by the almost daily thunder-storm; the bold knobs rising steep from the valleys and covered with blackberries or huckleberries; and in the background wave after wave of mountain forest, with its squirrel, wild geese, 'possum, coon, "painter," rattlesnakes, and an occasional bear, — these constituted the wealth of the country. Of course, the summer-resort found its place among us. Thither come, summer after summer, the "quality" to drink the far-famed mineral waters. A few are momentarily interested in the dialect and habits of the people, and some return to the outside world to write stories of the mountains more or less true to the characters with which they deal.<sup>1</sup> But such visitors leave no impression on the people. Railroads have forced their way through these regions, but their influences have touched the people only superficially — given them something to sing about, or possibly caused some of those living near the stations to take up the custom of wearing collars instead of the standard red handkerchief. The man back in the ridges, however, they have left unchanged.

The dialect of this people marks them as belonging to another age. Uninfluenced by books, the language has developed according to its own sweet will, so that certain forms have become standard alike for the unlettered and the better educated. Here *holp* is the preterite for *help*, *sont* for *sent*, *folch* for *fetch*, *dove* for *dive*, *crope* for *creep*, *drug* for *drag*, *seen* for *see* (sometimes *see*, cf. Gower's *sig*), *taken* for *take*. Many old forms persist. Many old words appear, such as, *lay* (verb

<sup>1</sup> The stories of Craddock are untrue as to dialect, and show, I think, an over-idealization of character. Her work has been, though, of great value in awakening an interest in the country of which she writes. Moonshining, of which Craddock made so much in her stories, has now about ceased in these mountains. It is less risky to buy cheap "rot-gut" from the licensed purveyors in Middlesboro, Ky., although for the consumer it is much less wholesome than the purer moonshine. The novels of Fox are interesting; but to me, at least, the atmosphere is far from convincing. The pictures drawn by Opie Reed are, I think, much nearer the truth. Better still are the sketches of Charles Forster Smith (Nashville, 1908); though both he and Craddock are wrong, I think, in what they say about the sadness of the women. Serious they are always, but to call their lives unhappy is a kind of pathetic fallacy. Their lot is simple, but they love their homes and even the monotony of their daily lives. The best single article I have seen about these people is that by Adeline Moffett (*Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. iv, p. 314). For interesting lists of dialect words, see Professor Smith's articles in *Transactions of the American Philological Association* for 1883 and 1886, and in *The Southern Bivouac* for November, 1885. Many interesting words have also been reported to *Dialect Notes* from various parts of the South, most of which are current in East Tennessee.

*wager*), *start-naked*, *sned*, *larn* (*teach*), *find* (*furnish*), *outfavor* (to be better looking than), *frail* (*thrash*), *ferninst* (apparently a corruption of *anent*), *piggin* (a small wooden vessel with one handle), *noggin* (such a vessel with no handle), *poke-supper* (at which the food is served from pokes), *buck* (*to bend*), *smidgin*, and *hobberod* (cf. AS. *hobbe*).

The idea of compounding words is still alive among this people. We hear *stove-room* (for *kitchen*), *widder-man*, *home-house*, and *engineer-man*. Suffixes are still alive: we hear such formations as *pushency*, *botherment*, and even *footback*.

There are some peculiar words and usages. *Several* means "a large number:" "There are several blackberries this year." *Themirs* is equivalent to *young chickens*. When one is proficient in anything, he is said to be a *cat* on that thing: "She is a cat on bread." *Proud* means *happy*. *Ficety* is an adjective applied to one who is "too big for his breeches."

The pronunciation seems to be old. *Oi* has invariably the older sound of *ai* in *aisle*; so in *roil*, *poison*, *coil* [*kwail*], etc. The diphthong *ou* has, not the later sound of *ə*<sup>1</sup> plus *uu* (as in the speech of the Virginians and in what I take to be the speech of the Englishman), but the older sound of *a* plus *uu*, with usually another vowel introduced before, making a triphthong *e* plus *a* plus *u*. Again, the diphthong represented in such words as *light*, *wife*, *wipe*, by the spelling *i*, has not, as in the speech of the Virginians and in that of the Englishmen (cf. Murray's Dictionary), the sound *ə* plus *i*, but the older *a* plus *i*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *ə* = vowel in *but*.

<sup>2</sup> In the dialect of my own family (Piedmont, Va.) the spelling *au*, *ow*, is pronounced *a* plus *u* in an unclosed syllable, before a voiced consonant, and before *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*; so, *now* [*nau*], *thou*, *loud*, *mouth* (verb), *gouge*, *foul*, *sound*, *town*, *our*, *tousle*, *souse* (verb). But before a voiceless consonant the spelling *au*, *ow*, is pronounced as *ə* plus *u*; so, *louse* [*lause*] (contrast *lousy*), *lout* (contrast *loud*), *mouth* (contrast the verb). The diphthong represented by the spelling *i*, *y*, is pronounced *a* plus *i* in unclosed syllables, before voiced consonants, and before *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*; so, *tribe* [*traib*], *ride*, *writhe*, "Tige," *oblige*, *mile*, *time*, *wine*, *wire*, *wise*, *rive*. But before voiceless consonants the pronunciation is *ə* plus *i*; so, *wife* [*waife*] (contrast *wives*), *like*, *wipe*, *vise* and *rice*, *sile*, "Smythe." These rules hold also for New England, as far as I can judge. Sweet represents the first element of the spelling *au*, *ow*, as being in modern English the *low-mixed-wide*, which is probably the sound I hear in the Virginia *house* [*həus*]. The Englishman, it seems to me, has let his diphthong slip forward for practically all the words spelled *au*, *ow*. The same tendency is observable in eastern Virginia, where one hears *cow* [*həu*], *our* [*əu*], and the plural *houses* [*həuses*]. I think this is because eastern Virginia has been more closely in touch with the mother country and the developments there. But in Tennessee, and in all that part of the South which has not been in constant intercourse with the mother country, all the *au*, *ow*, words are pronounced with a diphthong made up of the *mid-back-wide* plus the *high-back-wide-round*. (It must be remembered that these sounds, both in Virginia and Tennessee, are often modified by the introduction before them of an *ε* sound, the *mid-front-narrow*; so that with many we have the triphthongs, [*εau*] in Tennessee, and [*εəu*] in Virginia.) Murray's Dictionary records that in England the diphthong represented by the spelling *i*, *y*, is in almost all English words the *mixed* vowel plus the *high-front-narrow*; so, *time* [*tsim*], etc.



Further, the *r*, now reduced to a mere vocal murmur in the standard pronunciation of the English, is heard here with all the snarl that it could have possessed in the time of Ben Jonson.<sup>1</sup>

Certain customs, too, mark this people as of another age. The practice of giving nicknames is universal among them. No boy grows up without being called by something other than the name his parents gave him. Sometimes the nickname of the father will become a patronymic, and serve as a surname for the children. Some peculiarity of personal appearance, speech, or habit, or some action in which the man has been involved, usually serves as a basis for the nickname.

The custom of feasting at funerals still obtains. When a death occurs, all the neighborhood gather at the house of the deceased. There they "sit up" with the body day and night for several days, and eat the "funeral baked meats" that the family of the departed one are expected to prepare.

The people are for the most part rather superstitious. Almost every affair of life is regulated in accordance with the sign of the moon. Scarcely any one will dig a well without consulting a water-witch, who with his peach-tree fork, together with a good supply of native judgment, usually succeeds in locating a stream. The belief in "hants" is universal here. I know one man who, professing to communicate with the dead, keeps the whole neighborhood in terror. Old women gather "yarbs" and practise medicine. Charms are used to heal diseases in man and beast, and sick children are brought many miles to be breathed upon by a seventh son or by one who has never seen his father.

A remarkable degree of honesty obtains among the mountain folk. I was among them for over twenty years, and yet I never heard of a burglary in the county in which I lived. Indeed, I heard of very little stealing. People do not lock their corn-cribs or chicken-houses. Boats on the river are common property. Any one may use a boat, but he is expected to bring it back to the place from which he took it. I had a neighbor who was sent to jail for a term as a punishment for destroying a "neighbor's landmark." The jailer allowed him to return home on Saturday night and spend Sunday with his family. On Monday morning he was always promptly back at his work. He never thought of running away. There is maintained, too, a very high standard of sexual relations. Now and then there are relations of this kind between young folk; but it is almost invariably the outcome of a pure and genuine love, and the boy almost invariably stands by the girl and marries her. No one thinks less of either therefor; and the child of such a relation, even though born out of wedlock, is

<sup>1</sup> For an excellent treatment of the southern *r*, see the *Louisiana State University Bulletin*, February, 1910.

never made to feel that there is any stain on his name. Should the boy fail to stand by the girl, he would have to choose "Texas or hell," the choice being forced both by public sentiment and the accuracy of what rifles the girl's family could put in the field.

One of the most interesting survivals is the mountaineer's idea of law. His conception is pre-eminently the Germanic. With him it is not an affair of the State, such as may be modified by legislators in distant Nashville: it is something personal, something belonging to his family, a heritage that cannot be alienated; and the guaranty of these unwritten rights is neither sheriff nor governor, but his own right arm. To him the courts are an impertinence. No one could appreciate better than he the feeling of Robin Hood toward the high sheriff of Nottingham.

There is a considerable amount of shooting going on in this country all the time, though formerly there was more than there is now. On one occasion a generation ago, nine men, I am told, were hanged at one time in the county in which I was reared. The ninth man to ascend the scaffold coolly remarked that "it seemed the sign was in the neck that week." There was a tavern at no great distance from where I lived, at which fifty-seven men had been killed. During the last summer that I spent in my county, four men on the "yan side er Clinch" shot one another to pieces with Winchester rifles, the wife of one of the combatants standing by her husband, and handing him ammunition until he fell. The man who brought across the news to us had little to say about the men, but remarked that it was a pity to see lying there a fine horse which had been killed by a stray shot. These are men of war from their youth. The training with "shootin'-irons" begins with childhood; and the boy of twelve is often, in marksmanship, the match for an experienced man.

But while outlawry there is not so common as it once was, the people still admire it, and will sit for hours telling stories of men who have defied the courts. Many are the prose sagas told there of men like Macajah Harp, Bill Fugate,<sup>1</sup> Bloof Bundrant, and Harvey Logan. Nor do I think this admiration for the outlaw is anything abnormal. It is only another expression of admiration for bravery, whether rightly

<sup>1</sup> I have a friend in Grainger County who takes great pride in the fact that he "run" with Bill Fugate. He tells many stories of this outlaw. One will bear repeating here. The sheriff sent Fugate word that he was coming for him. Fugate sent him word that if he did, he had better bring a "wagin" with which to haul back his own dead body; if, however, the sheriff were anxious to see him, he would come to the next session of his own accord. At the appointed time Fugate came, took his seat in the prisoner's box, and awaited the completion of his trial. He was found guilty, and the judge pronounced the sentence. The sheriff came over to take charge of the prisoner; but that individual promptly covered the sheriff with two pistols, told the crowd that if all remained quiet, none should be hurt, backed out of the room, sprang on his horse, and rode back to the mountains.

or wrongly exerted. The stories of Hereward, Fulk Fitz Warine, Robin Hood, Grisli, Grettir, Wolf, Wilhelm Tell, Eustace, and Francisco are just such expressions as have come from earlier periods of the English, Scandinavian, German, French, and Spanish peoples. Even to-day the story of crime still holds its place in the bookstalls; and we all, old and young, like still to see a criminal die game.

One other characteristic of this folk must not be forgotten: they sing constantly. If, on almost any "pretty day," you should walk along a country road in East Tennessee, you could listen to the ploughman singing or whistling in the fields, while across the neighboring creek there would come the song of the barefoot country girl as she helped her mother hang out the washing or "pack water" from the spring. If you should pass a group of men who, having been "warned" to work the road, were "putting in their time" on the highway, you would hear them continually breaking into song as they swung the pick, handled the shovel, or drove the steel drill into some projecting rock. On the porch of the cross-roads store you would find a party of idle boys and men, who, if not eager listeners to some rude banjo minstrel's song, would be singing in concert, now a fragment of some hymn, and at the next moment some song of baldest ribaldry. If your visit to this country happened to be at the proper time of the week, you might be able some night to attend a "singin'." You would find the young folk gathered at the "meetin'-house," or still more probably at the home of one member of the "class." The songs which they have gathered to practise are of the Sunday-school variety, such as have been introduced by the singing-school teacher.<sup>1</sup> In this gathering nearly every one has a book and reads his music. I have known people who, although they can scarcely read a word of English, read music well. You are not to be surprised, too, if you hear some very good singing, only it is fearfully loud, each singing at the top of his voice, while the song is invariably "entuned in the nose." They often mispronounce the words, and still oftener have no idea as to what the words mean, but that does not matter: the song goes on. After the

<sup>1</sup> This teacher, called the "perfesser" (a title given in the South to all male teachers), teaches ten days for ten dollars, and "boards around" with his "scholars." He is a representative of what was once the travelling minstrel. Not only is he the final authority on all matters musical, and the high priest of religious music, but he also, from time to time, essays the composition of both poetry and music, and teaches the folk to sing his songs. Professor Beatty published recently in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (vol. xxii, p. 71) a song based on the New Market wreck. I heard last summer another song composed on this same occurrence by one of these travelling minstrels. I have also in mind a song that the teacher who "learned" me the "rudiments" composed and had us sing at the farewell session of his school. Besides the fact that the singing-master is the custodian of all religious music, he also assumes many of the functions of the preacher. Teaching in the churches and drawing his patronage from the members, he finds it necessary also to "talk;" and so it is the usual thing to hear religious exhortation mixed with instruction in music.

singing is over, the young folk make their way home, usually singing all the way. The boys who have not a "swing" amuse themselves by firing their pistols (the *togae viriles* of the mountain boy) in proud contempt of the sheriff and all that with him ever be.

I call attention to this religious singing because it is one of the directions that the popular love of music has taken. The Church has often, consciously or unconsciously, been the greatest foe to the preservation of popular tradition. These songs, learned at Sunday-school, take the place of all others; and it is mostly these that, on the next day, occupy the girl as she "battles" the clothes, and the boy as he chops out the "crap."

But as strong as is the grip of the Church, back in the coves and hollows the spirit of mirth still dwells in other than idle brains. At "Square" Murray's, near the head of Wildcat, there is pretty sure to be, before many weeks pass, a "quiltin'," a "house-raisin'," a "workin'," a "watermelon-cuttin'," a "candy-pullin'," or a "pea-hullin'." At the last named the tedious task of shelling the summer's crop of peas is made even a pleasure, for the happy thought of the hostess has seated the young folk two by two on the sand-scoured floor in front of a great backlog fire, now roaring, in the wide-throated chimney, against the wind and the frost outside. About eleven o'clock the floor is cleared of hulls, the banjo and the fiddle are brought in, and some of the young folk are soon dancing to the time of "Rabbit in the Pea-Patch," "I Love Somebody," "The Arkansaw Traveller," "Old Folks better go to Bed," "The Devil's Dance," "Fire in the Mountain," or some other characteristic mountain melody. I said "some of the young folk" designedly; for not all are bold enough to risk the anathema of the circuit-rider backed by the entire body of the Church. In fact, the parents of many of these young people allow them to come to this merry-making only on condition that they do not dance. But these young church members are ingenious. They propose a game of "Skip-to-my-loo," "Weavilly-Wheat," "Shoot-the-Buffalo," or some other equally innocent form of moving to the time of music. Here, of course, the fiddle is left out, and the "players" sing for an accompaniment to their "play." This, as everybody knows, is notdancing, this is "Skip-to-my-loo;" and yet by this name it seems as sweet to these thoughtless ones as the forbidden pleasure itself, while they have the added assurance that it leaves neither soil nor cautel to besmirch the virtue of their church records.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dancing is considered by the religiously inclined as one of the most damning of sins. It seems to derive its wickedness from the instrument which accompanies it. An instrument of music is considered the especial property of the Devil. Not many churches will allow even an organ in their buildings. Particularly does the Devil ride upon a fiddlestick. People who think it a little thing to take human life will shudder at the thought of dancing.

That song is instinctive with this folk is further shown, I think, by the fact that with them all formal discourse is sung. I do not here refer to the sing-song way in which all speech is carried on among them; though I think this, too, is significant. I mean that whenever a man or woman speaking in public becomes deeply interested in what he is saying, he begins to sing to a definite rhythm, and with a distinct regard for pitch, all that he has to say. The Hard-shell Baptists sing their sermons to well-defined melodies, — melodies which are improvised by the preacher at the time of speaking. Indeed, this gift of singing the sermon is regarded as the chief criterion of a call to preach. It is also to be noted that the members, when they get happy and shout, cry out in the same rhythmic movement, and sometimes dance — after King David's manner, we can imagine — in perfect time to their shouting.

Having once understood how completely for several generations these people have been separated from the advancing civilization of the rest of the world, and having seen how thoroughly instinctive with them is their love for song, we should not be surprised to find that among them there still exist some traces of the ancient ballad-making faculty. As a matter of fact, many of the traditional ballads have been found among them still alive; and yet other songs, apparently the very material out of which the popular ballad is made, may be picked up there to-day.

It was my fortune, while I was yet a child, to move with my parents to the mountains of East Tennessee. As I grew up, I learned a good many of these songs, and I have even watched some of them in the process of formation. For some years past I have been trying to make a collection of such fragments of popular verse as I could remember or could induce my friends to write down for me.

Although I have found the germ of this collection in the body of verse which I secured from the mountains, I have also included such kindred verse as I have been able to collect in other Southern States. I have even gone further; for, believing that the Southern negro is, in a yet greater degree than the white man of the South, a representative of the ballad-making epoch, I have included also such negro verse as I could readily pick up.

The entire collection I have divided under the following heads: (I) Songs of Outlaws, (II) Songs of Animals, (III) Dance Songs and Nursery Rhymes, (IV) Religious Songs, (V) Songs of the Railroad, (VI) Songs of Drinking and Gambling, (VII) Songs of the Plantation, (VIII) Songs of Love, and (IX) Miscellaneous Verses.

As far as I know, the material I have has never appeared in print. It is certainly in the possession of the folk, and for the most part, I believe, has sprung from the heart of the folk. Most of the songs I

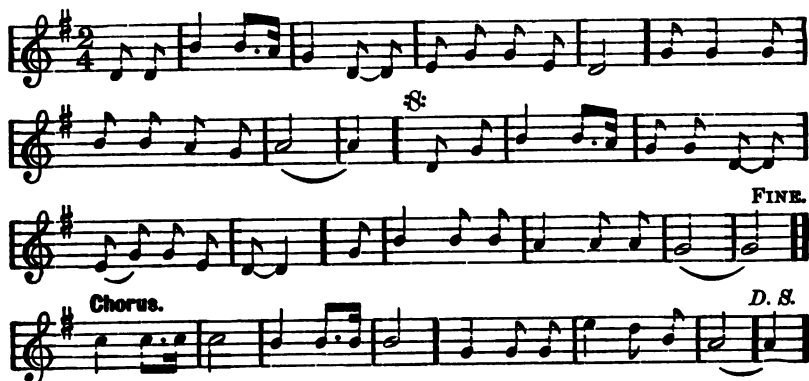
am reporting are mere fragments. Individuals seldom know a song in its entirety: they know it only by snatches. It must be remembered, too, that these songs are not integral things. In many cases the stanzas have no definite order; and some stanzas may be known to one person and community, and be entirely unknown to another. Further, some songs have become hopelessly confused with others. This fact is due chiefly, I think, to the comparative scarcity of melodies, one melody being made to serve for several different songs.

In such songs as I have from recitation, I have attempted to represent by phonetic spelling the words which have a local pronunciation. In those which I know only from manuscript I have retained the spelling of the original, although that spelling rarely represents the true sound. Such manuscripts as I have been able to secure I have deposited in the Harvard College Library.

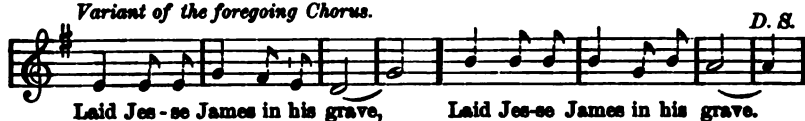
### I. SONGS OF OUTLAWS

Besides the many stories of outlaws current in the mountains, we are not surprised to find some songs of outlaws. Usually, whenever an outlaw has attracted public attention, some form of song springs up concerning him. A few summers ago Harvey Logan, an outlaw of national reputation, was confined in the Knoxville jail. The public made a hero of him, and many ladies carried him flowers during his imprisonment. During the same summer he made his escape from jail in a very sensational manner. He was after this more than ever considered as a hero. I was not surprised, then, last summer to find a fragment of a ballad which had already sprung up concerning the deeds of this outlaw. Other outlaws are honored in the same way. I present below some of the outlaw songs I have picked up in the South.

#### I. JESSE JAMES<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> See *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, p. 246, for a version from North Carolina.

*Variant of the foregoing Chorus.*

## A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)

Jesse James wuz the man<sup>1</sup> who travelled thoo the lan',  
 Stealin' en robbin' wuz 'is trade;  
 But a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward<sup>2</sup>  
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.<sup>3</sup>

Pore Jesse James! Pore Jesse James!  
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave;  
 En a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward  
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.

Oh, the people uv the West, when they h'yerd uv Jesse's death,  
 Wondered haow the hero come ter die;  
 But a dirty little caoward by the name uv Robert Haoward  
 Laid Jesse James in 'is grave.<sup>4</sup>

It wuz late one Saddy<sup>5</sup> night when the moon wuz shinin' bright  
 Thet Jesse James robbed the Danville<sup>6</sup> train;  
 But thet Smith en Wesson ball knocked pore Jesse frum the wall<sup>7</sup>  
 En laid Jesse James in 'is grave.

## B

(From Eastern Kentucky; mountain whites; MS. of C. B. House<sup>8</sup>)

Oh! Jesse was the man, he travelled through the land,  
 For money Jesse never suffered pain;  
 Jesse and his brother Frank they robbed Chicago bank,  
 And stopped the Danville train.

Jesse said to his brother Frank, "Will you stand by my side  
 Till the Danville train passes by?"

"Yes; I'll stand by your side and fight one hundred men till I died<sup>9</sup>  
 And the Danville train has rolled by."

<sup>1</sup> In the mountains the "short a" has the standard English sound low-front-wide, not the low-front-narrow of other parts of the South.

<sup>2</sup> Compare the corresponding line in C. Howard was a pseudonym assumed by Jesse James at one time in his career.

<sup>3</sup> Assonance is of frequent occurrence in the songs of the mountains.

<sup>4</sup> This stanza has evidently been corrupted by the slipping-out of the last two lines, and the substitution of lines from the refrain.

<sup>5</sup> A night much beloved by the negroes and poor whites.

<sup>6</sup> Folk etymology for Glendale, a railroad-station in Missouri where a famous robbery took place. The name of the station was afterward changed to avoid the danger of frightening passengers for the road. Danville is a natural change; the mountain folk did know Danville, Ky.

<sup>7</sup> Jesse James was hanging a picture on the wall when his pretended friend shot him.

<sup>8</sup> Contributed by Mr. C. B. House, Manchester, Ky.

<sup>9</sup> This line appears to be too long, but it perhaps never existed in a smoother version.

Oh! Robert Ford was the man, he travelled through the land,  
He never robbed a train in his life,<sup>1</sup>  
But he told the courts that his aims was to kill Jesse James,  
And to live in peace with his wife.

Ten thousand dollars reward was given Robert Ford  
For killing Jesse James on the sly;  
Poor Jesse has gone to rest with his hands upon his breast,  
And I'll remember Jesse James till I die.

C

(From Jackson County, Missouri; country whites; MS. of F. A. Brown, student in Harvard University; 1907)

How the people held their breath  
When they heard of Jesse's death,  
And they wondered how the hero came to die;  
It was for the great reward  
That little<sup>2</sup> Robert Ford  
Shot Jesse James on the sly.

Jesse had a wife,  
The joy of his life;  
His children they were brave;  
'Twas a thief and a coward  
That shot Captain Howard  
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

Jesse James was a man and a friend of the poor,<sup>3</sup>  
And for money Jesse never suffered pain;  
It was with his brother Frank  
He robbed Chicago bank  
And stopped the Glendale train.

And he wandered to the car that was not far away—  
For the money in the safe they did aim;

<sup>1</sup> A good expression of the supreme contempt of the mountaineers for a man like Ford. To them it was the height of tragic irony that such a man should kill Jesse James.

<sup>2</sup> Ford was only a youth when he murdered Jesse James.

<sup>3</sup> One of the chief characteristics of the outlaw hero is his kindness to the poor. Compare the legends of the generosity of Hereward, Fulk Fitz Warine, and Robin Hood. Mr. F. A. Braun, a citizen of Jackson County, Missouri, tells me the following story of Jesse James, which he says is current in his county: One day the outlaw stopped at the cottage of a poor widow and asked for something to eat. The woman generously shared her meal with the stranger. But the latter noticed that both the widow and her children were in distress. He asked the poor woman what her trouble was. With tears in her eyes she told him that the house in which she lived was mortgaged, that this was the day for payment, and that the landlord was coming for his money; but she lacked a considerable amount of the money that must be paid, and she knew that she should be turned out. The outlaw counted out the money needed, made her a present of it, and departed. He did not go far, however, but hid in a cornfield near the roadside. There he waited till the creditor had called at the widow's cottage and was returning with the money. Thereupon Jesse James took possession of the entire sum, and sent the creditor home with empty saddle-bags.



While the agent on his knees  
 Delivered up the keys  
 To Frank and Jesse James.

## D

(From Jackson County, Missouri; country whites; MS. of F. A. Brown; 1908)

Jesse James was a man and the friend of the poor,  
 And for money he never suffered pain,  
 But with his brother Frank,  
 He robbed Chicago bank,  
 And stopped the Glendale train.

And they wandered to a car that was not far away,  
 For the money in the safe was their aims.  
 And the agent on his knees  
 Delivered up the keys  
 To Frank and Jesse James.

. . . . .

Jesse had a wife  
 And he loved her dear as life,  
 And he loved his children brave.  
 Oh the dirty little coward  
 That shot Johnny Howard  
 And laid Jesse James in his grave.

## E

(From Southern Indiana; country whites; recitation of U. H. Smith, Bloomington, Ind.; 1908)

Jesse James had a wife,  
 The joy of his life,  
 And the children, they were brave;  
 But that dirty little coward  
 Who shot Johnny Howard  
 Has laid Jesse James in his grave.

## F

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Miss Annie Reedy, student in the University of Mississippi; 1908)

Jesse left a wife to mourn all her life,  
 Three children to beg for bread;  
 Oh, the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,  
 And they laid Jesse James in his grave.

## G

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin, student in the University of Mississippi; 1908)

Jesse James had a wife who mourned all her life,  
 Three children to cry for bread;  
 But a dirty little coward shot down Thomas Howard,  
 And they laid Jesse James in his grave.

## H

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of Ben Bell, student; 1908)

Jesse James was a man, a pistol in each hand  
 He flagged down the great Eastern train;  
 In the shade of the trees, he delivered up the keys  
 Of the trains he had robbed years ago.  
 He pulled off his coat and hung it on the wall,<sup>1</sup>—  
 A thing he had never done before,—  
 Robert Ford watched his eye, and shot him on the sly,  
 Which laid Jesse James in his grave.

## I

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. L. Byrd, student; 1908)

Little<sup>2</sup> Jesse James was a man of his own,  
 Killed many men and expected to kill as many more,  
 When he was shot on the sly by little Robert Ford,  
 Who laid poor Jesse in his grave.

People of the South, ain't you sorry? (*thrice*)  
 They laid poor Jesse in his grave.

## J

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of W. C. Stokes, student; 1908)

Mother I'm dreaming,  
 Mother I'm dreaming,  
 Mother I'm dreaming,  
 Of Frank and Jesse James.

## K

(From Mississippi; negroes; 1909)

O Jesse James, why didn't yuh run  
 When Bob Ford pulled his Gatlin gun,  
 Gatlin gun, Gatlin gun!

## 2. JACK MIDDLETON

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin, student; 1908)

My name, it is Jack Middleton;  
 From Arkansas I came;  
 I am a highway roughian;  
 Stage robbing is my game.

I went out into Texas,  
 Some gamblers ther to see;  
 I tell you, wild and reckless boys,  
 I got on a western spree.

I wore a pair of six shooters,  
 Which made me feel quite grand.

<sup>1</sup> Jesse James, on this occasion, took his pistols off and tossed them on the bed.

<sup>2</sup> "Little" appears to be a favorite epithet of ballad literature.

I found myself in camps one day  
With Jesse James's band.<sup>1</sup>

You know it put sad feelings o'er me  
To think of days of yore,  
And it's I'll be a good boy  
And do so no more.<sup>2</sup>

Jesse passed the bottle around;  
We all took a dram;  
Liquor put old hell in me  
And I didn't give a damn.

There was Dick Little, Joe Collins, myself,  
And Frank, and the other three,—  
A squad containing seven men,  
And a merry bunch was we.

Jesse took the train for St. Joe  
And shipped the other three.  
That left a squad containing  
Joe Collins, Frank, and me.

Our plan was to cross the Rio Grande<sup>3</sup>  
And enter the western plains,  
To intercept the U. P.  
And rob the West-bound train.

O'Bannan's rangers followed us  
One cold and stormy night.  
At last we saw our only revenge  
Was to give the boys a fight.

They whistled bullets all around our ears,  
Although they passed us by;  
But every time our rifles cracked  
A ranger had to die.<sup>4</sup>

I then pulled for old Arkansas,  
I thought it was the best,  
To put up at my girl's house,  
And take a little rest.

There the sheriff tackled me,  
He thought he was the boss;  
But I drew old Betsy<sup>5</sup> from my side  
And nailed him to the cross.

<sup>1</sup> This is interesting as connecting a group of other men with the Jesse James matter.

<sup>2</sup> Possibly a momentary Falstaffian repentance.

<sup>3</sup> Jesse James's band did some of their robbing across the border, in Mexico.

<sup>4</sup> A touch of the true ballad brevity.

<sup>5</sup> The more primitive folk are fond of giving names to their weapons. Compare the practice of the heroes of Romance.

3. OLD BRADY<sup>1</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay, student; 1908)

O mamma, mamma! what was that?  
A big gun busted right across our back!

Ho, ho! he has been on the jolly too long.

I went a little closer and then stepped back,  
And saw the blood on Brady's back.<sup>2</sup>

They sent for the doctor in a mighty haste.  
"Oh, yonder comes the surgeon in a racking<sup>3</sup> pace!"  
He raised his hand, and his hand was red,  
"Oh, my goodness gracious! old Brady is dead!"

When the news got out that old Brady was dead,  
Out come the ladies all dressed in red.

4. DOCK BISHOP<sup>4</sup>

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1908)

My parents advised me when I was quite young  
To leave off night walking,<sup>5</sup> bad company to shun.  
To leave off night walking, bad company to shun.

But to their advising I paid little care;<sup>6</sup>  
Kept rambling and gambling in the wildest career.

I rambled and gambled by night and by day  
All to maintain pretty Maggie and to dress her so gay.

Ofttimes I have wondered how women could love men;  
But more times I've wondered how men could love them.

They will bring him to sorrow and sudden downfall;  
They will bring him to labor, spring, summer, and fall.

When I was on shipboard, pretty Maggie by me,  
Bound down in strong iron, I thought myself free.

When I landed from shipboard, my old father did stand,  
A-pulling his grey locks and wringing his hands,

Saying, "Son, I have warned you before to-day,  
And now I am ready to be laid in the clay."

Farewell to young men and ladies so gay;  
To-morrow I'll be sleeping in the coldest of clay!

<sup>1</sup> An outlaw who was killed some years ago in Mississippi.

<sup>2</sup> Identical rhyme, a not uncommon thing in folk-poetry.

<sup>3</sup> A gait of a horse amounting to about a mile in four minutes.

<sup>4</sup> A Mississippi outlaw who claimed that he was driven to his nefarious trade by the expensive tastes of his wife. This is a good example of the ballad of moral advice that gets itself composed anent the execution of some criminal. Compare the broadsides, "The Trial and Confession of Frederick Prentice," the lamentation of James Rogers' "John Brown's Body" and "Captain Kidd."

<sup>5</sup> Compare "night-riding" as used at present in the Southern States.

<sup>6</sup> Pronounced to rhyme with "career," ke-uh.

## 5. OLD JOE CLARK

A

(From East Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905)



Ole Joe Clark 'e killed a man  
 En buried 'im in the san';  
 Said ef 'e had another chance,  
 He'd kill another man.

Good-by, ole Joe Clark!  
 Good-by, I'm gone!  
 Good-by, ole Joe Clark!  
 Good-by, Betty Brown!

B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1908)

Old Joe Clark, he is a sharp,  
 Creeping through the timber,  
 Old Joe Clark shot at a lark  
 And killed my wife in the window.

## 6. CAPTAIN KELLY

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

As I walked over Mulberry Mountain,  
 I met Captain Kelly; his money he was counting,  
 First I drew my pistol; then I drew my rapier,  
 "Stand and deliver, for I'm your money-taker!"

Mush-a-ring-a'-ring-a-rah!  
 Whack fol-d' the dady O!  
 Whack fol-d' the dady O!  
 Ther's whiskey in the jug.

I took it home to Molly,  
 I took it home to Molly,  
 And she said she'd ne'er receive it,  
 For the dev's in the women.

7. MY ROWDY BOY

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

Where is my rowdy boy?  
Where is my rowdy boy?  
He's been to the pen,  
And he's got to go again.  
Good-by, my rowdy boy!

8. THE STAGE ROBBER

E

(From Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1905<sup>1</sup>)

O fæther, O fæther! whut made you do so,  
To rob the pore driver in the lowlan's so low?<sup>2</sup>

9. THE DYING COWBOY<sup>3</sup>

A

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of M. A. Kent; 1909)

I rode to fair Laden, fair Laden,  
I rode to fair Laden so early one morn,  
And there I fancied a handsome young cowboy,  
All dressed in linen and ready for the grave.

Go beat the drum lowly, and play the fife slowly,  
And play the dead-march as they carry me along;  
Go carry me to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me;  
For I'm a poor cowboy, I know I've done wrong!

Oh, once in the saddle I used to be dashing,  
Oh, once in the saddle I used to be gay.  
'Twas then I took to drinking, from that to card-playing,  
Cut short in my living, now dying I lay.

Go call around me a crowd of young cowboys,  
And tell them the story of my sad fate;  
Go tell the[ir] dear mothers, before they go further,  
Go stop the[ir] wild roving before it is too late.

Go write a letter to my grey-haired mother,  
Go write a letter to my sister dear,  
But then there is another, yes, dearer than mother;  
What will she say when she knows I am dead?

<sup>1</sup> This is the only stanza I can remember of a song brought from Texas. It is said to have been composed by the daughter of the criminal and sold by her at the execution of her father. In this connection the following story is of interest. Some years ago an outlaw named Callahan was executed in Kentucky. Just before his execution he sat on his coffin and played and sang a ballad of his own composing, and, when he had finished, broke his musical instrument over his knee. The situation is, of course, the same as that of Burns's "McPherson's Farewell."

<sup>2</sup> With this refrain compare *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii, p. 125.

<sup>3</sup> For other versions of this well-known song compare *Ibid.*, vol. xii, p. 250; and vol. xxii, p. 258.

## B

(From Mississippi; country whites; MS. of J. E. Rankin; 1909)

As I went out walking early one morning,  
 As I went out walking one morning in May,  
 I met a young cowboy all dressed in white linen,  
 All dressed in white linen and ready for the grave.

Go write me a letter to my grey-headed mother;  
 Go write me a letter to my sister so dear;  
 And there is another more dear than a mother,  
 I know she'd be weeping if she knew I lay here.

"Go bring me a cup of cold water, cold water;  
 Go bring me a cup of cold water," he said;  
 But when I returned with the cup of cold water,  
 I found the poor cowboy lying there dead.

## C

(From West Virginia; mountain whites; MS. of Davidson; 1908)

Once in my saddle I used to go socking,  
 Once in my saddle I used to be gay;  
 I first took to drinking, and then to card-playing,  
 Was shot in the breast, now dying I lay.

10. TATERHILL<sup>1</sup>

## E

(From Tennessee; mountain whites; from memory; 1911)



Ef yer want ter git yer head knocked off,  
 Ef yer want ter git yer fill;  
 Ef yer want ter git yer head knocked off,  
 Go back ter Taterhill.

<sup>1</sup> When the church now called Mary's Chapel was built, there was much dispute among the parishioners as to what the church should be named. One party stood for "Mary's Chapel," another for "Mount Zion," and another for "Tate's Hill." Officially the first prevailed; but the common people chose the last, which by folk-etymology they transformed to "Taterhill." The dispute, however, was for a time very violent, and the contending parties several times came to blows,—"drew rocks en knives," as my friend Dave Noe expressed it. This stanza is a part of a song which sprang up to celebrate this contest. Even to this day it is not infrequent to have religious meetings broken up by a free-for-all fight. The men bring their pistols and their whiskey to the church, and, if things do not go to suit them, they sometimes resort to violence. I remember on one occasion the group on the inside of the church were besieged by the Moore clan from the outside. My cousin succeeded in holding the doorway against them by knocking down each man as he came up the steps, while the women and children were taken out through a window at the back of the building.

II. RAILROAD BILL

A

(From Alabama; negroes; recitation of Mrs. C. Brown; 1909)

Railroad Bill<sup>1</sup> cut a mighty big dash;  
Killed McMillan like a lightnin'-flash.  
En he'll lay yo po body daown.

Railroad Bill ride on de train,  
Tryin t'ac' big like Cuba en Spain.<sup>2</sup>  
En he'll lay yo po body daown.

Get up, ole woman, you sleepin' too late!  
Ef Railroad Bill come knockin' at yo gate,  
He'll lay yo po body daown.

Talk abaout yo bill, yo ten-dollah bill,  
But you never seen a bill like Railroad Bill.  
En he'll lay yo po body daown.

B

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of R. J. Slay; 1909)

Railroad Bill said before he died,  
He'd fit all the trains so the rounders could ride.  
Oh, ain't he bad, oh, railroad man!

Railroad Bill cut a mighty big dash;  
He killed Bill Johnson with a lightning-flash.  
Oh, ain't he bad, oh, railroad man!

C

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of J. R. Anderson; 1909)

Railroad Bill is a mighty bad man,  
Come skipping and dodging through this land.

D

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of Dr. Herrington; 1909)

Talk about yer five er yer ten dollar bill;  
Ain't no bill like de Railroad Bill.

12. JOE TURNER

(From Mississippi; negroes; MS. of M. F. Rubel; 1909)

Tell me Jo Turner's come to town; (*thrice*)  
He's brought along one thousand links er chain;  
He's gwine ter have one nigger fer each link,  
Gwine ter get this nigger fer one link.

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

<sup>1</sup> Railroad Bill was a "baed nigguh" who terrified Alabama some years ago.

<sup>2</sup> A reminiscence of the Spanish-American war.

(To be continued)



## WILLIAM CARTER, THE BENSONTOWN HOMER

BY PHILLIPS BARRY, A.M.

IN the "Harris Collection of American Poetry," at Brown University, is a small volume of verse by a forgotten country minstrel, printed in crude fashion on a poor quality of paper, now brittle and brown with age. It was published at Akron, O., in the year 1848, as appears from the titlepage.<sup>1</sup>

"William Lorenzo Carter, the Author," to quote from the preface to the little book, "was born at Benson, Rutland County, Vermont, November 14, 1813, and was *blind from his birth*, or so nearly so that he could not distinguish objects, and could only see that there was light,<sup>2</sup> without receiving any benefit from that knowledge. His father<sup>3</sup> was a Baptist Clergyman, of good and respectable standing at Benson,<sup>4</sup> although he was not permanently located at that place. He resided mostly at Benson until William was sixteen years of age, when the Author lost his mother; and soon after this event, his father became a Mormon, and in 1833, removed to Kirtland in this State.<sup>5</sup> He there commenced the study of English Grammar, learning it from lectures and from having it read to him. He made very good proficiency in this study while he continued it. But in 1834, his father went to the Mormon Settlement in Missouri, where he died, leaving the Author without any means of prosecuting his study, and in fact, leaving him without a home or any means of support, never having learned any trade (which, of course, he could only learn by the sense of feeling). In 1836, he returned to the East, with the intention of having his eyes operated upon, in the hope that he might thereby be enabled, partially, to

<sup>1</sup> *Miscellaneous Poems on Various Subjects*. Composed by Wm. L. Carter, who has been blind from his birth. Printed by H. Canfield, Akron, 1848.

<sup>2</sup> W. A. S., Lancaster, Pa., whose maternal grandmother was own aunt to William Carter, states, however, "There must have been one small perfect spot in the retina of the right eye, — this he made use of by means of a sort of ray filter, composed of glass arranged in layers, and enclosed in a leather tube, — by means of this he was able to read."

<sup>3</sup> Rev. John Carter. Recent information from Benson is to the effect that he is still remembered by old people now living in that town.

<sup>4</sup> W. A. S. states definitely that Rev. John Carter was a "minister in the Baptist Church at Benson."

<sup>5</sup> "Kirtland, O., was the seat of the first Mormon colony. There was built the first Mormon temple. The name of John S. Carter, evidently our Benson minister, appears in the list of high priests chosen Feb. 17, 1834, to constitute the first high council of the Mormon Church" (J. H. EVANS, *One Hundred Years of Mormonism*, p. 195). The identity is settled by the following anecdote in the Journal of H. C. Kimball: In 1834, "when the cholera first broke out in the camp, John S. Carter was the first who went forward to rebuke it, but himself was immediately slain" (I. W. RILEY, *The Founder of Mormonism*, p. 285). The camp referred to was the refuge-camp on the banks of the Missouri River, whither the Mormons went after the breaking-up of their colony in Missouri.

receive his sight, if not wholly; but in this he did not succeed. He then endeavored to find some opportunity to learn a trade, but the same evil genius that seemed to preside over his destiny baffled his efforts in this respect. He next made application for admittance into the Institution for the Blind in Boston, but through some defect in the mode of application, he was rejected. Thus failing entirely in the object of his journey, he returned to Ohio, and in 1840, entered the Institution for the Blind at Columbus, and remained in that excellent Institution about a year and a half, during which time he learned to read and write, and also continued the study of English Grammar, which he had before begun; he also made some proficiency in composition while at this Institution. From thence, he went to Illinois, where he remained a short time, and then<sup>1</sup> returned to this State, where he has resided ever since."

Thus far the preface to the volume concerning Carter. Very little more is known of his subsequent life. From another source it is known that "in the year 1860, he left his home, near Kirtland, Ohio, to walk to Salt Lake City, Utah, he being a great walker, often undertaking journeys of a hundred miles. He reached the State of Illinois, but nothing has ever been heard from him since. No clew to his whereabouts has ever been discovered."<sup>2</sup> Evidently our poet was a zealous Mormon, and it is not unlikely that he was among the number of the pilgrims who fell by the wayside ere they reached the promised land.

"He commenced composing verses and singing them, when at the age of twelve, for his own amusement, and to while away the dull and tedious hours which hung heavily on his mind. He would also compose epigrams of a satirical character to gratify the piques that he had against some of his mates. None of these earlier poems, however, were ever reduced to writing, but were composed and recited from memory."<sup>3</sup> The entire published product of his muse consists of six poems, five of them original, upon mournful subjects, the sixth a Scripture paraphrase.<sup>4</sup> These "were composed at various times, some before, and some after he removed to Ohio, — he would compose them and retain them in his memory, until he could get some friend to write them off for him."<sup>5</sup> A few stanzas from one of the best of them are worth reproducing here.

<sup>1</sup> Doubtless he went to Nauvoo, the Mormon city founded by Joseph Smith in 1840, his return to Kirtland being perhaps due to the Nauvoo riots of 1844.

<sup>2</sup> W. A. S., Lancaster, Pa.

<sup>3</sup> From the preface to the volume of poems.

<sup>4</sup> Contents of the volume of Carter's poems: *The Orphan's Dream*; *Lines on the Death of a Mother*; *Lines composed on parting with a Sister*; *Lines composed on a Mother's Last Words to her Son*; *Lines addressed to my Sisters, on taking Leave of them in 1843*; *Paraphrase on the First Chapter of Genesis*.

<sup>5</sup> From the preface to the volume of poems.

'T is true, thy happiest youthful days  
Are gone and cannot be recalled,—  
Many a friend beloved by thee  
No more on earth thou may'st behold.

But heaven can make the desert smile,  
The withered bud to bloom a rose,  
Sweet rills of pleasure to abound,  
Where the dark stream of trouble flows.

Short is affliction's night at best,  
And soon the glorious day will dawn,  
With joy immortal to the poor,  
And bid their sorrows all be gone.

When Michael stays the wheel of time  
And calls the holy martyrs forth,  
With all the ransomed of the Lord,  
From east to west, from south to north,

Where streams of joy forever roll,  
Beyond all trouble, death and pain,  
Thy happy parents thou shalt hail,  
Receive their loving smiles again.<sup>1</sup>

A perusal of Carter's published compositions would lead no one to affirm that upon their intrinsic merit as poems depends his place among American bards. It is as the Bensontown Homer that he is significant for us. This title befits him as the author of the now celebrated American traditional ballad, "Fair Charlotte."<sup>2</sup> This ballad is now current in the States from Maine westward to Dakota, thence southward to Oklahoma;<sup>3</sup> it has, moreover, lately been recorded in Nova Scotia. It is a highly significant fact that no trace of it has appeared in the rich "ballad country" of the Southeastern States. "There is no question as to William Carter being the author and composer of this song,"<sup>4</sup> the motive for which, according to the statement of the poet's cousin, being "the happening of the events described, in his old Vermont town of Benson, or Bensontown."<sup>5</sup> It appears to have

<sup>1</sup> W. L. Carter, *The Orphan's Dream*; stanzas 80-84.

<sup>2</sup> See my article, "Native American Balladry," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 365-373.

<sup>3</sup> In my collection *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States* are nineteen versions, distributed as follows: Maine, three; Vermont, one; Massachusetts, two; Pennsylvania, four; Ohio, two; Wisconsin, two; Kansas and Dakota, one each; also one from Nova Scotia. The Kansas version is traced to Ohio; both Ohio versions, to Vermont. Professor Henry M. Belden, Columbia, Mo., has collected a dozen versions, most of them in the State of Missouri. The Oklahoma version is in *Cowboy Songs* (edited by John A. Lomax), p. 239.

<sup>4</sup> W. A. S., Lancaster, Pa., in a communication dated March 29, 1910.

<sup>5</sup> W. A. S., Lancaster, Pa., so testifies on the authority of his mother, who is own cousin to William Carter himself.

passed into oral circulation probably as early as the year 1835,<sup>1</sup> so that its life as a traditional ballad covers little more than three-quarters of a century.

To-day the ballad is current under the same conditions of transmission that govern all folk-song, as the acquired property<sup>2</sup> of the singing folk. It is quite as communal as the best of the ancient British ballads. That it has become so widespread in its distribution, is due largely to the wanderings of the nomadic Carter himself, a modern representative of the old-time wandering minstrel. We might also speak of it as a brief unwritten chapter in the history of the indirect influence of the Mormon movement. Important "foci of infection," as it were, for the ballad, are in Vermont, central Pennsylvania, northeastern Ohio, and Missouri, — places in which it is known that Carter or some member of his family has tarried.<sup>3</sup> It is of course, at this late day, quite beyond our expectation to be able to recover with any degree of certainty, or even probability, the *ipsissima verba* of Carter's own composition. There is no record whatever to show that it was ever printed; perhaps it was never even written down from the author's dictation. We may not be far wrong, however, in assuming that a version presently to be put in evidence, said to be derived from a native of Vermont "who knew that the story was as it is related, taking place on New Year's Eve, and . . . either knew the people spoken of, or those who knew them," is fairly close to Carter's original.<sup>4</sup>

#### FAIR CHARLOTTE

(Traditional text of a ballad composed by William Lorenzo Carter)

1. Fair Charlotte lived on a mountain side,  
In a wild and lonely spot,  
No dwelling was for three miles round,  
Except her father's cot.
2. On many a cold and wintry night,  
Young swains were gathered there,  
For her father kept a social board,  
And she was very fair.

<sup>1</sup> The ballad, of course, was composed before Carter left Vermont, in 1833, to join the Mormon colony in Kirtland, O. A Kansas version, kindly communicated to me by Professor A. H. Tolman, Chicago, Ill., is one of a number of ballads taken down from D. S., Winfield, Kan., whose father, R. H. B., lived in Ohio, and from whom D. S. learned at least one ballad in 1835.

<sup>2</sup> That is, folk-song is folk-song solely by reason of its traditional currency among the singing folk. Any definition *by origin* is beside the point. See my article, "Irish Folk-Song," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, pp. 332-343.

<sup>3</sup> Vermont, of course, is important as the poet's own home; in Lancaster, Pa., his cousin lives; northeastern Ohio knew Carter as a member of the Mormon colony at Kirtland; and it is not unlikely that he accompanied his father to Missouri in 1834.

<sup>4</sup> "Fair Charlotte," K. *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*, from L. P. S., Warren, O., as derived from M. E. L., Warren, O., whose grandfather was the Vermonter to whom reference is made. L. P. S., whose great-great-grandfather founded the village of Fairhaven, near Benson, Vt., also knows the ballad.

3. Her father loved to see her dress  
Fine as a city belle, —  
She was the only child he had,  
And he loved his daughter well,
4. On New Year's eve, when the sun was set,  
She gazed with a wistful eye,  
Out of the frosty window forth,  
To see the sleighs go by.<sup>1</sup>
5. She restless was, and longing looked,  
Till a well known voice she heard,  
Came dashing up to her father's door,  
Young Charley's sleigh appeared.
6. Her mother said, — "My daughter dear,  
This blanket round you fold,  
For 't is an awful night without,  
And you'll be very cold."
7. "Oh nay, oh nay," young Charlotte cried,  
And she laughed like a Gypsy queen,  
"To ride in blanket muffled up,  
I never will be seen."
8. "My woolen cloak is quite enough,  
You know it is lined throughout,  
Besides I have my silken shawl,  
To tie my neck about."
9. Her gloves and bonnet being on,  
She jumped into the sleigh,  
And off they went, down the mountain side,  
And over the hills away.<sup>2</sup>
10. With muffled faces, silently,  
Five long, cold miles were passed,  
When Charles, in few and broken words,  
The silence broke at last.

<sup>1</sup> N. A. S., version I, from J. M. L., Mahanoy City, Pa., has after this, —

- 4a. At the village inn, fifteen miles off,  
There's a merry ball to-night,  
The air is piercing cold as death,  
But her heart is warm and light.

It appears also in other versions.

<sup>2</sup> N. A. S., I, has after this, —

- 9a. There's music in the sound of bells,  
As o'er the hills they go,  
What creaking do the runners make,  
As they leave the frozen snow.

Two versions only have both stanzas.

11. "Oh! such a night I never saw,  
My lines I scarce can hold,"—  
Fair Charlotte said, in a feeble voice,  
"I am exceeding cold."
12. He cracked his whip and they onward sped,  
Much faster than before,  
Until five other dreary miles,  
In silence they passed o'er.
13. "How fast," says Charles, "the frozen ice  
Is gathering on my brow,"  
Said Charlotte, in a weaker voice,  
"I'm growing warmer now."
14. Thus on they went through the frosty air,  
And in the cold starlight,  
Until the village and bright ball-room,  
They did appear in sight.
15. Charles drove to the door, and jumping out,  
He held his hand to her,—  
"Why sit you there like a monument,  
That has no power to stir?"
16. He asked her once, he asked her twice,  
She answered never a word:  
He asked her for her hand again,  
But still she never stirred.
17. He took her hand into his own,  
Oh God! it was cold as stone!  
He tore the mantle from her brow,  
On her face the cold stars shone.
18. Then quickly to the lighted hall,  
Her lifeless form he bore,  
Fair Charlotte was a frozen corpse,  
And her lips spake never more.
19. He threw himself down by her side,  
And the bitter tears did flow,  
And he said, "My own, my youthful bride,  
I never more shall know!"
20. He twined his arms around her neck,  
He kissed her marble brow,  
And his thoughts went back to where she said,  
"I am growing warmer now."<sup>1</sup>
21. He bore her body to the sleigh,  
And with it he drove home:  
And when he reached her father's door,  
Oh! how her parents mourned!

<sup>1</sup> Many versions of the ballad end here.

22. They mourned the loss of a daughter dear,  
 And Charles mourned o'er her doom,  
 Until at last his heart did break,  
 And they both lie in one tomb.<sup>1</sup>

This text is a representative of what may fairly be called the Vulgate text of "Fair Charlotte." Of the thirty versions of the ballad known to me, — a number of which, however, are incomplete, — all but four conform very closely to it. Of these four, one was taken down in Hathorne, Mass.; another in Kansas City, Mo.;<sup>2</sup> a third comes from South Dakota;<sup>3</sup> the fourth from Rome, Pa.<sup>4</sup> By reason of the passing uniqueness of certain stanzas,<sup>5</sup> the Kansas City version, the full text of which is herewith printed, is extremely interesting.

#### THE FROZEN GIRL <sup>6</sup>

##### Verse 1.

Young Charlotte lived by the mountain side  
 In a wild and lonely spot  
 No dwellings there for three miles round  
 Except her father's cot.<sup>7</sup>

##### 2nd

*At evening when their work was o'er,*  
*Young swain would gather there*  
 For her father kept a social board  
 And she was very fair *Rep.*

##### 3rd

At the close of a cold and stormy day  
 With beaming anxious eye  
 Young Charlotte by the window stood  
 To see the sleighs go by.

<sup>1</sup> Five versions only have these concluding stanzas.

<sup>2</sup> From J. G. H., Kansas City, Mo., as sung in eastern New York about forty years ago; 1907. MS. in possession of Professor Henry M. Belden, Columbia, Mo.

<sup>3</sup> From M. E. H., a student at the University of Wisconsin, — a version for which I am indebted to the kindness of Professor A. Beatty. In it is the following noteworthy stanza:

He took her lily-white hand in his,  
 O God! 't was stiff and cold.  
 He took her bonnet from her head,  
 As down the death-sweat rolled.

<sup>4</sup> See my article "Native Balladry in America," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 365-373.

<sup>5</sup> Indicated by being printed in Italics.

<sup>6</sup> MS. of J. G. H., Kansas City, Mo., kindly communicated to me for this article by Professor Belden. (Copied *verbatim et literalim*.)

<sup>7</sup> Note of J. G. H. "In singing, the two last lines of each verse are repeated."

4

*The snow had fallen all day long  
The wind to northward veered—  
And dashing up to the cottage door,  
Young Charlie's sleigh appeared.*

(5)

*Charles drove a pair of Morgan blacks,  
That were his special pride,  
His cutter had just space enough  
For Lottie at his side.*

(6)

*"At a village inn fifteen miles off  
There's a merry ball to-night"  
The air is freezing cold as death  
But her heart is warm and light*

(7)

*Her father just then coming in<sup>1</sup>  
It took not long to gain  
Consent from him and his good wife  
For Charles, their favorite swain.*

(8)

*Her mother said, "My daughter dear  
This blanket round you fold"  
For it is a dreadful night abroad  
You'll take your death of cold*

(9)

*Oh no! Oh no! Young Charlotte cried  
For she felt like a Gypsy Queen  
To ride in blankets muffled up  
I never can be seen.*

(10)

*Five miles along the mountain roads  
Charles drove his blacks with pride  
He was as proud as any king  
With Lottie at his side*

(11)

*Said Charles such a night I never saw  
The reins I scarce can hold  
When Charlotte said in a feeble voice  
I am exceeding cold*

<sup>1</sup> E. A. H., from whom the South Dakota version was obtained, adds that there was also a stanza beginning

Her father he was a dark, stern man.



(12)

He cracked his whip urged on his team  
 Much faster than before  
 Until at length five weary miles  
 In silence they passed o'er.

(13)

*He swung his arms, chirped to his team*  
*Dashed frost from beard & brow*  
 When Charlotte said in a voice quite low  
 I'm growing warmer now.

An interesting point remains to be considered; namely, the significance of "Fair Charlotte" for our conception of the ballad as a species of folk-song. Defined in its simplest possible terms, a ballad is the record of action cast in poetical form; a folk-ballad, consisting of text and melody,<sup>1</sup> is a ballad traditionally current among the singing folk. Under this definition there is no question of the right of Carter's "Fair Charlotte," Saunders's "Casey Jones,"<sup>2</sup> and other items of American balladry, to be reckoned among folk-ballads. Yet into this apparently very simple situation enter at once certain complications. Though it is hardly germane to a general treatment of the subject of folk-balladry to deal with texts apart from melodies,<sup>3</sup> we have still the right to analyze ballads as literature. The result of such analysis has been the discovery that not all folk-ballads are alike. Two distinct species are now recognized,<sup>4</sup> set off from each other by a marked divergence of literary convention. That is, we have, in the first place, the "popular" ballad,<sup>5</sup> notable for its dramatic impressiveness, its free use of abrupt dialogue and change in situation, not to speak of

<sup>1</sup> All folk-ballads are sung, and always have been. Recited ballads are the product of accident. A folk-singer may be unwilling to sing because of age or infirmity, or before strangers.

<sup>2</sup> "Casey Jones" (*Railroad Man's Magazine*, May, 1908, November, 1910, December, 1911, April, 1912) was composed and sung by Wallace Saunders, a negro laborer. Its subject is the last run of John Luther Jones, nicknamed "Casey Jones," an engineer on the Chicago & New Orleans Limited, who, on March 18, 1900, lost his life in a rear-end collision with a freight-train at Vaughans, Miss. It is current in many parts of the States, and has lately been recorded in the Canal zone.

<sup>3</sup> Mention may here be made of the melodies to "Fair Charlotte." Eight are known. Of these, six are sets of the original air to which Carter himself sang the ballad, another remote set of which is the hymn-tune "Golden Hill." Five of the sets are closely related; the sixth, belonging to the unique Kansas City version of J. G. H., being more distant. The seventh and eighth, from Maine and Nova Scotia respectively, are sets of an Irish air, — the same as that from which is derived the melody to the students' song, "Michael Roy."

<sup>4</sup> H. M. Belden, "The Relation of Balladry to Folk-Lore," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiv, pp. 1-13. "The ballad . . . has two main types. . . . Both . . . are popular in character and in vogue."

<sup>5</sup> For instance, "Earl Brand," or "Lord Randall."

its characteristic iterative style.<sup>1</sup> This species is not by any means extinct, and may well outlast its later-born relative, the "vulgar" ballad, so called.<sup>2</sup> Conventional narration, in all its dead-level dulness, is the touchstone of the genuine in vulgar balladry, as turned out by the ton from the presses of Pitts, Such, and Jemmy Catnatch. Furthermore, however much we may call into question the significance of this difference, or doubt that it bears witness to any actual difference in origin; however much we may deny the right of the critic to establish upon its basis a ballad aristocracy,<sup>3</sup> — we cannot deny that the difference exists.

Now as to "Fair Charlotte" itself. A perusal of the text, as given in a preceding paragraph of this article, would leave us little hesitation as to where to place the ballad. We should, perforce, include it in the second category, as the American representative of the British "vulgar" species. As a matter of fact, however, the folk is not content to let it stay there. Evidence is at hand to show that, under the influence of seventy-five years of communal re-creation,<sup>4</sup> Carter's ballad has developed something more than impersonality of authorship, and multiplicity of version, both as to text and melody. It has earned the right, provided there be a ballad aristocracy, with its noble blood determined by a critical test, to enrol itself in the number of the nobility; that is, it has begun, at least, to acquire an iterative style, not only in the melody,<sup>5</sup> but, what is more important for us here, in the text as well.<sup>6</sup>

Herewith may be cited in full the acquired characteristics of the versions in question.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, the effective repetition of suggestive phrases, verses, or stanzas. The iterative style may be parallel, as in Hebrew poetry; or climactic, as in the ancient ballad. Even Nietzsche recognized its effectiveness (see especially *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, The Yea and Amen Lay).

<sup>2</sup> This unfortunate name it seems impossible to better; it carries with it no connotation of vulgarity in the language or subject-matter.

<sup>3</sup> That is, to regard the three hundred and six "popular" ballads as having an exclusive right to the name "ballad."

<sup>4</sup> By "communal re-creation" is meant the process of passing through the minds of a large number of folk-singers, good, bad, and indifferent, which issues in certain well-known effects upon the text and melody of all folk-songs.

<sup>5</sup> Ballad melodies (this applies quite as much to the melodies of vulgar as of popular ballads) possess an important, if long unrecognized, characteristic feature, — the climactic iteration of partial melodies (see my article "Folk-Music in America," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 72-81).

<sup>6</sup> This is not unprecedented, as will later appear.

<sup>7</sup> For convenience, the references to re-created stanzas are taken in the order in which the corresponding stanzas occur in the archetype.

Stanzas 4, 5 (Columbia, Mo.<sup>1</sup>)

'T was New Year's eve, and the sun was low,  
*High beams her lingering eye,*  
*As she to the frozen window went,*  
 To watch the sleighs go by.

*High beams her lingering eye,*  
 When a well-known voice she heard,  
*As she to the frozen window went,*  
 Young Charles in his sleigh appeared.

An effective iterative style is produced by subconscious assimilation of language.<sup>2</sup>

Stanza 4a (Hathorne, Mass.<sup>3</sup>)

"In yonder village, miles away,  
 There's a merry ball to-night,  
 Although it is extremely cold,  
 Our hearts are warm and light."

Here is a direct change from a descriptive passage to unIntroduced dialogue.

Stanzas 9a-11 (Cameron, Mo.<sup>4</sup>)

"There is music in the sound of bells,  
 As o'er the hills we go,  
 What a creaking noise those runners make,  
 As they glide o'er the frozen snow.

"Such a night as this I never seen,  
 The reins I scarce can hold."

In this case, a passage of continuous abrupt dialogue is produced by the loss of stanza 10, introductory to dialogue, and the change of 9a from description to dialogue. In no other version has the change been so marked, though in four others the dropping-out of stanza 10 has left the dialogue in stanza 11 unIntroduced.<sup>5</sup>

Stanza 10 (Rome, Pa.<sup>6</sup>)

*Along the bleak and dreary way,*  
 How keen the winds do blow!  
 The stars did never shine so bright,  
 How creaks the frozen snow!

<sup>1</sup> Recollected by J. F., kindly communicated to me by Professor Belden.

<sup>2</sup> By an exactly analogous process, folk-music develops an iterative style (see my article "The Origin of Folk-Melodies," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, pp. 440-445.

<sup>3</sup> "Fair Charlotte," E, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*.

<sup>4</sup> From W. L. H., for which I am indebted to Professor Belden.

<sup>5</sup> In one Missouri version, that of J. F. (see note 1), iteration occurs,

"Such a night, such a night, I never saw!"

<sup>6</sup> "Fair Charlotte," D, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. For the full text see my article "Native Balladry in America," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 365-373.

*Along the bleak and dreary way,  
Five lonely miles they passed,  
When Charles in a few and frozen words  
The silence broke at last.*

This iterative passage is one of the several peculiarities of this version.

Stanza 14 (West Plains, Mo.<sup>1</sup>)  
This on the way through the frost and snow  
While the wintry stars shone bright,  
"Oh, now we are to the village inn,  
And the ball-room is in sight."

This version is unique in the bold change from description to un-introduced dialogue.

Stanzas 15-16 (South Dakota<sup>2</sup>)  
"Why sit you there like a monument  
That has no power to stir?  
*He asked her once, he asked her twice,*  
But received no answer from her,  
*He asked her once, he asked her twice,*  
But she answered not a word.  
He asked her for her hand again,<sup>3</sup>  
And still she never stirred.

The iteration is acquired by the simple act of subconscious repetition of the phrase containing the thought most impressive to the hearer.

Stanza 18 (Hathorne, Mass.<sup>4</sup>)  
*A lifeless corpse young Charlotte was,*  
For she froze by the mountain side,  
*A lifeless corpse young Charles he bore,*  
Into the inn's fireside.

The admirable effectiveness of the iteration in this passage is quite in keeping with the style of the ancient ballad.

It might be objected that these examples are few; yet they are all that, under the circumstances, we have any right to expect, if not more. Communal re-creation is not a rapid process, nor a uniform one. Carter's ballad has been subject to it for less than a century, whereas the ancient ballads may well have been in oral circulation for a period of several centuries. Furthermore, whereas their history has

<sup>1</sup> From MS. of M. D., West Plains, Mo., kindly communicated to me by Professor Belden.

<sup>2</sup> From M. E. H., kindly contributed to me by Professor Beatty.

<sup>3</sup> In N. A. S., version E, this line appears as introduced dialogue, —

"Give me your hand!" he said again.

<sup>4</sup> "Fair Charlotte," E, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*.

been laid in the golden age of folk-song, it has been the fate of the American ballad to struggle into life during a period of decadence, when the fashion of folk-singing was on the decrease. And it being admitted, as it must be, that the iterative style is a very old form of expression, we should expect exactly what we find to be the case; namely, that reversions to this primitive form — literary atavisms, as we may call them, traceable to the subconscious action of communal re-creation — should be numerous in the ancient British ballad, and sporadic in the late-born child of the American folk-muse.

Still another objection must be met and answered. In the vulgar ballad of Britain, a type much older than our native ballad, only the faintest traces of the "ballad style," as far as the text is concerned, grow out of communal re-creation.<sup>1</sup> Yet the very fact that the iterative style, while generally present in the melodies,<sup>2</sup> is absent in the texts, should lead us to suspect the presence of some factor inhibitive of communal re-creation with respect to the text only. This factor is the busy press of Jemmy Catnatch and his kind, who practically never printed melodies. The cheapness and ready accessibility of the broadsides tended to produce and preserve a "vulgate text," while the singers were left free to vary the melody according as the subconscious fancy led them: hence the absence, except in sporadic cases, of the iterative style from the text of the vulgar ballad in oral tradition. The ancient ballads, on the contrary, were many of them never printed. Such as were printed and circulated in broadside form had been in oral circulation so long that their characteristic style was fixed. It has been the good fortune of Carter's ballad that, like "Lord Randall" and some others, it never fell into the maw of the broadside press.

In the last analysis, it seems that much of our "ballad problem" has been one of our own making. We can now be sure that folk-song and folk-ballad can be accounted for on the basis of individual invention, with subsequent communal re-creation; moreover, that the characteristic reversion to the primitive iterative style, with its dramatic impressiveness, develops in ballads quite spontaneously, as an effect of continual folk-singing. In "Fair Charlotte" we have laid before us a history, in miniature, of folk-song and folk-ballad the world over. So much do we owe to the humble genius of William Lorenzo Carter, the village Homer of old Bensontown.

FELTON HALL,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

<sup>1</sup> It does, however, appear to some extent in versions re-created by the folk-singers of the Southeastern States, etc.

<sup>2</sup> See my article "Folk-Music in America," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 72-81.

## A TEXAS VERSION OF "THE WHITE CAPTIVE"

BY CHARLES PEABODY

Two versions of this ballad have been published, — one in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for 1909, pp. 256 and 257, and edited by G. F. Will; and the other in "Cowboy Songs" (New York, 1910), by John A. Lomax.

Professor Lomax's version is by far the most complete, and probably approaches nearer to the original form than either of the others. It contains fourteen verses, against ten and a half in the present form.

In addition to the presentation, there is not much to be said. In both of the longer versions there is repetition without any addition to the story, which bears the marks of being handed down from mouth to mouth.

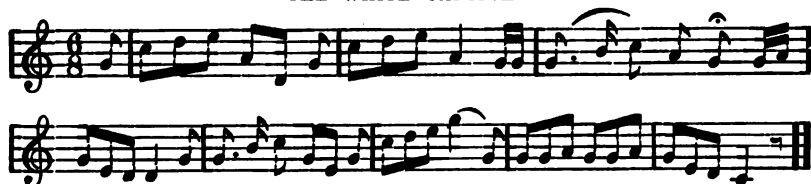
The names of the hero and heroine in Mr. Lomax's version are Albon and Amanda, while in the present version they are Albion and Amandia. It seems likely that the original version contained "Albion" and "Amanda," which became "Amandia" by a sort of attraction. Changes in familiar names are not uncommon; as, for instance, "Elen-der" and "Alender" in the American versions of "Lord Thomas."<sup>1</sup>

As regards the ballad as a whole, its content places it somewhere in the Appalachian region, whence it went with the emigrants to the West; for all three versions hail from Texas. The use of the word "cot" for "cabin" gives the impression of a literary, if not European origin. So far, the only European cycle suggested by it is the "Maiden Freed from the Gallows" (Child, No. 95). In the Continental versions of the cycle there are the motives of the abduction and of the self-sacrificing lover, but the similarity ends there.

The ballad in question surely harks back to one of the early wars of this country, where the Indians had an Englishman for a leader. Possibly the massacre of Wyoming in the Revolutionary War may be faintly echoed here.

The music, reduced to its interval order, presents a major scale lacking its fourth, and may be a suggestion of the Celtic pentatonic scale or of the hexachordal scale lacking its leading tone, that superseded it in the fifteenth century in Scotland.

## THE WHITE CAPTIVE



<sup>1</sup> Compare G. L. Kittredge, in *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, No. LXXIX, p. 254; and the *Berea Quarterly* for April, 1905.

1. The sun has gone down o'er the hills in the west,  
And its last beams have faded o'er the mossy hill's crest;  
The beauty of nature, the charms of the fair,  
A maiden was bound with her white bosom bare.
2. At the foot of the mountain Amandia did sigh  
At the hoot of an owl or a catamount cry,  
At the howl of some wolf from its long granite cell  
Or the crush of some dead [forest] tree as it fell.
3. The camp-fire was kindled and fanned by the breeze,  
And its red embers shone o'er the evergreen trees;  
But fierce was the looks of that wild savage scene,  
The light o'er their features in entrance did gleam.
4. The watch-fire was kindled, and its red light did glare.  
This maiden was bound with her white bosom bare.  
Around her stood this mercerless throng,  
Impatient to join in the war-dancing song.
5. They brought out then the captive all friendless, forlorn,  
Her face bathed in blood and her garments all torn.  
She counted vengeance in the face of the foe,  
And sighed for the time when her suff'rings might close.
6. They waited a moment while they gazed on the fair,  
Whose dark hazel eyes were uplifted in prayer.  
And down on her bosom her dark locks did flow,  
Which hid from the gazers her bosom of snow.
7. The chief of these warriors, young Albion, drew near  
With an eye like an eagle and a step like a deer.  
"Forbear," cried young Albion, "your freedom to crave,"  
Gave a sigh for her suff'ring, and a tear o'er her grave.
8. "Forbear," cried young Albion, "your tortures forbear!  
This maiden shall live, by the heavens I swear!  
To-night if a victim shall burn at your tree,  
Young Albion, your leader, your victim shall be."
9. At the dawn of the evening, at the close of the day,  
A birch-tree canoe was seen gliding away.  
Swifter than the wild duck that skims o'er the tide  
Young Albion and Amandia together did ride.
10. At the dawn of next morning a white cot was seen  
With its blue curling smoke o'er the wild willows green,  
But great was the joy when she stepped on the shore  
To embrace her kind father and mother once more.
11. But all that he asked was kindness and food,  
From the parents of Amandia to the chief of the woods.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FIVE OLD-COUNTRY BALLADS<sup>1</sup>

Of the following ballads, the first two are from the recollection of Miss Lucy R. Laws of Christian College, Columbia, Mo. She learned them in her childhood in Mercer County, Kentucky, from a Shakeress who was a nurse in the family. Concerning "Andy Bardan" she writes, "The ballad came to us from the Shakeress's son-in-law. He was a pensioner of the Civil War, brought up in Indiana, I think, but of the old Kentucky Sims family. He came to Mercer County in the late sixties to look up an orphan half-sister who was a step-daughter of the Shakeress. He introduced the ballad among the children of the neighborhood about that time. The Shakeress had been a nurse in our family, hence we had the benefit of the songs. Charlie Sims, the singer, became a well-known figure in the county, and died in Harrodsburg, a pensioner upon the Government and upon the charity of the people. On one side he was connected with a large and well-known family in West Mercer (the hill region) and adjoining counties; on the other side he must have been of very obscure and undesirable extraction. I always supposed that he heard the ballad while in army service, though the Sims family might well have preserved folk ballads." "The Gyptian Laddie" is also from the Shakeress's repertory; though Miss Laws tells Professor Belden that she heard portions of it in Columbus, Ind., in 1869. The tune was entirely different, and the ballad altogether suggestive of conscious coarseness:

"Last night she slept in a warm feather bed  
And in her arms her baby;  
To-night she sleeps the Devil knows where,  
In the arms of Gypsy Davy."

*Chorus*

"Hoops now's all the go,  
Sets the darkies crazy;  
This is the way we all shall go  
Along o' Gypsy Davy."<sup>2</sup>

I. ANDY BARDAN<sup>3</sup>

Three brothers in old Scotland did dwell,  
Three loving brothers were they;  
They all cast lots to see which of them  
Should go robbing around the salt sea.

<sup>1</sup> Nos. 1 (first two versions), 2, 3, 4, were contributed and edited by Professor H. M. Belden, of the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.; the third version of No. 1 was contributed by Professor George B. Woods, of Miami University, Oxford, O.; No. 5, by Dr. Alma Blount, of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich. — G. L. K.

<sup>2</sup> Sometimes "Davy-o."

<sup>3</sup> Compare Child 250, E, which is also from oral tradition in America; but "Andy Bardan" is nearer than Child's E to "Sir Andrew Barton," since it has kept the King's



The lot fell on to Andy Bardan,  
The youngest of the three,  
For to maintain the other two  
A-robbing around the salt sea.

He had not sailed very many long nights  
Before a ship he did spy;  
It sailed far off, it sailed far off,  
And then it came sailing close by.

"Who's there, who's there?" said Andy Bardan,  
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"  
"We are the rich merchants from old England;  
If no offense, let us pass by."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Andy Bardan,  
"Oh no, that never can be!  
Your ship and your cargo we'll have, my boys,  
And your bodies sink in the salt sea."

The news came into King Henry  
(For it was him they crowned)  
His ship and his cargo both were lost  
And all his merry men drowned.

"Go build a ship both wide and deep,  
And build it safe and secure,  
And if Andy Bardan you do not bring in,  
Your lives shall no longer endure."

They had not sailed very many long nights  
Before a ship they did spy;  
It sailed far off, it sailed far off,  
And then it came sailing close by.

"Who's there? Who's there?" said Captain Charles Stewart,  
"Who's there that sails so nigh?"  
"We are the bold robbers from old Scotland;  
If no offense, let us pass by."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Captain Charles Stewart,  
"Oh no! that never can be;  
Your ship and your cargo we'll have, my boys,  
And your bodies sink in the salt sea."

"Peel on! peel on!" said Andy Bardan,  
And loud the cannon did roar;  
And Captain Charles Stewart took Andy Bardan,  
He took him to Fair England's shore.

name as Henry, not George, and represents the pirate as conquered and taken back to England. In "Sir Andrew Barton" he is killed, and his head is carried back as a trophy.

"What now, what now," said Andy Bardan,  
 "What now my fate it shall be!  
 The gallows are ready for Andy Bardan,  
 The bold robber around the salt sea.

"Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
 And dig it close to the sea;  
 And tell my brothers as they pass by,  
 I'm done robbing around the salt sea."

2. THE GYPTIAN LADDIE (Child, 200)<sup>1</sup>

"O would you leave your house and home,  
 O would you leave your honey?  
 O would you leave your three little babes  
 To go with the Gyptian laddie?"

*Chorus*

Raddle-um-a-ding, a-ding, ding, ding,  
 Raddle-um-a-ding-a-dary,  
 Raddle-um-a-ding, a-ding, ding, ding,  
 Raddle-um-a-ding-a-dary (*or*, She's gone with the Gyptian laddie!)

"O yes, I'd leave my house and home,  
 O yes, I'd leave my honey,  
 O yes, I'd leave my three little babes  
 To go with the Gyptian laddie!"

The old man came home that night,  
 Inquiring for his honey;  
 The maid came tripping along the hall,—  
 "She's gone with the Gyptian laddie!"

"Go saddle for me my milk-white steed,  
 Go bridle for me my brownie;  
 I'll ride all night and I'll ride all day,  
 I'll overtake my honey."

"O come go back with me, my love,  
 Go back with me, my honey;  
 I'll lock you up in a chamber so high,  
 Where the Gyptian can't come near you."

"I won't go back with you, my love,  
 I won't go back, my honey;  
 I'd rather have one kiss from the Gyptian's lips  
 Than all your land and money."

<sup>1</sup> A version from Missouri was printed in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, pp. 294, 295.

<sup>2</sup> Forgotten stanzas, in which he bids her strip off her finery, after which the 'Gyptian casts her off.

"Last night I slept in my fine feather bed,  
 And in my arms my dearie;  
 Tonight I sleep in an old . . .  
 And the Gyptian won't come near me."<sup>1</sup>

Another version comes to me through Miss G. M. Hamilton from D. Hogan of the West Plains (Mo.) High School, who got it "from an old lady."

#### BLACK JACK DAVY

"Come go with me, my pretty little pink,  
 Come go with me, my honey;  
 Come go with me to a distant land  
 Where we never will need for money,  
 Where we never will need for money."

"The river slow, the heather bright,  
 The sky is low and hazy,  
 But ere the morning dawns again  
 You'll be gone with Black Jack Davy,  
 You'll be gone with Black Jack Davy."

"Go bring me out my high heel shoes  
 That's made of Spanish leather,  
 And I will wear them out to-day  
 For flowers at the distant heather,  
 For flowers at the distant heather."

"Go bring me out my milk-white horse  
 Which rides so light and steady;  
 I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night  
 Till I overtake my lady."

Still another version was communicated in December, 1911, by Professor George B. Woods, of Miami University, Oxford, O., who had it from one of his pupils, Mr. C. V. Sensenbaugh. The ballad was learned by Mr. Sensenbaugh's grandmother, before 1850, from a family named Wolf. Mr. Sensenbaugh says that "lonely" is sometimes heard instead of "shady" in stanza 3. He also has a single line ("Surrounded by the band of Gypsies") which seems to belong to an additional stanza, though it is sometimes sung in place of the last line of the last stanza.

#### THE GYPSY DAVY

1. A Gypsy riding o'er the plain,  
 He sang so loud and clearly;  
 He sang and he sang, till he made the valley ring,  
 And he charmed the heart of a lady.

<sup>1</sup> Or "And the Gyptians all around me."

2. "Will you go with me, my bonnie a lass,  
Will you go with me, my honey?  
And I will swear to the sword that hangs by my side  
You shall never want for money."
3. He slipped on his high-heeled boots  
Made out of Spanish leather;  
She slipped on her low-cut shoes,  
And away they tripped together.
4. When the master he came home that night  
Inquiring for his lady,  
The servant made him a bold reply,  
"She's gone with the Gypsy Davy."
5. "Go saddle me my old gray horse,  
The black one's not so speedie;  
I'll ride all day and I'll ride all night  
Until I find my lady."
6. He rode and he rode till he came to black sea,  
Where it looked so dark and shady;  
The tears came trickling down his cheeks  
When there he beheld his lady.
7. "Will you forsake your house and lot?  
Will you forsake your baby?  
Will you forsake your new-wedded lord  
And go with the Gypsy Davy?"
8. "Yes, I'll forsake my house and lot;  
Yes, I'll forsake my baby;  
Yes, I'll forsake my new-wedded lord  
And go with the Gypsy Davy.
9. "Last night I slept on my own feather-bed,  
And in my arms my baby;  
To-night I'll sleep in the low wilderness  
In the arms of my Gypsy Davy.
10. "Last night I slept on my own feather-bed,  
And in my arms my baby;  
To-night I'll sleep, the Lord knows where,  
But with my Gypsy Davy."

3. BANGUM AND THE BOAR (Child, 18)

Some fragments of this were printed in this Journal, vol. xix, p. 235. The following version was written out for Professor Belden by Professor G. C. Broadhead of Columbia, Mo., who tells him he has known it for nearly sixty years.

"There is a wild boar in these woods  
*Dillum down dillum*

There is a wild boar in these woods

*Dillum down*

There is a wild boar in these woods

Who'll eat your flesh and drink your blood."

*Kobby ky cuddle down killy quo cum.*

"Oh how shall I this wild boar see?"

"I'll blow a blast and he'll come to me."

Old Bangum blew both loud and shrill;

The wild board heard on Temple Hill.

The wild boar dashed with such a rash

He tore his way through oak and ash.

Old Bangum drew his wooden knife

And swore he'd take the wild boar's life.

They fought four hours in a day;

At last the wild boar stole away.

They traced the wild boar to his den,

And found the bones of a thousand men.

#### 4. SHIPWRECK (Child, 289)

This was written down by Agnes Shibley of the Kirksville (Mo.) Normal School, who learned it from her mother. It was sent to Professor Belden by Miss Hamilton.

One Saturday night as we set sail,

Not being far from shore,

'Twas then that I spied a pretty fair maid

With a glass and a comb in her hand, her hand,

With a glass and a comb in her hand.

#### *Chorus*

The stormy wind did blow,

And the raging sea did roll,

And we poor sailors came leaping to the top

While the landsmen lay down below, below, below,

While the landsmen lay down below.

Then up came a boy of our gallant ship,

And a noble-spoken boy was he;

Saying, "I've a mother in distant York town

This night is a-weeping for me."

Then up came a lad of our gallant ship,

And a beautiful lad was he,

Saying, "I've a sweetheart in distant York town

This night is a-looking for me."

Then up came the clerk of our gallant ship,  
And a noble-spoken man was he,  
Saying, "I've a wife in distant York town  
This night a widow will be."

Then up came the captain of our gallant ship,  
There is no braver man than he,  
Saying, "For the want of a yawl-boat we'll be drowned  
And we'll sink to the bottom of the sea."

Then three times round our gallant ship turned,  
Three times round she turned;  
Three times round our gallant ship turned,  
Then she sank to the bottom of the sea.

5. CAPTAIN WARD (Child, 287)

The following version of "Captain Ward" was contributed by Dr. Alma Blount, of the State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Mich., March 14, 1912, as written down by Mr. Kerns, one of her students. It has been traditional in his family for many years. About twenty years ago one of them made a written copy. The Kerns family came from the North of England to New Jersey about a hundred and fifty years ago, and it is thought they brought the ballad with them (in memory, not in print).

1. Strike up, ye lusty gallants, that love the sound of drum!  
I have discovered a rover, that on the sea doth run;  
His name it is bold Captain Ward, as plain it doth appear;  
There hasn't been such a rover found out this hundred year.
2. He sent a letter unto our queen the ninth of February,  
Desiring that he might come in, with his company so merry;  
Desiring that he might come in, and when his tale was told,  
For his ransom he would give fully thirty tons of gold.
3. "Oh, no! oh, no!" then said our queen. "This thing it may not be,  
That I should reign upon the land and not upon the sea.  
He hath deceived the Queen of France, likewise the Queen of Spain,  
And how should he prove true to me when he hath deceived twain?"
4. Our queen then fitted out a ship, a gallant ship of fame,  
And she was called the Rainbow, if you would know her name.  
So well she was provided for, and fitted for the sea,  
With fifty good brass pieces to bear her companie.
5. It was four o'clock in the morning when they began to fight,  
And cannons they kept roaring till eight o'clock at night.  
"Shoot on! shoot on!" says Captain Ward, "your sport well pleaseth me;  
And if you fight a month or more, your master I will be!"

6. And now the gallant Rainbow is returning home again,  
 Saying, "Yonder sails proud Captain Ward, and there he may remain."  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

[Several stanzas missing]

7. "Alack! alas!" then said our queen, "for I've lost jewels three:  
 There was Captain Drake and Witherington and bold Lord Willoughby.  
 If e'er a one of them was alive, he'd have brought proud Ward to me."

## BRAZILIAN SONGS

BY ELEANOR HAGUE

THE first three of the following songs are sung in northern Brazil. The fourth I learned originally from a friend who had heard it in a remote part of Portugal. Later I found that it is also sung in Brazil.

## 1. NASCI PARA TI AMAR



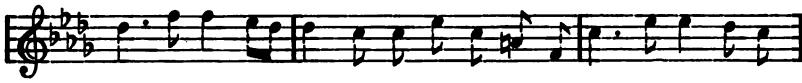
1. Nasce pa-ra te a-mar, Oh sorte fe-ri-na! Pa-ra te ado-



rar foi min-ha si-na! Oh Deus quan-to sof-fro es-ta



dôr! Cin-gi-da na fe-ri-da d'este a-mor! Eu vou fu-gir de



ti, Sou des-pre-za-do, Nas-ci pa-ra sof-frer des-ven-tu--

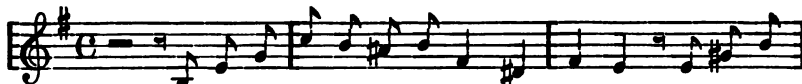


ra-do, Oh Deus quan-to sof-fro es-ta--



dôr! Cin-gi-da na fe-ri-da d'este a-mor!

## 2. MEU ANJO ESCUTA




1. Meu an-jo escu-ta u-ma flauta ao lon-ge, De um pobre



bar-do que en-lou-que-ceu, Ouve-se a flau-ta n'uma lon-ga





queixa, E'o pobre bar-do sus-pi-rou, mor-reu. Ouve se a  
flau-ta n'uma lon-ga, queixa, E'o pobre bar-do sus-pi-rou, mor-reu.

2. E meia noite o triste bronza chora,  
A lua occulta sob nuvem obscura,  
Calou-se a flauta-n'uma longa queixa,  
E o pobre bardo morreu de amargura.
3. Morreu o bardo que nas noites bellas,  
Ao som da flauta supplicava amor,  
Morreu a bella que adorava a bardo,  
Morreu sonhando n'um provir em flor.

### 3. TORMENTOS DA VIDA



1. Os tor-men-tos que pas-so na vi-da,  
Oh, meu De-us! não pos-so re-la-tar, Des-pre-  
za - - do d'a-quel-le que a-mo, Sou for-  
ca - do a es-ta dôr a ba-far,.....  
Des-pre-za - do d'a-quel-le que a-mo,  
Sou for-ca - do a es-ta dôr a ba-far.

2. Sinto dôres que férem meu peito!  
Sinto magoas crueis e paixão!  
Eu não vejo no mundo quem dei,  
Nem motivos em meu coração.

4. OH, FONTE QUE ESTÁS CHORANDO!



Oh, fon - te que es - tás cho - ran - do,  
não tar - da - rás a sec - car,..... Oh!  
fon - te que es - tas cho - ran - do, não tar - da -  
rás a sec - car,..... Mas os meus o - lhos são  
fon - tes, Que não pa - ram de cho -  
rar, Aí! Mas os meus o - lhos são  
fon - tes, Que não pa - ram de cho - rar.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

BALLADS FROM NOVA SCOTIA. — *Continued*

BY W. ROY MACKENZIE

## LITTLE MATHA GROVE

IN the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for July–September, 1910, I published, under the title "Little Matha Grove," a version of "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard"<sup>1</sup> (Child, No. 81). The basis of this text was a recitation by Mrs. Levi Langille, of Marshville, Nova Scotia; but I also recorded stanzas and lines as delivered by three other persons who had some familiarity with the ballad. In August, 1911, I received from Mrs. Bigney, of Pictou, Nova Scotia, additional variants on a few of the stanzas; and these variants I shall record below, indicating their positions in the ballad by reference to my previously published version.

Stanza 3 is slightly changed; then follows a new stanza; and stanza 4, which was incomplete, is rounded out. The three new stanzas read thus:

Lord Daniel's wife, who was standing by,  
On him she cast her eye,  
Saying, "This very night, you little Matha Grove,  
You must come with me and lie."

"I wouldn't for the world, I wouldn't for my life,  
For fear Lord Daniel should hear,  
For I know you are Lord Daniel's wife  
By the ring on your hand you do wear."

"Well, what if I am Lord Daniel's wife,  
As you suppose me to be?  
Lord Daniel's away to the New Castle  
King Henry for to see."

Stanza 14 is thus rendered:

They rumbled and tumbled till they both fell asleep;  
And not a word did they say  
Till Lord Daniel stood by the bed-side  
Little Matha for to slay.

The following combination is made of stanzas 17 and 18:

"Get up, get up, you little Matha Grove,  
And fight me for your life." —  
"How can I fight when you've two bright swords,  
And I've got scarcely a knife?"

<sup>1</sup> "Three Ballads from Nova Scotia," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii (July–September, 1910), No. LXXXIX.

Stanza 22 is thus rendered:

"Cursèd be my wife," said he,  
 "And cursèd be my hand.  
 They have caused me to slay the prettiest lad  
 That ever trod England's land."

THE GREENWOOD SIDING

The following version of "The Cruel Mother" (Child, No. 20) I also obtained in August, 1911, from the singing and recitation of Mrs. Bigney, of Pictou, Nova Scotia.

1. There was a lady came from York  
 Down alone in the lonely.<sup>1</sup>  
 She fell in love with her father's clerk  
 Down alone by the greenwood siding.
2. She loved him well, she loved him long,  
 Till at length this young maid with child she did prove.
3. She leaned her back against an oak,  
 When first it bowed, and then it broke.
4. She leaned herself against a thorn,  
 And then her two babes they were born.
5. She took her penknife, keen and sharp,  
 And she pierced it through their innocent hearts.
6. She dug a hole seven feet deep,  
 She threw them in and bid them sleep.
7. It's when this young maid was returning home  
 She saw two babes a-playing ball.
8. "O babes, O babes! if you were mine,  
 I would dress you up in silks so fine."
9. "O mother, mother! when we were thine,  
 You did not dress us in silks so fine.
10. "But you took your penknife, keen and sharp,  
 And you pierced it through our innocent hearts.
11. "You dug a hole seven feet deep,  
 You threw us in and bid us sleep."
12. "O babes, O babes! what shall I do  
 For the wicked crime I have done unto you?"

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Palmer, whom I shall introduce presently, substituted here the slightly different refrain, —

All a lee and a loney, O.

13. "O mother, O mother! it's us can tell,  
For it's seven long years you shall ring a bell,
14. "And seven more like an owl in the woods,  
And seven more like a whale in the sea.
15. "The rest of your time you shall be in hell,  
And it's there you'll be fixed for eternity."

## DONALD MUNRO

The following ballad, which in its motive is reminiscent, though rather vaguely, of "Babylon, or The Bonnie Banks O Fordie," I obtained in September, 1911, from the singing and recitation of Sandy Murphy, of Cape John, Nova Scotia. Its interest is due partly to the glimpse that it gives of America from the Scottish point of view.

1. Ye sons of North Britain, you that used to range  
In search of foreign countries and lands that was strange,  
Amongst this great number was Donald Munro.  
Away to America he likewise did go.
2. Two sons with his brother he caused them to stay  
On account of their passage he could not well pay.  
When seven long winters were ended and gone,  
They went to their uncle one day alone,
3. To beg his consent to cross o'er the main  
In hopes their dear parents to meet with again.  
Their uncle replied then, and answered them, "No,  
Thou hast no money wherewith thou canst go."<sup>1</sup>
4. And when they were landed in that country wild,  
Surrounded by rebels on every side,  
There being two rebels that lurked in the wood,  
They pointed their pistols where the two brothers stood.
5. And lodging a bullet in each brother's breast,  
They ran for their prey like two ravenous beasts.  
"You cruelest monsters, you bloodthirsty hounds,  
Hou could you have killed us until we hath found,
6. "Found out our dear parents whom we sought with much care?  
I'm sure, when they hear it, they'll die in despair,  
For they left us in Scotland seven twelvemonths ago.  
Perhaps you might know them; their names were Munro."
7. "Oh, curse to my hands! Oh, what have I done!  
Oh, curse to my hands, I have murdered my sons!"  
"Is this you, dear father? How did you come by?  
And since I have seen you, contented I'll die."

<sup>1</sup> Either the two brothers were persons of great independence and spirit, or else a stanza is missing between 3 and 4.

8. "I'll sink into sorrow till life it is o'er,  
In hopes for to meet you on a far brighter shore,  
In hopes for to meet you on a far brighter shore,  
Where I'll not be able to kill you no more."

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

The following ballad I obtained from the singing and recitation of Mrs. Palmer, of Brule, Nova Scotia. It is a version of the popular modern ballad motive including the meeting between the young man just returned from the sea, or from some foreign land, and his sweetheart, who does not recognize him. The maiden bewails the absence of her lover. The young man states that he has known the lover, who is now dead, or, worse still, happy in the company of a new mistress; then, at the signs of grief which prove the constancy of the maiden, he reveals his identity, and happiness reigns. "The Lady of the Lake," like "Donald Munro," is a British ballad pointing towards America.

1. As I walked out one evening down by the river-side,  
Along the banks of sweet Dundee a lovely lass I spied.  
First she sighed, and then did say, "I fear I'll rue the day"<sup>1</sup>  
. . . . .
2. "Once I had a kind sweetheart, his name was Willie Brown,  
And in the 'Lady of the Lake' he sailed from Greenwich Town,  
With full five hundred emigrants bound for Americay,  
And on the banks of Newfoundland I am told they were cast away."
3. When she made mention of my name, I to myself did say,  
"Can this be you stands by my side, my own dear Liza Gray?"  
I turned myself right round about, my tears for to conceal,  
And with a sigh I then began my mournful tale to tell.
4. "I own this loss of Greenokay, for I in that vessel went;  
Along with your true love, Willie Brown, some happy hours I spent.  
Along with your true love, Willie Brown, some happy hours spent we;  
He was my chief companion upon the raging sea.
5. "We tossed upon the raging main five hundred miles from shore.  
The nor'west winds and fields of ice down on our vessel bore.  
That night the 'Lady of the Lake' to pieces she was sent,  
And all the crew but thirty-two down to the bottom went."
6. She said, "Kind sir, if that be true, what you relate to me,  
Unto all earthly pleasures I'll forever bid adieu,  
And in some lonely valley I'll wander for his sake,  
And I'll always think on the day he sailed in the 'Lady of the Lake.'"

<sup>1</sup> I have strangled the temptation to round out this stanza. The rhyming word for the last line is almost certainly "Americay," as the next stanza will show.

7. "O Liza, lovely Liza! from weeping now refrain;  
For, don't you see, the Lord spared me to see your face again?  
For don't you see what you gave me when I left Greenokay?"  
In his hand he bore the likeness of his own dear Liza Gray.

The specimens just presented are selected from a fairly large and unsteadily increasing body of ballads which I have been collecting from summer to summer in Nova Scotia. The last two, as I have indicated, are included partly because of their mention of America. Practically all of the ballads in my collection are English and Scottish, and very few of them recognize the existence of the country in which they are now being fostered.

The Mrs. Bigney who furnished me with the additional variants to "Little Matha Grove" is Mrs. Bigney only in her adopted home of Pictou. In the district where she was reared (i. e., Marshville) she is "Isaac's Ellen;" that is to say, she is a daughter of Isaac Langille, who was a neighbor of a certain patriarch of ballad-singers whom I mentioned in my edition of this ballad. We have, then, one more road leading to Rome, which city is in my tale merely a symbol for an old cobbler, long since dead, whose name was Edward Langille.

It was by purest accident that I obtained from "Isaac's Ellen" the ballad presented above as "The Greenwood Siding." Ellen had many songs that she considered worthy of presentation to a person of taste and delicacy, but among these "The Greenwood Siding" did not appear. It is to her small niece, who was too young to have eaten from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, that my thanks are due. The latter supplemented my indefinite requests for "old songs" by a suggestion that her aunt should sing "the one about the lady that killed her two babies," whereat she was hastily informed that there was no such song, and further requested not to open her meddlesome mouth again. I boldly supplemented the niece's entreaties, and extorted the admission that there was such a song, but was assured that it was incredibly foolish, very indecent, and that nobody would be offended sooner than myself if it were sung in my presence. I averred my catholicity of taste, and finally the song was sung. At my expressed delight in its interest and mellow antiquity, however, Ellen was inclined to be sardonic. The story, she asserted, must be an out-and-out lie. There might be such things as ghosts, though she had her doubts even of that; but when it came to a game of ball and a long sermon from two babies who had been killed and buried, the person who made up the lie was going a little too far. And as to the song being an old one, it was well known that sidings were synchronous with railroads, and it was not so very long since railroads had been started. Ellen had learned the ballad, she was ashamed to

say, from her mother and her two uncles, who, many years ago, had been in the habit of foregathering in the evenings and singing ballads in turn.

As to the provenience of "Donald Munro," no definite information was given by my authority, and consequently none can be hazarded by me. The song is about the only one remaining on the windy shores of Cape John, though Sandy could "mind well of the days" when songs and "ballats" — that is, songs procured and transmitted orally and songs printed on broadside sheets — were as thick as the eel-grass on the flats below his house. He supposed he had picked this one up in the old days, but he didn't know; he wasn't the singer that he used to be. His interest was, in fact, chiefly centred upon a double menace to the efficiency of his establishment, arising from a cataract on his wife's eye and a stiff joint on the nigh for'a'd leg of his horse.

The way of the ballad-collector is hard; but seldom is it so beset with rocks and so overgrown with thistles as it was on the afternoon when I spent two solid hours receiving the solemn assurances of old Ann Wink, or the Widow Palmer, that she "couldn't mind of a line nor a word" from one of the ballads that she was known to have sung in times past. The blight on her memory was due to the cause that is familiar to every collector of ballads in these evil days. The young fellows, she supposed, were just coming around to have a little fun with a poor old woman who went on her bare feet in summer and was thought, falsely, to be in the habit of singing foolish old songs. After the above-mentioned two hours of unflinching gravity under close inspection, confidence was at last established, and I could settle down to the comparative relaxation of copying at lightning speed while the Widow alternately sang and recited her list of ballads, including "The Lady of the Lake." She had begun to sing them so long ago, that it was no use trying to remember what had started her singing them. But my grief at this paucity of information was lost in my amazement at having received the ballads at all.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.



## NOTES AND QUERIES

AMERICAN BALLADS.—The writer of this communication is making extended researches into the history of certain American folk-ballads, and takes this opportunity of requesting information from readers of the Journal.

1. *Fair Charlotte (Young Charlotte, Lottie)*.—Of a young woman who freezes to death by her lover's side, while riding in a sleigh with him to a Christmas Eve ball. This ballad was composed by William L. Carter of Benson, Vt., before 1833. It is current in popular tradition from Nova Scotia westward through the States from New England to Dakota, and southward to Oklahoma.

2. *Jealous Lover (Florilla, Emma, Nellie, Lena, Aurilla, Ella, Abbie Summers, Weeping Willows)*.—Of a youth who takes his lady-love to walk in the woods and there stabs her, being stricken with remorse as she dies, forgiving him. This ballad, of unknown authorship, is current from Nova Scotia westward and southward through the States, New England to Kentucky, and westward to Missouri. Some texts contain stanzas derived from a song "She Never Blamed Him," by Thomas H. Bayly.

3. *Casey Jones (Cassidy, Shannon, etc.)*.—Of the last run of an engineer, who becomes a hero by sticking to the throttle and going down in a wreck with his engine, while the fireman jumps to safety. This ballad, ascribed to the agile fireman, is current throughout the country, and is the source of the well-known vaudeville song.

Information is eagerly desired concerning the origin, authorship, and currency of these ballads, and particularly texts and melodies, for which the undersigned will be duly grateful to readers of the Journal, as being desirous of collecting all known versions.

PHILLIPS BARRY, A.M.

FELTON HALL,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

TWO ABNAKI LEGENDS.—The following legends are from the tribes belonging to the Confederacy, whose name, Abnaki, means "the whitening sky at daybreak," or the "Eastern people." I remember hearing a Passamaquoddy, I believe it was, tell one of their Creation myths which I think has never been published. He was around selling baskets in Augusta, Me.; and in reply to some question of my grandmother's, he told this story to show the Indian's belief in his divine right to all the land. I was a little child at the time, and the language made an impression on my mind. I give the story in his own words, as nearly as I can remember them, as told at my childhood's home in Augusta, Me.

1. *Creation Myth*.—When the Great Spirit come to make man, he grab up some clay from anywhere, an' slap it together anyhow, an' toss him into the oven to bake. He got burnt to a crisp, so his hair kinked all up; an' this was the black man. Then the Great Spirit threw him way across the big water.

Then he pick out some better clay, an' put it into shape more careful, an' put him in the oven to bake. This one come out slack done, an' he was the "pale-face." Then the Great Spirit threw him over the big water straight towards the sunrise.

But the Great Spirit no give up; an' He said, "This time there's goin' to be a man just right every way." So He look all round an' pick out the very best clay, an' put it together so as to have every part of him just right. An' all the time he was in the oven the Great Spirit watch every minute, an' take him out when he had just the right bake on; an' this was the red man that was made to live right here, an' everything was made for him, an' the Great Spirit gave him all this land.

It is impossible to convey to you the full idea of this Indian's self-sufficiency as he swept his arm around and declared their divinely given rights.

One of the most beautiful of all their legends was told to my father by a Penobscot chief. This has never been published in full, and I am not sure that a single sentence of the story has ever been in print.

My father was quick to catch the meaning of any story which the Indians told in their dialect or broken English; but he preferred to give me this in his own language, because at first I was too young to grasp more than the outlines of the legend. It was not until I had learned the names of our common trees and plants, and knew something of the habits of animals, that I fully comprehended the story, although I was never tired of hearing it.

2. *Origin of Vegetation.* — This bit of folk-lore is of the *old*, OLD time when there was not a blade of grass to be found in all the land, and there was not a leaf on any tree except those needle-shaped ones that grow on the pines and hemlocks. It was so bleak and cold that the little animals crept into hollow trees and holes in the ground to get warm, and the larger beasts hid themselves in caves.

Then the Great Spirit pitied His children, and He sent a wonderful goddess to visit the earth. She ran over the hills and through the valleys, bringing warmth and gladness everywhere. She just looked at the bare trees, and green leaves came out on them.

Wherever her glance rested, there appeared beautiful flowers, as if in response to her look. Wherever she touched the earth in any way (hand, elbow, wrist, or any part of her body), something was sure to grow that was good to eat. Every plant had life in itself, and all helped the Great Spirit to feed His children. Every movement of the goddess gave rise to some distinct species.

I think the whole tradition was supposed to give the origin of all the plants to be found in the Penobscot and Kennebec valleys.

My father was a classical scholar, and he saw the analogy between this legend and the story of Persephone, the Greek goddess of vegetation; but it seemed to him as if the Indian version bore internal evidence of originality. The Penobscot legend, if told in full, with all its native plants, would, I think, fit no other place in the universe.

The American Indian is very reticent, and he will generally allow you to think that he recalls no legends rather than to speak when he prefers

to keep silence; but if you can persuade him to unlock the treasures in his stories of the *old*, OLD time (which was long before the white men came to these shores), you will find a wealth of poetic imagery. The Indian will rarely waste his folk-lore stories on those who are unable to appreciate them.

HELEN KEITH FROST

WESTFORD, MASS.

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# PUBLICATIONS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

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### VOL. I. FOLK-TALES OF ANGOLA.

Fifty Tales with Ki-mbundu text, literal English Translation, Introduction, and Notes. Collected and edited by HELI CHATELAIN, late U. S. Commercial Agent at Loanda. 1894. Pp. xii, 315. (With two Maps.)

### VOL. II. LOUISIANA FOLK-TALES.

In French Dialect and English Translation. Collected and edited by ALCÉE FORTIER, D. Lit., Professor of Romance Languages in Tulane University of Louisiana. 1895. Pp. xi, 122.

### VOL. III. BAHAMA SONGS AND STORIES.

A Contribution to Folk-Lore, by CHARLES L. EDWARDS, Professor of Biology in the University of Cincinnati. With Music, Introduction, Appendix, and Notes. Six Illustrations. 1895. Pp. xiii, 111.

### VOL. IV. CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS.

Collected from the Oral Tradition of English-Speaking Folk. Edited by FANNY D. BERGEN. With Notes, and an Introduction by WILLIAM WELLS NEWELL. 1896. Pp. vi, 161.

### VOL. V. NAVAHO LEGENDS.

Collected and translated by WASHINGTON MATTHEWS, M.D., LL.D., Major U. S. Army, Ex-President of the American Folk-Lore Society, etc. With Introduction, Notes, Illustrations, Texts, Interlinear Translations, and Melodies. 1897. Pp. viii, 299.

### VOL. VI. TRADITIONS OF THE THOMPSON RIVER INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

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## FOUR MEXICAN-SPANISH FAIRY-TALES FROM AZQUELTÁN, JALISCO

BY J. ALDEN MASON

THE following four fairy-tales were collected by the writer in the pueblo of Azqueltán, state of Jalisco, Mexico, January, 1912. This little village is the centre of a small and rapidly disintegrating population of an isolated branch of the Tepehuane, heretofore, but probably incorrectly, known as Tepecano. The collection of these few tales was merely incidental to a more extended study of the language and religious customs of the group, made under the auspices of the International School of American Archaeology and Ethnology in Mexico.

Like most of the Indian peoples of Mexico, the aboriginal culture of the people has been greatly changed under Spanish influence, practically all phases of primitive material culture having almost entirely disappeared, and native language, mythology, and religion being on the verge of extinction. Of native mythology, it has been possible to secure only comparatively few mythological texts from the older natives. The native mythology has, however, to a great extent been replaced by European material of the familiar "fairy-tale" type introduced by the Spanish. These are known in considerable numbers by the natives.

The four tales here given are European fairy-tales. In some of the incidents a slight assimilation to Mexican customs is noted; but, on the whole, there is a remarkably close adherence to incidents and customs pertinent only to European traditions, and entirely foreign to the life of the Mexican Indian.

### I. THE FROG-WOMAN (*Cuento de la Ranita*)

Once there was a king who had two sons, one of whom was betrothed to a maiden. The other prince went one day to the edge of the lake to water the donkeys, and there the Frog-Woman appeared to him. She asked him to marry her, and he finally agreed. So he went to his father and asked him to give him the necessary money, so that he



might marry the Frog-Woman. The king was surprised, and asked him why he wished to serve the Frog-Woman, but nevertheless gave him the money.

Then the king ordered both of his daughters-in-law to be dressed in elegant clothes, in order that he might see which of the two was the more womanly; and he gave to each a dog and a bird. He gave instructions that the two princes be kept secluded in the castle, and then went to see his daughters-in-law.

First, all sat down to a banquet, and then the king expressed his desire to dance with his daughters-in-law. First he danced with the maiden; and while so engaged, the Frog-Woman seized some chicken-bones from the table, and began to cast magic spells by means of them. When the maiden saw this, she desired to do the same. Then the king left her, and began to dance with the Frog-Woman, who continued casting the bones while dancing; but no sooner did she begin to throw them than they changed into pure gold. When the maiden saw this, she was more anxious than ever to do the same, and, seizing some chicken-bones from the table, she likewise cast them; but the first bone hit the Frog-Woman on the head and killed her.

## 2. CINDER-MARY (*Cuento de Maria Ceniza*)

Once there was a poor orphan-girl who lived in an ash-hole belonging to the Black Moors. One day when one of them went there to throw out the ashes, he saw her, and asked her to come to their house. There they asked her name; but the poor girl did not know her own name, nor were they able to discover it. Finally they gave her the name of Maria Ceniza (Cinder-Mary). Now, the Black Moors were witches; but they did not wish Cinder-Mary to learn the fact, so they gave her a black sheep's skin and a half-*real*<sup>1</sup> of soap, and sent her to the river, telling her not to waste the soap, but to wash the sheep-skin until it was as white as a pod of cotton.

Cinder-Mary knelt by the river and wept, because she could not wash the sheep-skin as the Moors had commanded her. Suddenly there appeared a lady, who asked her why she was weeping; and Cinder-Mary replied, that, if she could not wash the black sheep-skin as white as a pod of cotton, the Black Moors would kill her. Then the lady told her that she would bring her two white stones with which she would be able to wash the black sheep-skin. Presently she returned, and soon Cinder-Mary had washed the sheep-skin as white as a pod of cotton. Then the lady gave her a magic wand, and told her that when she needed anything, she need only speak to the wand. Then, placing a tiny star on Cinder-Mary's forehead, she disappeared.

Now, one of the Black Moors had a daughter; and when she saw

<sup>1</sup> 1 real = 12.5 centavos, Mexican coin.

the star on the forehead of Cinder-Mary, she was very jealous, and asked her mother to have a black lamb killed, that she also might go to the river to wash the skin. So, going to the river, she commenced to weep; and when the lady appeared to her and asked her why she was weeping, she replied that it was because she could not wash the black sheep-skin. Then she asked her if she would not put a star on her forehead likewise, but the lady replied that she would put nothing but "mango de burro" there. Then the girl returned to the house of the Black Moors.

Another day the Moors said to Cinder-Mary that they were going to mass, and they left her behind to prepare the breakfast. "If you have not a good breakfast ready when we return, we shall kill you," they said. Then Cinder-Mary asked her magic wand to give her a dress such as had never before been seen in the world, and some shoes, in order that she might go to mass. Then she followed a little behind the Moors, and entered the church; and neither the Moors nor the rest of the people recognized her. When the priest saw her, he was much impressed with her beauty, and thought that she would make an excellent wife for the prince; so he gave orders that double guards be stationed at the doors of the parish, and that she be not allowed to leave. This, however, did not deter Cinder-Mary, who fastened some wings to her back, so that they might not catch her. The guards tried to restrain her, but only succeeded in catching one of her shoes. Then she flew back to the house of the Moors and ordered her magic wand to prepare a breakfast with good food. Soon the Moors came home, and began to talk about the beautiful maiden whom they had seen with a star which illumined everything up to the grand altar; but it was Cinder-Mary.

Then the king ordered his men to search all the villages and ranchos for the maiden who had left the shoe behind. Soon they came to the house of the Black Moors, and found Cinder-Mary's other shoe. They were about to carry the daughter of the Moor to the king, when a little dog commenced to howl, saying, "Mango de Burro goes, and Star of Gold remains." Then the king's retainers demanded to see the other maiden who was hidden in the house. Accordingly they left the girl who had the "mango de burro" on her forehead, and carried Cinder-Mary to the king, that she might marry the prince. There was a grand wedding, and Cinder-Mary was given a castle in which to live with the prince.

Soon afterwards the Black Moors came to the castle and asked that they be allowed to louse Cinder-Mary. They came to her while she was bathing, with her hair loose, and commenced to louse her. Suddenly they stuck a pin into her head, so that she became enchanted and flew away, for they were afraid that she would denounce them

because they were witches. Then they left without as much as saying good-by.

When her attendants came for Cinder-Mary, she was gone, and the only living being they could find was a dove in a cypress-tree. Then they went to the head servant and asked him how much he would give them for the dove which they had found singing in the cypress-tree, and which said in its song that it wanted to see the king in his palace. The dove, they said, was crying piteously. The servant went at once to the king and told him about the dove. Then the king asked him how much he wanted for bringing the dove to him; and the servant replied, that if he would give him five hundred pesos, he would bring it. The king agreed, and the servant went and brought him the bird. While stroking its back, the king found a pin stuck in its head, and pulled it out. Immediately the bird became Cinder-Mary. Then he asked her why the Black Moors had thus bewitched her; and she replied, that it was because they were witches, and were afraid that she would denounce them.

Then the king ordered that the Moors be brought before him, and he condemned them all to be burned to death with green wood. But Cinder-Mary entered the palace where she was to live, and locked the door, so that no one might open it for five days. When at last the door was opened, it was a virgin who was shut in there.

### 3. THE BIRD OF THE SWEET SONG (*Cuento del Pajaro del Dulce Canto*)

Once there was an old man who was blind, and the sorcerers whom he consulted told him that the only thing which would cure his blindness was a certain sweet-voiced bird. So his son started out to find the bird. Soon he came to a rancho, where he found a dead man who had no one to bury him. Feeling reverence for the dead, he sought a man to attend the corpse, and then sent for a priest to bury him. The priest inquired of the messenger whether he came on his own business or for another, remarking that it were better if the other should himself come to present his requests. Nevertheless he went, and the corpse was buried with responses. Then the boy went on his way.

Soon afterwards he met in the road the spirit of the dead man to whom he had given the charity of burial. It had assumed the form of a Fox, who asked him where he was going, and why. He replied that he was going to the country of the Moors to fetch the bird of the sweet song. Then the Fox told him that it was very near, and that he would give him a horse to assist him. The Fox knew whether the horse was given pasture or not. He further advised him that if he should find the Moors with their eyes open, it was a sign that they were sleeping, but that if their eyes were closed, then he should know

that they were wide awake. But the Fox warned him that he must not carry away any of the beautiful maidens which he would find in the house of the Moors.

Soon the boy arrived at the castle of the Moors, and entered. There he found the Moors with their eyes open, and by this he knew that they were sleeping. Many birds were there in beautiful cages; but he passed these by, and took a plain, common cage in which was a homely bird, for he knew that this was the bird of the sweet song. Likewise he seized one of the beautiful maidens, contrary to the Fox's orders, mounted a wooden horse which he found there, and flew through the window.

Then the Moors awakened, and pursued them, and soon overtook them. They carried the boy and the maiden back to their castle, and imprisoned them there. Soon the Fox re-appeared to him, and said, "You did not do as I instructed you." He then told him that the maiden was in the garden and would speak to no one, and that the bird refused to sing, but that he had gone for some charcoal, and begged permission of the Moors to give her two pieces. Then she at once began to talk, the bird to sing, and the horse to neigh.

Soon afterward the boy again seized the maiden and the bird, mounted the horse, and flew away. Again the Fox re-appeared, warning them not to cross the river with the bargemen, for, should they attempt to do so, they would never reach the other shore; but, disregarding the warning, they kept on until they came to the river where they met the bargemen. These said that they did not have room for all to cross at once, but that they would first cross with the maiden, the bird, and the horse, and later return for the boy. The girl, bird, and horse were safely landed on the other shore, and the bargemen then returned for the boy; but when they reached the middle of the river, the boat was upset. Now, it happened that there was a sabino-tree in the middle of the river, and the boy held tightly to this.

Then suddenly the Fox appeared on the river-bank, and told him to hold tight until he made a rope. So he began to pull the hairs out of his tail, and twisted them to form a rope. When it was long enough, he threw it out to the boy, and told him to tie it about his waist, so that he might pull him ashore. Reaching the shore, the boy went sadly home, leaving the bird of the sweet song, the maiden and the horse, on the other side of the river.

When the blind father heard that his son had lost the bird of the sweet song, he again went to the sorcerers, who told him that the sole remedy now for his blindness was to bathe in the sea every afternoon. The first day that he went there, an ugly Worm appeared, and told him that if he would give him one of his three daughters, he would cure his infirmity. Returning, he told his daughters of this;

and they agreed, that, if the Worm would cure their father, one of them would go with the Worm. So the next afternoon the old man took his eldest daughter; but when she saw the Worm, she was horrified, and said that she would never go with such an ugly creature. The next afternoon when the blind father went to bathe, he took his second daughter; but she likewise refused to go when she saw the ugliness of the Worm. Now, only the youngest remained, but she said that she would gladly do anything if only her father might be cured. So she went with him the next afternoon when he went to bathe. Then the ugly Worm appeared, and asked her if she were willing to go with him. Turning to her father, she asked him to give her his blessing. Then from the sea there came a great wave which carried the maiden and the Worm out to sea with it.

#### 4. THE STORY OF THE SUN AND THE MOON (*Cuento del Sol y la Luna*)<sup>1</sup>

Once there was a soldier who saw a maiden in his house one night. He thought he might have been dreaming when he saw her, and decided to watch again the next night. When she appeared again, he lighted a candle, that he might see how beautiful she was; but no sooner had he done so, than he received a blow in the face which caused him to drop the candle and spill a drop of wax on the floor. Then the maiden disappeared. "I will go and search for her," said the soldier, and he set out.

Soon he met on the road two brothers who were fighting about their inheritance. One of them said to the other, "Here comes a man who will know how to arrange it." When the soldier came up to them, he asked, "What are you doing, my good men?" And they replied, "We are fighting over our inheritance." — "My father," said one of them, "had these magical boots, this magical cudgel, and this hat; and my brother wishes to inherit all of them. So I told him that you would arrange the matter for us." The soldier agreed, and told the boys to run a race to a near-by hill and back. "Whoever arrives here first," said he, "will be the owner of all that your father possessed." The boys agreed, and started off; but when they returned, the soldier had disappeared with the magical objects. "Did I not tell you that he would settle the matter for us?" said one to the other.

Then the soldier went on, taking three leagues at a step, with the aid of his magic boots, until he came to the house of the Sun. Entering, he said to the old woman there, "Good evening, grandmother!" —

<sup>1</sup> Compare Sergio Hernández de Soto, *Cuentos populares de Extremadura*, in *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, vol. x (1886): "El mágico Palermo," p. 48; "El Castillo de 'Irás y no volverás,'" p. 63; "Don Juan Jugador," p. 76; "Fernando," p. 90; and Note, p. 105. Antonio Machado y Alvarez, *Cuentos populares españoles*, *Ibid.*; vol. i, p. 126. — Ed.

"What are you doing here, my good son?" she asked. "When my son comes home, he will eat you!" Soon they heard the Sun approaching; and when he came in, he was very angry. "Mamma, mamma!" he cried. "Here is a human being! Give him to me! I will eat him!" But the old woman only replied, "No, my son! It is only a poor traveller, who is stopping here." And then she gave the Sun a little box on the ear.

Then the soldier went on, taking three leagues at a step, until he came to the house of the Moon, and went within to greet the occupants. Seeing an old woman, he said to her, "Good evening, grandmother!" — "Why have you come here, my good son?" she asked. "My son will come home and eat you!" And soon arrived the Moon, very angry, and cried out, "Here is a human being! Give him to me! I will eat him!" But the old woman, the mother of the Moon, merely replied, "No, my son, you must not eat him. It is only a poor traveller, who is stopping here." Then she boxed his ears.

The soldier went on until he came to the house of the mother of the Wind. Here he found the Wind weeping because his mother had just died. So he said to the Wind, "What will you give me if I revive her?" — "Would that you could do so, my friend!" cried the Wind. "If you succeed, I will go with you to seek your lady." Then the soldier hit the old woman three times with his magic cudgel, and she rose up and began to talk. Then the soldier said, "Let us go to seek my lady. I will go ahead, and you follow behind." Then he set out at such a pace that the Wind was unable to keep up with him. "It is these boots which make me travel so fast," he said to the Wind. "Lend me one of them," replied the Wind. "Then we may converse as we go."

Finally the Wind said, "Wait here a little while. I will go to see the maiden for whom we are searching." Presently he arrived, and found the mother of the maiden warming herself. He entered very briskly; and the old woman said, "Daughter, go to your sister and give her food." So the girl went to carry the food. Then the Wind said, "I told the soldier to follow a little ways behind."

Soon the soldier came in, and did not stop until he had looked through the entire house for his lady. After opening the seven doors, he at last found her, and she immediately commenced to give thanks to God. Then she and the soldier began to arrange a plan of escape from the place where she was confined. He told her to get a comb, a brush of pine needles, a thimbleful of ashes, and another of salt. Then he gave her a piece of the magic hat, a bit of the boot, and another piece of the cudgel. He embraced her, and they left the room where she had been imprisoned. Then they fled.

Soon the old woman found that they were gone, and commenced to

pursue them, and soon drew near to them. "Throw down the piece of comb!" said the soldier; and immediately there grew up a thick brush behind them, and the fugitives fled on. Soon the old woman was near overtaking them again, and the girl threw behind them the brush; and immediately there grew up a wood of spiny pine-trees, and the fugitives fled on. Again the old woman came nearer, and this time they threw down the thimble of ashes, and there appeared a fog of great density, and the fugitives fled on. But again the old woman approached them; and this time they threw down the thimble of salt, and there appeared behind them a great river. Then the old woman sat down on the bank and began to weep, crying, "Oh, ungrateful daughter! The grain of corn will return in the spring of water!" Then the girl turned to the soldier, and said, "You have released me from the prison where I was confined, but not from the curse which my mother has laid upon me."

Soon the soldier said to the maiden, "I will leave you here a little while, and go to see my parents." — "Very well," she replied. "I will tie three knots in your belt. In one I will tie my clothes; the second is that you may not forget me; and the third is that you do not allow your parents, nor your brothers and sisters, nor any of your kinsfolk, to embrace you." So the soldier went home and met his family; but at night, while he was sleeping, his grandmother came and embraced him, and immediately he forgot the maiden whom he had left at the spring of water.

Then the parents of the soldier decided to marry him with another woman, and the wedding was about to be celebrated. Then there came to the wedding the maiden whom the soldier had left at the spring of water, begging that she be allowed to give an entertainment at the wedding feast. So, when all were assembled, she took two little doves, and said to them, "You remember, ungrateful little dove, that you released me from the prison where I was confined, but from the curse of my mother, no!" — "Kurukuku, I do not remember." — "You remember, ungrateful little dove, that you left me at the spring of water." — "Kurukuku, I believe that I am beginning to remember." — "You remember, ungrateful little dove, that I tied my clothes in your belt." Then the little dove remembered, and the soldier embraced the maiden and they went away. But the other woman they killed, and so ends the story of the Sun and the Moon.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,  
June 1, 1912.

## STORIES FROM TUXTEPEC, OAXACA

BY WM. H. MECHLING

THE following stories were collected in Tuxtepec, in the Mexican state of Oaxaca, during the past winter, while studying the dialect of that village for the International School of American Archaeology and Ethnology. Since very little is known about the ethnology of that part of Mexico, a short description of Tuxtepec and its inhabitants may not be out of place.

Tuxtepec is a pretty, tropical town on the Rio Popolohuápam, not far from the Vera Cruz border. Being the outlet of the famous tobacco of the Valle National, and of the coffee of the Ejutla district, it is a rather prominent place in that region. It is only about two hundred feet above the sea-level, and therefore resembles the state of Vera Cruz climatically more than the state of Oaxaca.

The language formerly spoken was Mexican. This has been superseded by Spanish, partly as the result of the influx of new settlers. Out of the entire population of several thousand, there are to-day not over a hundred who understand Mexican. Of these, not over one-half speak it fluently, while not over one-eighth use it habitually. I did not find any of the latter number satisfactory informants.

Though Tuxtepec itself is an old Aztec village, all the surrounding villages are either Chinantec or Mazatec. The nearest Aztec village is quite a distance away, over a hundred kilometres (and, by the way, the people speak a different dialect of Aztec).

Tradition says that Tuxtepec was occupied by a garrison of Aztec troops, who collected tribute from the Chinantecs, Mazatecs, and Popolocos, for the Mexican Emperor. If this is true, the soldiers must have come from another place than the valley of Mexico, for the dialect spoken at Tuxtepec does not belong to that group of Mexican.

There are several places not far from Tuxtepec where archaeological remains are found, which, I regret to say, I did not have sufficient time to study carefully. The most important of these is about a mile above Tuxtepec, and within a hundred yards of the river. On the river side of the road are several mounds. However, there are no traces of architecture or pottery on them.

A little farther along, on the opposite side of the road, entirely hidden by the jungle, is what is locally known as "The Fort," but more probably it was a temple.

Opposite the mounds large quantities of obsidian rejects are found. In all probability a workshop of obsidian implements was located



there. Broken pieces of pottery may be picked up practically anywhere within a radius of a quarter of a mile. The type of this pottery is quite different from that found in the valley of Mexico. It is very thin and fine, and has very little decoration in colors. Small heads of men and animals, a little over an inch high, are quite numerous.

There does not seem to be an abundance of folk-lore of any description among the present inhabitants of Tuxtepec, and what can be found is chiefly European. However, I managed to collect two versions of the Coyote story. They are very much alike. The only episode that is different is the last one.

The first episode — "Rabbit and Tar Baby" — is quite a common one, and is found widely distributed over America. It occurs among the Yuchi in almost identical form. In California (Yana) and Oregon (Takelma) it is interesting to note that Coyote is substituted for Rabbit. The other incidents of these myths call for no comment.

The story of Lion is typical of the European folk-lore, which has largely replaced the native American.

#### COYOTE STORY (*first version*)

An old woman had one son. This son cultivated a field and planted beans, but Rabbit came and did them much harm. Indeed, he did them much damage. Said the son to his mother, "What shall we do to catch Rabbit?" His mother answered, "We will make a doll-baby, and place it where Rabbit enters the field." So they made the doll-baby and placed it where Rabbit entered.

That night Rabbit came and fell over the doll-baby, and stuck fast with one foot. Then Rabbit said, "Let go, and give me room to pass!" The doll-baby did not answer; so this made Rabbit angry, and he said, "If you do not give me room to pass, I shall hit you." But the doll-baby did not answer. Then Rabbit struck him, and said, "You will see how I shall hit you." But his hand stuck fast, and he cried, "Let me go, or I will give you another blow!" So he kicked him, and his foot stuck fast; and Rabbit cried, "Let me go, or I shall strike you again!" The doll-baby did not answer; so this made Rabbit more angry, and he struck him again. Then he was fast with both hands and feet.

Now Rabbit said, "Let me go, or I shall bite you!" Again the doll-baby did not reply, and again he got angry and bit the doll-baby.

Now he was fast with hands and feet and mouth. A little later the old woman came, and said, "What are you doing, Rabbit? Now you have finished eating my bean-field." Then she seized Rabbit and put him in a bag, and tied the mouth of the bag. Next the old woman went to her house to heat a spit. While she was gone, Coyote came, and found Rabbit in the bag. Coyote said to him, "What are

you doing here?" Rabbit answered, "I am tied in here, because the old woman wants me to marry her daughter; but I don't want to marry her, because I am very small, and the girl is very large." Then Coyote said, "Come out, and I will get in!" So Rabbit jumped out, and Coyote got in. Then Rabbit tied up the mouth of the bag and ran away.

Then the old woman came with her spit which she had heated, and, thinking Rabbit was in the bag, she stuck the spit into Coyote. Then Coyote ran away. Meanwhile Rabbit had gone into a wood, and was in a zapote-tree eating zapotes. Coyote passed by, and Rabbit called to him, "Where are you going, Uncle Coyote?" Coyote answered, "Now I am going to eat you." But Rabbit answered, "Don't eat me! I am going to give you a zapote." — "Well," said Coyote, "throw me one!" So Rabbit threw him first a good one; but afterwards he threw him a green one, which stuck fast in his throat. While Coyote was choking, Rabbit ran away, and hid in a place where there were many reeds. Here he was playing on a guitar when Coyote passed.

He said to Coyote, "Where are you going?" Coyote answered, "Now I am going to eat you." Rabbit answered, "Don't eat me! I am hiding here, waiting for the bride and groom. They have just gone to get married. Come here and play! When you hear the noise of their approach, play louder." So Rabbit went to set fire to the reeds, and then ran and hid in the thick underbush.

The fire came and burnt Coyote, who then fled in search of Rabbit. Meanwhile Rabbit had gotten under a stone. Coyote passed by; and Rabbit shouted, "Halloo, Coyote!"

Then said Coyote, "Now, surely, I am going to eat you." — "No, don't eat me! If you do, the world will end. Come here, Uncle Coyote, and get under this stone; for, if this stone is thrown down, the world will come to an end."

So Coyote got under the stone; and Rabbit ran behind him and threw another stone on top of it, so that Coyote died; and Rabbit said, "Now you are dying, but I am free."

#### COYOTE STORY (*second version*)

This version is not as clear as the first, and seems to have several omissions. It differs but slightly from the first.

The old woman bought a doll-baby (*muñeco*), and placed it at the entrance of her bean-field. When Rabbit came there and found the doll-baby, he said to it, "Friend, give me room to pass." Since the doll-baby did not answer, Rabbit got angry, and slapped the doll-baby. His hand stuck fast. [The doll-baby was evidently made of tar, or some such adhesive substance, although neither version states this to be the case.]

He then repeated, "Give me room to pass!" Since the doll-baby did not seem to want to give him room, he kicked it, and found that his foot also stuck fast. Then Rabbit said, "Let me go, or I'll bite you!" Since the doll-baby did not answer, he bit him. Then his hands and feet and teeth were all fast.

Then the old woman came up, and said to the knave (*pícaro*), "Have you already fallen into my hands?" Saying this, she picked him up and put him in a bag. Then she went away to heat a spit to cook Rabbit on.

While she was gone, Uncle Coyote came up, and said, "Nephew, what are you doing in that bag?"

Rabbit answered, "They want me to get married; but I don't want to, because I am very small, while the girl is very large. You, uncle, are very large, so get inside in my place." Coyote did as was suggested, and Rabbit ran away.

A little later the old woman returned with her spit, and stuck Coyote with it; so Coyote jumped up and ran in search of Rabbit. He found him in a zapote-tree, eating zapotes.

Coyote said to the knave, "Now I am going to eat you." But Rabbit answered, "Now, look here, uncle! Don't eat me! See what fine zapotes these are, eat a fine ripe one of these!"

"Well, then, throw me one!" said Coyote; and Rabbit threw Coyote a ripe one, which he ate. The next one that Rabbit threw him was a green one, and this stuck in Coyote's throat and choked him. Rabbit climbed down and ran away, while Coyote was choking.

When Coyote recovered, he went in search of Rabbit. He found him in a place where reed-grass abounds, lying in a hammock and playing a guitar.

Coyote said to Rabbit, "Now, surely, I am going to eat you!" But Rabbit answered, "No, Uncle, don't do that! Don't you see why I am hidden here? Now there is going to be a wedding, so I am waiting to serenade the bride and groom; you can help me. I will go to find the rest of the party. When you hear the noise of the wedding party approaching, play all the louder and faster until the couple arrives." Coyote agreed, and in this manner Rabbit was able to escape, leaving Coyote playing. So Rabbit set fire to the reeds. When Coyote heard the noise of the fire, he played all the louder, thinking it was the wedding party approaching.

Finally Coyote saw the fire; so he fled in search of Rabbit, in order to revenge himself. He found Rabbit on the shore of a lake, and said to him, "Now, knave, surely you will not escape from my hands!" But Rabbit answered, "First let us eat some cheese! Don't you see that one out in the lake? We will drink all the water we can, and then take a rest."

So they started to drink; and Coyote drank so much, that he burst his stomach and died. However, it was not cheese, but the reflection of the sun in the lake.

THE LION

A hungry lion pursued a calf and a lamb, which, full of fear, fled, and hid in a dense forest. The Lion, who was very weak from hunger, said to himself, "I am going to die." Then he shouted and yelled, saying that he was very sick, for he thought this pretext would serve to bring some animals to him.

There were several who were in the vicinity; but they remembered that the Lion was sick on account of hunger, and would eat all who came to see him.

The Fox was one of these. He drew near to the door of the Lion's den. When the Lion saw him, he said, "Come in and sit down beside me, just as the other animals do, for I am very fond of the Fox!" But the Fox answered, "I can come in, but I couldn't go out." So he departed.

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## NOTES ON MEXICAN FOLK-LORE

BY FRANZ BOAS

THE following notes were collected while I was engaged in work for the International School of American Archæology and Ethnology in Mexico.

## I. FOLK-LORE OF POCHUTLA, OAXACA

In January and February of this year I visited Pochutla, a village in the southern part of Oaxaca, not far from Puerto Angel on the Pacific coast, and about one hundred miles west of Tehuantepec. In former times Zapotecan was spoken in all the villages around Pochutla, while in the village itself a dialect closely akin to the Mexican (Nahua) of the valley of Mexico was spoken. The dialect is almost extinct, but I was able to collect enough to show its close relation to the Mexican dialects of southern Vera Cruz, and probably of Tabasco. The people of Pochutla to-day speak Spanish, and their folk-lore is based largely on Spanish sources. An important position among the folk-tales is held by the "Rabbit and Coyote" tales, which are known from Mexico City eastward to the Gulf coast, and southward to Central America.

Besides the tales, I recorded a number of verses which are sung to the accompaniment of the guitar, riddles, and "decimas" such as are presented by young men to the girls whom they court. The tales were dictated to me by an elderly man, Pedro Marcelino Pastor, and by his daughters. I give here English translations and the Spanish original.

## I. TALE OF THE RABBIT

There was a woman who had a *chile*-garden; and every day she went to watch it, because the Rabbit ate much of it. One day she went, and on the road met an *arriera*,<sup>1</sup> and asked her if she did not know how to prevent the Rabbit from eating the *chile*. The *arriera* replied that she did not know, and that she should ask her sister the *barendera*,<sup>1</sup> who came behind. She met the *barendera*, and asked her. Then she said that she should make four little monkeys of wax, and that she should nail them up in the opening in the wall where the Rabbit entered, two on each side, and that she should go the next day to see if the Rabbit had fallen into the trap.

She placed the four little monkeys of wax; and the Rabbit arrived, and said to them, "See here, monkey of wax! If you do not let me pass, I'll box your ears;" and he boxed his ears, and his little hand stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you don't let me pass, I have another hand, and I'll box your ears again;"

<sup>1</sup> A kind of ant.

and he boxed his ears, and the other little hand stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you do not let go of my little hands, I'll kick you;" and he kicked him, and his little foot stuck fast. He said again, "Look here, little monkey of wax! If you don't let go of my hands and of my foot, I'll kick you again. I have another little foot."

They were talking thus when the good little daughter arrived, and said to him, "Ah, it must be you who eats my *chile*! Now you'll pay it to me." She put him in a net which she was carrying, and took him to her house. When she arrived, she hung him up in the middle of the house, and said, "What shall I do with you?" She thought she would throw boiling water over him; but the lady had no water, and went to fetch it and left the door locked.

The Rabbit was still hanging in the net; but since the house stood by the roadside, it so happened that a Coyote passed by, and the Rabbit, as soon as he saw the Coyote, began to talk, to speak, and said, "How can they want to marry me by force — me, who is so small, and I do not want to marry!" Then the Coyote drew near, and asked him what he was saying; and Rabbit spoke to him, (asking him) if he (the Coyote) would not place himself in that net, for he himself was caught in the net because they wanted to marry him to a pretty girl, and he did not want to marry. Then the Coyote said to him that he accepted what the Rabbit proposed. The Coyote placed himself in the net, and the Rabbit escaped.

When the dear old woman found the Coyote, she said to him, "Ah, how did the Rabbit turn into a Coyote!" put the pot of water over the fire, and, when it was boiling, she threw it over the Coyote. The Coyote was burnt, but only his backside was burnt. Then the Coyote left, rolling himself on the road, but the Rabbit was on a *pitahaya*-plantation.

When the Coyote passed by, the Rabbit said to him, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" and then the Coyote turned to see who spoke to him, and the Coyote said, "Why did you deceive me?" And the Rabbit replied, "Because they did not find me, they punished you; but really I was about to marry a girl." Then he said to him, "Better let us eat *pitahayas*," and threw one down from above. He said to him, "Shut your eyes and open your mouth!" He threw one down, and then another one. The two were clean; but the third one he did not clean, but threw it down with all the spines on it. The Coyote rolled about, and the Rabbit went away.

He saw the Coyote pass by, and said to him, "Coyote, burnt backsides!" The Coyote said, "What do you say to me?" and the Rabbit replied, "I say to you, that you shall come and help me rock my little sister, who is crying, and my mother is not here." The

Coyote did not reply to this. "You owe me much. You deceived me, saying that I was going to marry, and then you threw me a *pitahaya* with spines, and now I'll take revenge for what you have done to me." He said to him, "But I do not know you, and have never seen you. Maybe those are others, perhaps my brothers." And the Coyote said to him, "Then you have brothers?" — "Certainly," he said to him. "Man alive, who knows which one that may be!" — "And you, what are you doing here?" — "My mother has been away a long time to get *tortillas* to eat, and left me here rocking this little girl. Now I wish that you would stay here in my place, while I go to look for her, that she may come." The Coyote staid there. When the Rabbit left, he said to him, "If you see that my sister does not stop crying, box her ears and leave her." The Coyote did so. He got tired of rocking the cradle, and the noise did not stop. He boxed her ears with vigor, and out came a swarm of wasps, who gave the Coyote a good dose and flew away.

The Coyote followed the road, and said to himself, "Where shall I find the Rabbit?" He walked along the road. The Rabbit spoke to him, and said, "Coyote, burnt backsides!" and the Coyote asked him what he was saying. The Rabbit said to him that he was asking him to help him pull out a cheese that was there. The Rabbit was in a pond, and the moon was shining and was seen in the water, and this was the cheese which the Rabbit said he was pulling out. The Rabbit left the Coyote there, saying that he was going to rest for a while, because he was very tired. The Coyote began to pull at the cheese; but since he could never do it, he got tired and went on his way.

After that he walked along the road, when the Rabbit spoke to him, and said, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" The Coyote said to him, "Now you won't escape me, for you have deceived me much." — "No," said the Rabbit to him, "it is not I. Since the world has existed I have been placed here in this place, with this stone in my hand;" for the Rabbit, as soon as he had seen the Coyote, put a large stone into his hand, and said that he had been left right there supporting that stone, for, if he let go of it, the world would be lost. The Coyote believed him; and the Rabbit said to him, "Sir, will you not help me a little while with this stone, for I am very tired?" The Coyote took the stone. The Rabbit said to him, "O Uncle Coyote, sir! Don't let go of the stone, else the world will be lost."

The Rabbit went away, saying to the Coyote that he would soon return; but the Rabbit did not come back. He went on; and the Coyote, who was tired, let the stone down gradually, and looked at the sky to see if it was coming down. But when he looked and saw that it was not so, he let the stone down until he put it down on the ground.

He left it and went, and said, "Whenever I find the Rabbit, I must kill him, because he has fooled me too much."

The Rabbit placed himself by the wayside, among the reeds. When the Coyote passed by, the Rabbit held a guitar, which, as soon as he saw the Coyote, he began to play, and said, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote!" The Coyote said to him, "Come down, that we may talk together!" — "No, Uncle Coyote! Indeed, sir, you are much annoyed with me." The Coyote said to him, "You have deceived me much, and therefore I am annoyed." — "No, Uncle Coyote," he said to him, "I am the best one of all, and, sir, don't be annoyed with me. I know well what has happened, but I did not do those things. My brother, he is a very bad one, it is he who has done all these things. But now he is about to marry, and I am waiting for them. They have been delayed a very long time. Who knows what they are doing! I should like to go and look for them if you would stay here and play the guitar; I'll give you a sign, sir, when the bridal couple are coming. I'll fire some rockets, so that you may know it, sir; and then you must play more strongly, so that they can dance when they come."

The Coyote did so. The Rabbit went. After a little while the Rabbit came and set fire to the reeds. The Coyote, believing that the bridal couple were coming, continued to play and began to dance. Before he knew it, he was in the midst of the flames. He could not escape; and the poor Coyote was burnt, and died.

The Rabbit came to look, and mourned the death of the Coyote, and said to himself, "Poor Uncle Coyote! Now he is dead, indeed, and where shall I go now?"

The Rabbit went to the bank of a river. He could not cross the river, and began to say, "Whoever takes me across may eat me." He was saying thus, when the Alligator came, and said to him, "I'll take you across." — "Well!" said the Rabbit. He climbed up on the back of the Alligator. When he came near the other bank, the Alligator said to him, "Now I am going to eat you." — "And don't you feel any pity," replied the Rabbit, "to eat such a little fatty as myself?" The Alligator said, "What shall we do?" — "Let us go nearer the bank," replied the Rabbit, "that you may eat me easily, sir." Already they were on the bank. The Rabbit said to the Alligator, "Does it not seem to you, sir, that there are some large leaves there? I'll fetch them; and then I shall throw myself down, that you may not lose anything." The Alligator agreed. The Rabbit went, and never came back.

On the other side there were old stubbles; and the Rabbit found only a little piece of field, and thought, "I'll sell much corn, and to whom shall I sell it? I'll sell one bushel to Aunt Cockroach, another



one to Aunt Hen, one to Uncle Dog, one to Uncle Lion, and one to Uncle Hunter."

The time came when the corn was to be delivered. The Rabbit had a little ranch; and when he went out to take a walk, he used to lock the door of the ranch. Since, however, he had fooled the Alligator and owed him his life, the Alligator informed himself as to where he lived, and went to place himself near his bed, that the Alligator might eat the Rabbit when he arrived.

The Rabbit was on his guard; and when he arrived, he said, "Good-day, dear House!" The House never replied; but one day when he said, "Good-day, dear House!" the Alligator replied, "Good-day, Rabbit!" — "What? You never answer me, dear House!" He opened the door, looked inside, and, when he saw the back of the Alligator, he said, "What are those pegs that I see here? I am not a guitar-player, and I am not a violinist. I had better go to another ranch!"

There he was when the Cockroach arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Aunt Cockroach." — "I come for my corn." — "All right, only it is very early. Let us lunch first, and then we will go." They were waiting for their lunch when they saw the Hen. The Rabbit said to the Cockroach, "Listen, Aunt Cockroach! Will not the Hen want to eat you?" — "Certainly, where shall I hide?" The Rabbit said to her, "Madam, hide under this piece of bark here."

When the Hen arrived, "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Aunt Hen!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly, let us first take lunch, and then we will go and shell it." The Hen sat down; and the Rabbit said to her, "Madam, would you not like to eat a cockroach?" — "Certainly," said the Hen, "where is it?" The Rabbit showed her the cockroach; and the Rabbit said, "Thus I am getting rid of my troubles."

The Rabbit and the Hen were talking when they discovered the Dog, who was coming. The Rabbit said, "Where are you going to hide, madam? for the Dog is coming, and will want to eat you. Hide under this carrying-basket." The Hen hid, and the Dog arrived.

"Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Uncle Dog!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly! Sit down for a moment." The Dog seated himself; and the Rabbit said, "Listen, sir! Would you not like to eat a hen?" — "Where is it?" — "It is under this basket." The Dog ate the hen, and continued to talk with the Rabbit.

They were still talking when they saw the Lion; and the Rabbit asked the Dog if he was not afraid that the Lion would eat him. The Dog said, "I am frightened. Where shall I hide?" and the Dog hid behind the house.

The Lion arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day,

Uncle Lion!" — "I came for my corn." The Rabbit said to him, "Sir, enter for a moment, we will go right away." The Lion entered; and the Rabbit said to him, "I'll tell you something, sir. Would you not like to eat a dog?" — "Why not? Where is it?" The Rabbit showed him where the dog was, and the Lion ate it at once.

There they were still talking when they discovered the Hunter, who was coming; and the Rabbit said, "Will he not want to kill you, sir?" — "Certainly," said the Lion. "Where shall I hide?" — "Hide on the rafter of the house. There he will not see you, sir, even if he should come. He will not do you any harm."

The Hunter arrived. "Good-day, Uncle Rabbit!" — "Good-day, Uncle Hunter!" — "I came for my corn." — "Certainly," he said to him. "Come in, sir, and take a lunch first of hot cakes and fresh cheese, and then we will go to shell the corn. This is the only remaining debt that I have. Meanwhile, sir, would you not like to kill a lion?" The Hunter said "Where is it?" The Rabbit showed him where the lion was, which the Hunter killed. The Hunter killed the lion, and the Rabbit made his escape. When the Hunter came back to the house to look for the Rabbit, he did not find him. The Rabbit had gone away.

He went on, and met a Serpent, who was under a stone and could in no way get out; and she asked every one who passed to pull her out. The Rabbit took pity on her and went to get some levers. He lifted the stone, and the Serpent was able to get out. When she was free, she wanted to eat the Rabbit. Then he said to her, "Why do you want to do this to me? Haven't I done you a favor in taking you out from under that stone?" The Serpent said to him, "Certainly, but don't you know that a good deed is repaid by evil deeds?" — "Allow me three witnesses before I die."

When two horses came down, the Rabbit said, "Excuse me, gentlemen! Just one word! Is it true that a good deed is repaid by an evil deed?" — "That is very true," said the Horse, "for formerly I was a good horse for my master. When he was a boy, he loved me well, and fed me well. Now I am old, and he has let me go into the fields without caring how I fare. Thus it is well said that good deeds are repaid by bad ones."

The Serpent said to him, "Now, do you see? You have only two more chances." When two Steers passed by, the Rabbit said, "Excuse me, gentlemen! Just one word! Is it true that a good deed is repaid by evil ones?" The Steers said, "Even if it causes sorrow, for once my master considered me a valuable animal. I served him well in my time. I was very obedient. As I served him, he loved me well. Now I am old; I am useless; and he has said that he has let me go to the field to recuperate a little, so that he can kill me."

They went on, and met a Donkey. He was standing on one side of the road, and was very sad. "Friend," said the Rabbit, "is it true that a good deed is repaid by evil ones?" — "Even if it causes sorrow," answered the Donkey, "for I gave good service to my master when he was a boy; and to-day, when I am old, he does not want to look at me. I just come from receiving a sound beating, which they gave me because I went to see my master."—"There is no help," said the Serpent, "you must die."

They were talking when a Rooster passed by; and he said to him, "Friend, I must die because of a good deed." — "What good deed have you done?" said the Rooster. "I pulled the Serpent from under a stone, where she had been a long time." The Rooster said, "How was she?" The Serpent placed herself just in the same way as she had been under the rock; and he said, "That is the way you were placed?" The Serpent replied, "Yes." Then he said, "If you were in this position, stay in it." The Rabbit replied, "I owe you my life."

He followed on his way; and they were nearing a town, when the Hunter arrived at his house, and saw the Rabbit. "There is no help, I'll kill you." He put a ball through him, and the Rabbit died. The Hunter took the Rabbit, who was half dead; and the Rabbit said, "Now I believe that a good deed is repaid by evil ones."<sup>1</sup>

#### EL CUENTO DEL CONEJO<sup>2</sup>

Estaba una señora que tenía un chilarro y todos los días lo iba cuidando porque mucho lo comió el conejo. Un día fué y se encontró con una arriera en el camino y le dijo que si sabía un remedio para curar el conejo que no comiera el chilarro. La arriera contestó que no sabía, que le preguntara á su hermana que era la barendera que atrás venía. Se encontró con la barendera y la preguntó. Entonces ella le dijo que hiciera cuatro monitos de cera, y que los clavara en el portillo á donde entraba el conejo, dos á cada lado, y que al día siguiente fuera á ver si ya había caído el conejo en la trampa.

Puso los cuatro monitos de cera, y el conejo llegó, y el conejo le dijo, "Mira, monito de cera, si no me dejas pasar te doy una trompada," y le dió la trompada y quedó la manita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no me dejas pasar tengo mi otra manita, y te doy otra trompada," y le dió la trompada y quedó la otra manita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no sueltas mis manitas te doy una patada," y le dió la patada; y quedó la patita pegada. Le volvió á decir, "Mira, monito de cera, si no sueltas mis manitas y mi patita te doy otra patada. Tengo mi patita."

En estas pláticas estaban cuando llegó la buena viejita y le dijo, "Ah, tu eres quien comes mi chilarro. Ahora me lo vas á pagar." Lo puso en una red que

<sup>1</sup> The incidents of this story beginning with the tale of the Rabbit and the Alligator do not seem to form part of the regular Rabbit and Coyote cycle. The two Aesopian fables of the Man and the Serpent and the Ingratitude of Man are often told in various parts of Mexico, but do not ordinarily form part of the Rabbit cycle.

<sup>2</sup> The Spanish is here given without change from the dictated form.

llevaba y lo llevó á su casa. Llegando allá le colgó en media casa y dijo, "¿Qué haré contigo?" Pensó que le iba á echar un poco de agua caliente, pero no tenía agua la señora y se fué á traerla y dejó la puerta cerrada.

El conejo siempre colgaba en la red, pero la casa estaba en frente del camino, así es que pasaba un coyote, y el conejo, tan luego como vió al coyote, comenzó á hablar, á decir, diciendo, "Cómo es posible que me quieran casar á la fuerza, cuando yo estoy muy chiquito y no quiero casarme." Entonces se acercó el coyote, y le preguntó qué cosa es lo que él decía; y le dijo, que si no se quería poner el coyote en esa red, porque él estaba preso porque querían casarlo con una muchacha muy bonita, y él no quería. Entonces el coyote le dijo que sí aceptaba lo que el conejo decía. El coyote se metió en la red y el conejo se salió.

Cuando llegó la buena vieja y se encontró con el coyote, le dijo, "¡Ah, como el conejo se volvió coyote!" puso la olla de agua en la lumbre y, después que estaba hirviendo, la echaba al coyote. El coyote se quemó, pero no se quemó más que atrás en las nalgas. Entonces se fué el coyote; revolcando en el camino se fué, mas el conejo estaba en un pitahayal.

Cuando el coyote pasaba el conejo le dijo, "Adiós, tío coyote," y entonces volvió el coyote quien le hablaba, y le dijo el coyote, "¿Porqué me engañastes?" Y el conejo contestó que "Porqué ya no me encontraron, por eso le dieron á Vd. un castigo; pero, en verdad, me iba á casar con una muchacha." Entonces le dijo, "Mejor será vamos á comer pitahayas," y le tiró una desde arriba. Le dijo, "¡Cierre Vd. los ojos y abra Vd. la boca!" Le tiró una, y le tiró otra. Estaban las dos limpias, pero la tercera no la limpió, sino la tiró con todas las espinas y aguates que tenía. El coyote se quedó revolcando y el conejo se fué.

Vió pasar al coyote y le dijo, "¡Coyote, nalgas quemadas!" El coyote dijo, "¿Qué es lo que me dices?" y el conejo contestó, "Te digo que me vengas á ayudar á mecer á mi hermanita que está llorando, y mi mamá no está." Nada de eso le contestó el coyote. "Tú me debes mucho. Tú me engañastes que me iba á casar, y luego me tirastes la pitahaya con espinas, y ahora me voy á vengar de lo que me has hecho." Le dijo, "Pero yo no te conozco ni te ví. Tal vez serán otros, mis hermanos que tengo." Y le dijo el coyote "¿Entonces tienes más hermanos?"—"Pues sí," le dijo. "Pues hombre, quien sabe quien de ellos será."—"¿Y tú, qué haces aquí?"—"Hace tiempo que mi mamá se fué á buscar tortillas para comer y me dejó meciendo á esta muchachita. Ahora quiero que te quedes aquí en mi lugar, mientras yo me voy á buscarla que venga." El coyote se quedó. El conejo al irse le dijo, "Si ves que mi hermanita no para de llorar, le pegas una trompada y la dejas." El coyote así lo hizo. Se enfadó de mecerla y no paraba el ruido. Le dió una trompada fuerte, y entonces salieron un montón de avispas que le dieron su buena tunda al coyote y se fueron.

El coyote siguió su camino y se dijo "¿A dónde encontraré al conejo?" En el camino iba, andando. El conejo le habló y le dijo, "¡Coyote, nalgas quemadas!" y el coyote le dijo que es lo que él decía. El conejo le dijo, que le rogaba que fuera á donde él estaba para que le ayudara á sacar un queso que estaba allí. El conejo estaba en una laguna de agua, y la luna era la que la alumbraba y que se miraba adentro del agua, y eso era el queso que el conejo le dijo al coyote que sacaba. Allí dejó el conejo al coyote, mientras le dijo que él se iba á descansar un rato, porque él estaba muy cansado. El coyote empezó á sacar el queso, pero como nunca pudo hacerlo, se enfadó y mejor se fué.

Después iba en el camino, cuando el conejo le habló y le dijo, "¡Adiós, tío

coyote!" El coyote le dijo, "Ora no te me escapas, porque tú me has engañado mucho."—"No," le dijo el conejo, "yo no soy. Desde que el mundo es mundo me pusieron aquí en este lugar con esta piedra en la mano," porque el conejo, tan luego como vió al coyote, se puso una piedra grande en la mano y dijo, que ahí lo habían dejado sosteniendo esa piedra, porque, si él la soltaba, el mundo se perdería. El coyote lo creyó y el conejo le dijo, "¿Vd. no me quiere ayudar un momento con esta piedra? porque es que yo estoy cansado." El coyote agarró la piedra. El conejo le dijo, "¡Ay, tío coyote, no venga Vd. soltar la piedra, porque entonces se pierde el mundo."

El conejo se fué diciendo al coyote que volvería luego. El conejo ya no volvió. Se fué adelante y el coyote, ya cansado, poco á poco fué bajando la piedra y miraba él al cielo á ver si sí venía abajo. Pero como miraba que no era así, fué bajando la piedra hasta que la puso al suelo.

La dejó, y se fué, y dijo, "A donde yo encuentro al conejo, lo tengo que matar, porque mucho se ha burlado de mí."

El conejo se puso á la orilla del camino, encima de un carrizal. Cuando el coyote pasaba, el conejo tenía una guitarra que, tan luego como vió al coyote, empezó á tocarla y le dijo "¡Adiós, tío coyote!" El coyote le dijo, "Bájate que vamos á hablar."—"No, tío coyote; sí Vd. está muy enojado conmigo." El coyote le dijo, "Tú me has engañado mucho, y por eso es que estoy enojado."—"No, tío coyote," le dijo, "yo soy el más bueno de todos, y no se enoje Vd. conmigo. Yo sé bien lo que ha pasado, pero yo no he hecho á Vd. estas cosas. El hermano mío, ese es muy malo, y es quien ha hecho tantas cosas. Pero ahora se va á casar, y estoy en espera de ellos. Se han dilatado mucho. Quien sabe que harán. Yo quisiera ir á verlos, si Vd. se quedara tocando esa guitarra. Le voy á dar á Vd. una seña cuando ya vengan los novios. Voy á tirar dos cohetes para que Vd. sepa, y entonces toca Vd. más para cuando ellos vengan, vengan á bailar."

El coyote sí lo hizo. El conejo se fué. A poco rato vino el conejo y le prendió lumbre al carrizal. El coyote creyendo que los novios venían, siguió á tocar y empezaba á bailar. Cuando el menos sintió estaba en medio de las llamas. Ya no pudo escapar el pobre coyote y se murió quemado.

El conejo vino á ver y lloró la muerte del coyote y se dijo, "Pobre tío coyote, ahora sí se murió y ¿ahora por dónde me iré?"

El conejo se fué á la orilla de un río. No podía pasar el río y empezó á decir, "El quien me pase, me comerá." Así estuvo diciendo, cuando el lagarto llegó y le dijo, "Yo te paso."—"Está bueno," le dijo el conejo. Se subió sobre la espalda del lagarto. Ya que iba cerca de la orilla del otro lado, le dijo el lagarto, "Ahora sí te voy á comer."—"¿Y que no le dé á Vd. lástima," contestó el conejo, "comer á este animal tan gordito que estoy?" El lagarto dijo, "¿Qué hacemos?"—"¡Vamos más á la orilla!" contestó el conejo, "para que Vd. pueda comerme bien." Ya estaban en la orilla. El conejo dijo al lagarto, "No le parece á Vd. que allá están unas hojas muy grandotas. Voy á traerlas y allí me echo para que Vd. no pierda nada." El lagarto le dijo que sí. El conejo se fué, y jamás volvió.

Al otro lado estaba un rastrojo viejo, y no encontró más el conejo que un piecito de milpa, y pensó, "Voy á vender mucho maíz ¿y con quien venderé? Voy á vender con tía cucaracha una fanega, y otra con tía gallina, otra con tío perro, otra con tío león, otra con tío cazador."

El tiempo llegó de entregar el maíz; y él tenía un ranchito, que, cuando el

conejo salió á pasear, cerraba la puerta del ranchito. Pero, como había engañado al lagarto, y le debía la vida, el lagarto se informó á donde vivía y fué á colocarse cerca de su cama, para que, cuando el conejo llegaba, el lagarto lo comía.

El conejo era muy listo, y un día que llegó, dijo él solo, "Buenos días, casita." La casita nunca le contestaba, pero hubo un día que dijo, "Buenos días, casita," el lagarto contestó, "Buenos días, conejo."—"¿Qué? Sí á mí nunca me contestastes, mi casita." Abrió la puerta y vió así adentro, cuando vió el lomo del lagarto, y dijo, "¿Y que son estas clavijas que veo ahí? Yo no soy guitarrista y no soy violinista. ¡Mejor me voy á otro ranchito!"

Allí estaba cuando la cucaracha llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tía cucaracha."—"Vengo por mi maíz."—"Está bien. Nada más que está muy temprano. Vamos á almorzar primero y en seguida nos vamos." Estaban esperando el almuerzo cuando divisaron á tía gallina. El conejo dijo á la cucaracha, "Oiga, tía cucaracha, ¿que no quedrá (querrá) comer á Vd. la gallina?"—"¡Como no! ¿A dónde me escondo?" El conejo le dijo, "Escóndase Vd. bajo esta cáscara de palo que está ahí."

Cuando llegó la gallina, "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tía gallina."—"Vengo por mi maíz."—"Como no, pero primero almorzaremos y en seguida iremos á desgranarlo." La gallina se sentó y el conejo le dijo, "¿Vd. no quisiera comer una cucaracha?"—"Como no," dijo la gallina, "¿á dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á la cucaracha y el conejo dijo, "Así me voy quitando las drogas."

Estaban platicando el conejo y la gallina, cuando divisaron al perro que ya venía. El conejo dijo, "A dónde se esconderá Vd., porque el perro viene y la quedrá (querrá) comer. Escóndase Vd. bajo de este cargador. "La gallina se escondió, el perro llegó.

"Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío perro."—"Vengo por mi maíz."—"Como no. ¡Siéntese Vd. un momento!" El perro se sentó y el conejo dijo, "Oiga Vd., ¿no quisiera Vd. comer una gallina?"—"¿A dónde está?"—"Está bajo ese cargador." El perro comió á la gallina y siguió á platicar con el conejo.

Platicando estaban cuando divisaron al león y le dijo al perro que si no tenía miedo del león que lo fuera á comer. El perro dijo, "Me da mucho miedo. ¿A dónde me escondo?" y el perro se escondió atrás de la casita.

El león llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío león."—"Vengo por mi maíz." El conejo le dijo, "Entre Vd. un momento que orita nos vamos." El león entró y el conejo le dijo, "Voy á decir á Vd. una cosa. ¿Vd. no quisiera comer un perro?"—"¿Y porqué no? ¿A dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á donde estaba el perro y el león luego lo comió.

Después estaban platicando, cuando divisaron al cazador, quien ya venía, y el conejo dijo, "¿Que no quedrá (querrá) matar el cazador á Vd.?"—"Como no," dijo el león. "¿A dónde me escondo?"—"Escóndase Vd. en el tirante de la casa. Ahí no le vé aunque venga. No le hace nada."

El cazador llegó. "Buenos días, tío conejo."—"Buenos días, tío cazador."—"Vengo por mi maíz."—"Como no," le dijo. "Pase Vd. Vamos á almorzar primero tortillas calientes y queso fresco, y en seguida nos iremos á desgranar el maíz. Es la única deuda que me queda. Entre tanto ¿Vd. no quisiera matar un león?" El cazador le dijo, "¿A dónde está?" El conejo le enseñó á donde estaba el león que el cazador mató. Mató al león el cazador, y el conejo se huyó. Cuando volvió el cazador á la casa para buscar al conejo ya no le encontró. El conejo se fué.

Adelante iba, cuando encontró á una serpiente que estaba bajo una piedra y no podía salir de ningún modo, y cada persona que pasaba, le suplicaba que la sacara. El conejo se compadeció y fué á traer unas palancas. Alzó la piedra y la serpiente pudo salir. Después que estaba libre quería comer al conejo. Entonces le dijo, "¿Porqué me quieres hacer eso? ¿No es un bien que yo te he hecho en sacarte de esa piedra?" La serpiente le dijo, "Como no, ¿pero tu no sabes que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Permíteme tres testigos antes de morir."

Cuando bajaban dos caballos, el conejo dijo, "Dispensen Vdes. una palabra. ¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Es muy cierto," dijo el caballo, "porque antes yo fui buen caballo para mi amo. Cuando era muchacho me quería mucho, me asistía muy bien. Ahora estoy viejo, y me ha largado al campo sin saber de mi vida. Así es que está muy bien dicho que un bien con un mal se paga."

La serpiente le contestó, "¿Ya ves? No te faltan más que dos." Cuando iban pasando dos bueyes, y dijo el conejo, "Dispénenme Vdes. una palabra. ¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?" Los bueyes dijeron, "Aunque cause sentimiento, porque yo fui un buen animal para mi amo. Le serví mucho en mi tiempo. Fui muy obediente. Como le servía me quería mucho. Ahora estoy viejo; ya no le sirvo para nada, y ha dicho que me largó al campo para que me repusiera un poco y así podrá matarme."

En seguida siguieron adelante y encontraron á un asno. Estaba á un lado del camino muy triste. "Amigo," dijo el conejo. "¿Es cierto que un bien con un mal se paga?"—"Aunque cause sentimiento," contestó el asno, "porque yo, cuando era muchacho le di buenos servicios á mi amo, y ahora que estoy viejo ya no quiere verme. Acabo de llegar de una fuerte paliza que me dieron por ir á visitar á mi amo."—"No tiene remedio," dijo la serpiente, "Tienes que morir."

Estaban platicando cuando pasaba un gallo que le dijo, "Amigo," me voy á morir por hacer un bien."—"¿Qué bien has hecho?" dijo el gallo. "He sacado esta serpiente que estaba bajo una piedra hace mucho tiempo." El gallo dijo, "¿Cómo estaba?" La serpiente se puso enteramente igual como estaba bajo la peña y le dijo, "¿Así estabas?" La serpiente dijo, "Así." El dijo, "Así estabas, así te quedas." El conejo contestó, "A tí te debo la vida."

Siguió su camino y iban llegando cerca de una población, cuando el cazador llegaba á su casa y divisó al conejo. "Sin remedio voy á matarte." Le pegó un balazo y el conejo se murió. El cazador cogió al conejo que estaba medio muerte y el conejo le dijo, "Ahora sí acabo de creer, que un bien con un mal se paga."

## 2. RABBIT AND TOAD

The Toad challenged the Rabbit to run a race of five hundred metres. The Rabbit asserted that he would even bet his life; when he saw that the Toad was very stout, he was sure that he would win. The stake amounted to five hundred dollars. The Toad risked the bet because he saw that he could not run fast enough; but he worked it in such a way that he gathered five hundred companions, and placed them in a straight line. Once the line was formed, they tore away; and with the first jump the Rabbit made, he said, "átrepon;" and the

Toad replied, "árrabon." — "Atrepon." — "Arrabon." When the Rabbit saw that he could not win over the Toad — how could he win when the five hundred tore away all at the same time? The Toad had to win because the Rabbit was one, and they were five hundred. He lost the bet.

#### CONEJO Y SAPO

El sapo le llamó la atención al conejo para que echaran una carrera de quinientos metros. El conejo aseguraba que apostaba hasta su vida; de ver el sapo tan barrigón aseguraba que no le había de ganar. La apuesta era de quinientos pesos. El sapo se arriescó á apostar porque lo vió que no corría bastante, pero el sapo trabajó de tal manera que fué á recoger quinientos compañeros y los formó en línea recta. Una vez que estaba formada, entonces arrancaron y cuando el primer salto que pegó el conejo, decía, "átrepon," y el sapo contestó, "árrabon." — "Atrepon." — "Arrabon."<sup>1</sup> Viendo el conejo que no le pudo ganar al sapo, — ¿cómo había de ganar cuando los quinientos arrancaban á un mismo tiempo? Tuvo que ganar el sapo porque el conejo era uno y aquellos eran quinientos. Perdió la apuesta.

#### 3. GOD

There was a man who had three sons. One day the oldest one said to his father, "Father give me your blessing, for I am going to seek my fortune;" and he went. He walked and walked along a road until he came to an old hut, and there was an old man who was God. The boy said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, son!" replied the old man. "Have you no work, sir?" — "Certainly," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! Let us take lunch, and then you shall go and take a letter to Monjas." After the boy had eaten, he said to him, "Sweep the house, and saddle this donkey and go and take this letter."

The boy went, and came on the road to a red river, and he was much frightened. He threw the letter into the river and went back. The old man said at once, "Have you come back already, son?" — "Already, sir," he said to him. "Did you deliver the letter?" — "Yes;" and the letter had come back again to the hands of God.

"All right!" he said. "Now what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Money," he said to him. "Then take this napkin," he said to him, "and you will have in it whatever you wish for."

The boy went to his house well satisfied, and said, "Father, here I bring this napkin, and we must lunch with it presently." Then the boy said, "Napkin, by the virtue given to thee by God, I ask thee to give me a lunch;" and at once a table was there, with much to eat.

After this the second brother said, "Father, give me your blessing, for I am going to seek my fortune;" and he went the way which his brother had taken. He found the old hut and also the old man. He

<sup>1</sup> Atrapón, "deceiver"?; rábon, "tailless"?



said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, my son!" — "Have you nothing to do, sir?" — "Yes," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! We will lunch. Then sweep the house, put flowers on the altar; saddle the donkey, and go to take this letter to Monjas."

The boy did so, and also met the red river, threw the letter into the river, and came back. The letter came again to the hands of God.

The boy arrived; and the old man said to him, "Have you come already, son?" — "Already, sir," he replied. "And now, what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Money," replied the boy. Then he presented him with an empty trunk, took a little pole, touched the top of the trunk with it, and said, "Pole, pole, by the virtue that God has given to thee, put this trunk in my house;" and immediately the trunk was transferred to the house of the boy. He bade good-by to the old man; and when he arrived in his house, the trunk was there full of money.

Then the youngest brother said, "Father give me your blessing, for I, too, will seek my fortune." The father gave him his blessing, and the boy took the same road. He found the old hut and God who lived there. The boy said, "Good-day, sir!" — "Good-day, boy!" replied the old man. "Have you no work, sir?" — "Yes," replied the old man. "Come in! Be seated! We will lunch," and he gave him some very tough cakes to eat; and the boy said to himself, "Poor old man! How can he sustain himself on those tough cakes?" and God heard him, and said, "Arise, sweep the house; put flowers on the altar, saddle this donkey, and go to Monjas to take this letter there."

The boy went. First he came to the red river. He had no fear, passed it, and the water reached to the hoofs of the donkey. He went on. He walked and walked. He came to a white, white river. He passed it. Then he came to a green, green river. He passed it. Then he came to a grassy hill, and the cattle that roamed there, how lean they were! Then he came to a barren hill, and the cattle that roamed there were fat. He walked on and on, and came to rocks which were striking one another. Again he walked on and on, and came to a roast that was roasting.

He arrived at Monjas, inquired for the church, and delivered the letter into the hands of the Virgin. Then the Virgin said to the boy, "Take this little hat as a sign that you have delivered to me my letter. Tell God what you have seen on the road."

When the boy went back, there was nothing on the road. He reached the hut of the old man, and the old man said to him, "Have you come already, son?" — "Already," replied the boy. "Well," said the old man to him, "tell me about what you have seen on the road."

"Sir," said the boy to him, "first I saw a red, red river." — "That red river," said God, "is the blood that your mother shed for you."

"Then I saw a white, white river." — "That is the milk that you have sucked."

"Then I saw a green, green river." — "Those are your mother's veins."

"Then I saw a grassy hill with lean cattle." — "Those are the cattle of the rich."

"Then I saw a barren hill with fat cattle." — "Those are the cattle of the poor."

"Then I saw several rocks which struck one another." — "Those are the godmothers when they are fighting."

"When I came to Monjas there was a roast roasting." — "That is the tongue of the gossip."

"Well, son," said God to him, "and now what do you want? — money or grace?" — "Grace," replied the boy. "All right!" said the old man to him. "Take this crucifix, and on the base you will find a present every day."

The boy left well satisfied. When he arrived at his house, he placed the crucifix on his altar; and every day early, when he awoke, he found two dollars on the base of the crucifix.

One day when the boy was eating, he saw at a distance an old man wrapped in his sheet, and full of ulcers, and disgusting to see. He came to the entrance, and said, "Good-day!" — "Good-day, sir!" replied the boy; while the other brothers began to cover the food, because the old man was very disgusting to see. Only the youngest boy gave the old man to eat.

Then the Lord said, "You have not felt disgust at seeing me; and now I'll take you up, body and soul." He took up the boy, and the brothers remained with their food full of grubs, and in the pot, instead of the food, a snake.

#### DIOS

Era un hombre que tenía tres hijos. Un día le dijo el más grande á su papá, "Papá, écheme Vd. la bendición porque me voy á rogar suerte," y se fué. Anda y anda por un camino, cuando se encontró con una casita vieja y allí estaba un viejecito que era Dios. Dijo el niño, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"¡Buenos días, hijo!" contestó el viejecito. "¿No tiene Vd. trabajo?"—"Como no," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate. Vamos á almorzar, y en seguida te vas á dejar una carta á Monjas." Acabó de almorzar el niño y le dijo, "Barre la casa y ensilla este burro, y te vas á dejar esta carta."

Se fué el niño, y en el camino se encontró con un río colorado y se asustó mucho. Tiró la carta en el río y se regresó. Luego le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya, señor," le dijo. "¿Entregastes la carta?"—"Sí," y la carta había vuelto otra vez á las manos de Dios.

"Bueno," dijo, "¿que quieres ahora? ¿Dinero ó las gracias?"—"Dinero," le dijo. "Pues ten esta servieta," le dijo, "y todo lo que quieras, lo tendrás en ella."

Se fué el niño para su casa muy contento y dijo, "Papá, aquí traigo esta servietta que con ella tendríamos que almorzar orita." Entonces dijo el niño, "Servietta, por la virtud que te ha dado Dios, quiero que me des un almuerzo," y luego se formó una mesa con mucho que comer.

En seguida dijo el segundo hermano, "Papá écheme Vd. su bendición, porque me voy á rogar suerte," y se fué por el camino que tomó su hermano. Se encontró con la casita vieja y el viejecito también. Dijo, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"¡Buenos días, hijo mío!"—"¿Que tiene Vd. que trabajar?"—"Sí," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate, vamos á almorzar. En seguida barres la casa y echas florecitas al altar; ensillas el burro y te vas á dejar esta carta á Monjas."

Así lo hizo el niño y se volvió á encontrar con el río colorado, tiró la carta en el río y se regresó. Volvió otra vez la carta á las manos de Dios.

Llegó el niño y le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya, señor," contestó. "Y ahora ¿qué quieres? ¿Dinero ó las gracias?"—"Dinero," contestó el niño. Entonces le regaló un baúl vacío, y cogió una barrita y le tocó encima del baúl y dijo, "Barrita, barrita, por la virtud que te ha dado Dios, ponme este baúl á mi casa," y luego se trasladó el baúl á la casa del niño. Se despidió del viejecito y cuando llegó á su casa, estaba el baúl lleno de dinero.

Entonces dijo el hermanito más pequeño, "Papá écheme Vd. su bendición, porque yo también me voy á rogar suerte." Le echó su bendición el padre y tomó el niño el mismo camino. Se encontró con la casita vieja y Dios que estaba allí. Dijo el niño, "¡Buenos días, señor!"—"Buenos días, niño!" contestó el viejecito. "¿Que tiene Vd. trabajo?"—"Sí," contestó el viejecito. "Entra, siéntate, vamos á almorzar," y le dió que almorzar unas tortillas muy duras, y dijo el niño entre sí, "Pobre viejecito, como se mantiene con estas tortillas tan duras," y Dios lo oyó y dijo, "Levántate; barre la casa; échale florecitas al altar, ensillas este burro, y te vas para Monjas á dejar esta carta."

Se fué el niño. Primero se encontró con el río colorado. No tuvo miedo, pasó, y le daba el agua hasta los cascos del burro. Se fué. Andó y andó. Se encontró con un río blanco, blanco. Pasó. En seguida se encontró con un río verde, verde. Pasó. Después se encontró con un cerro zacatoso y se rodaban las vacas de flacas que estaban las vacas. Después se encontró con un cerro pelón y se rodaban las vacas de gordas. Luego andó y andó, y se encontró con unas piedras que se encontraban unas con otras. Después andó y andó otra vez y se encontró con una asadura que estaba asando.

Llegó á Monjas, se los preguntó la iglesia y entregó la carta en manos de la Virgen. Entonces le dijo la Virgen al niño, "Toma este sombrero como seña que me entregastes mi carta. Dile á Dios todo lo que has visto en el camino."

Cuando el niño regresó ya no había nada en el camino. Llegó á la casita vieja y le dijo el viejecito, "¿Ya venistes, hijo?"—"Ya," contestó el niño. "¡Bueno!" le dijo el viejecito, "cuéntame algo de lo que vistes en el camino."

"Señor," le dijo el niño, "primero ví un río colorado, colorado."—"Pues ese río colorado es," le dijo Dios, "la sangre que derramó tu madre por tí!"

"Después ví un río blanco, blanco."—"Ese es la leche que mamastes."

"Después ví un río verde, verde."—"Ese son las venas de tu madre."

"Después ví un cerro zacatoso que se rodaban las vacas de flacas."—"Esas son las vacas de los ricos."

"Después ví un cerro pelón, que se rodaban las vacas de gordas."—"Esas son las vacas de los pobres."

"Después ví unas piedras que se pegaban unas con otras."—"Esas son las comadres de pila cuando se pelean."

"Cuando llegué á Monjas estaba una asadura asándose."—"Esa es la lengua del chismoso."

"Bueno, hijo," le dijo Dios, "¿y ahora qué quieres, el dinero ó las gracias?"—"Las gracias," contestó el niño. "Está bien," le dijo el viejecito, "ten este crucifijo, y en la peaña (peana) encontrarás todos los días un diario."

Se fué el niño muy contento. Cuando llegó á su casa le colocó en su altar y todos los días cuando amanecía, encontró dos pesos en la peaña del crucifijo.

Cuando un día de tantos estaba el niño almorzando, divisó á lo lejos un viejecito envuelto en su sábana y lleno de llagas, asqueroso. Llegó hasta las puertas y dijo, "¡Buenos días!"—"¡Buenos días, señor!" contestó el niño, y sus demás hermanos comenzaron á tapar la comida, porque les daba mucho asco. Solamente el niño más pequeño le sirvió de comer al viejecito.

Entonces dijo el señor, "Tú no has tenido asco de mí, y ahora te llevaré en cuerpo y alma." Se lo llevó al niño, y sus hermanos se quedaron con sus comidas llenas de gusanos y en la olla, en lugar de comida, una culebra.

#### 4. THE LONG-LEGS<sup>1</sup>

There was a Long-Legs, and it was very cold. He was sleeping in the foliage of a tree, and on the next day he could not sleep because his foot was broken.

Then said the Long-Legs, "Cold, cold, how strong you are, who have broken my foot!" Then the Cold said, "But stronger is the Sun, because he heats me."

He went to where the Sun is, and said to him, "Sun, how strong you are, — Sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the cloud, because it covers me."

"Cloud, how strong you are, — cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the wind, because it dissolves me."

"Wind, how strong you are, — wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the wall, because it resists me."

"Wall, how strong you are, — wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the mouse, because he perforates me."

"Mouse, how strong you are, — mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the cat, because he eats me."

"Cat, how strong you are, — cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the stick, because it kills me."

"Stick, how strong you are, — stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that

<sup>1</sup> A kind of mosquito with very long legs.

dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the fire, because it burns me."

"Fire, how strong you are, — fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the water, because it quenches me."

"Water, how strong you are, — water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the steer, because he drinks me."

"Steer, how strong you are, — steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the knife, because it kills me."

"Knife, how strong you are, — knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is the blacksmith, because he makes me."

"Blacksmith, how strong you are, — blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is Death, because he kills me."

He went to Death, and said, "Death, how strong you are, — death that kills blacksmith, blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!" — "But stronger is God, because he sends me."

"God, how strong you are, — God who sends Death, Death who kills blacksmith, blacksmith who makes knife, knife that kills steer, steer that drinks water, water that quenches fire, fire that burns stick, stick that kills cat, cat that eats mouse, mouse that perforates wall, wall that resists wind, wind that dissolves cloud, cloud that covers sun, sun that heats frost, frost that broke my foot!"

## ZANCUDO

Era un Zancudo. Hacía mucho frío y se quedó dormido en la hoja de un árbol, y el día siguiente ya no pudo volar porque se lo quebró su pié.

Entonces dijo el Zancudo, "Frío, frío, qué tan valiente eres tú, que has quebrado á mi pié." Entonces le dijo el frío, "Pero más valiente es el sol, porque me calienta."

Fué á donde está el sol y le dijo, "Sol qué tan valiente eres tú,—sol que calienta al hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la nube porque me tapa."

"Nube, qué tan valiente eres tú,—nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta al hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el aire, porque me deshace."

"Aire, qué tan valiente eres tú,—aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la pared, porque me resiste."

"Pared, qué tan valiente eres tú,—pared que resiste al aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el ratón porque me agujerea."

"Ratón, qué tan valiente eres tú,—ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el gato porque me come."

"Gato, qué tan valiente eres tú,—gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el palo porque me mata."

"Palo, qué tan valiente eres tú,—palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la lumbre porque me quema."

"Lumbre, qué tan valiente eres tú,—lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el agua porque me apaga."

"Agua, qué tan valiente eres tú,—agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el buey porque me bebe."

"Buey, qué tan valiente eres tú,—buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el cuchillo porque me mata."

"Cuchillo, qué tan valiente eres tú,—cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es el herrero porque me hace."

"Herrero, qué tan valiente eres tú,—herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es la muerte porque me mata."

Fué á la muerte y dijo, "Muerte qué tan valiente eres tú,—muerte que mata herrero, herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."—"Pero más valiente es Dios porque me manda."

"Dios, qué tan valiente eres tú,—Dios que manda muerte, muerte que mata herrero, herrero que hace cuchillo, cuchillo que mata buey, buey que bebe agua, agua que apaga lumbre, lumbre que quema palo, palo que mata gato, gato que come ratón, ratón que agujerea pared, pared que resiste aire, aire que deshace nube, nube que tapa sol, sol que calienta hielo, hielo que quebró á mi pié."

## 5. THE CHARCOAL-BURNER

There was a charcoal-burner who had a friend who was very poor and went to sell a basketful of charcoal every day. He gained four *reales*. Once upon a time he came to a very lonely brook, and found some boxes of cigarettes and cigars, several large tables, and began to sweep under the tree. He found four *reales*.

He went home well satisfied, and went to talk with his friend about what he had found. His friend said at once, "I'll go too, and do the same."—"All right!" said he. He gave him instructions, telling him what he had to do.

His friend arrived at the brook and began to sweep, and found the four *reales*; and this was the cave of the robbers. He climbed a tree. At midnight the robbers arrived. They began to play at dice, and the man in the tree above coughed. Then the robbers took him down from the tree and left him half dead. They gathered up his money and took it along.

When a coachman passed by, the charcoal-burner asked him to take him to his house. The coachman agreed. When he arrived at home, he complained to his friend, and said, "You are to blame for my misfortune."—"Don't trouble yourself," he said to him, "I'll give you alms every day. Come to my house, and I'll give you bread."

He went every day; and one day his friend got tired, and said to him, "Look here, friend! I'll give you a very great present, and then you shall never come back to molest me." Then he ordered several cakes to be made, and in every cake a guinea to be put, and then he sent them to the house of his friend.

Then the sick friend said to his daughter, "Look here, daughter! Let us go and distribute these cakes among our neighbors! for we have enough, and what shall we do with so many cakes?" They distributed them, and not one was left to them.

Then they went again to the house of the friend. "How is this?" said the friend to him, "when I gave you so large a present, that you should never come again and trouble me? Imagine! in every cake

there was one guinea." Then the friend said to him, "I have just distributed them among my neighbors, for I did not know what to do with so many."

Before this he had told his daughter to set fire to his hut when she should see him from afar, and the daughter did so. She set fire to the hut, and it is still burning.

#### EL CARBONERO

Era un carbonero que tenía un compadre que era sumamente pobre y que iba á vender un canasto de carbón todos los días. Ganaba cuatro reales. Una vez llegó á un arroyo muy solo, y encontró unas cajitas de cigarros, de puros, y unas mesas grandes, y comenzó á barrer debajo del árbol. Encontró cuatro reales.

Se fué para su casa muy contento, y él fué á platicar á su compadre lo que se había encontrado. Luego el compadre le dijo, "Yo tambien voy á hacer lo mismo."—"Está bien," le dijo. Le dió todas las indicaciones, que había de hacer.

Llegó el compadre al arroyo y comenzó á barrer y encontró los cuatro reales, y era la cueva de los ladrones. Se trepó al árbol. A media noche llegaron los ladrones. Comenzaron á jugar á los dados, y el señor que estaba en el árbol arriba tosió. Entonces los ladrones lo bajaron del árbol y lo dejaron medio muerto. Recogieron su dinero y se lo llevaron.

Cuando pasó un cochero y le rogó el carbonero que lo trajera á su casa. Aceptó el cochero. Llegando á su casa se quejó con su compadre y le dijo, "Tu tienes la culpa que haya quedado infeliz."—"No tengas cuidado," le dijo, "yo te daré una limosna todos los días. Vienes á mi casa para que yo te dé el pan."

Iba todos los días, y un día de tantos se enfadó el compadre, y le dijo, "Mira, compadre, te voy á dar una limosna muy grande, para que jamás y nunca me vengas á molestar." Entonces mandó hacer unas tortas de pan y en cada torta de pan una onza de oro, y se lo mandó á la casa del compadre.

Entonces el compadre enfermo le dijo á su hija, "Mira, hija; vamos á repartir estas tortas á los vecinos, porque tenemos bastantes, y ¿que harémos con tantas?" Comenzaron á repartirlas sin que le quedaba ninguna.

Se fueron en seguida otra vez á la casa del compadre. "¿Cómo," le dijo el compadre, "¿si ya te dí una limosna tan grande, para que jamás y nunca me vinieras á molestar? Figúrate que cada torta de pan tenía una onza de oro." Entonces el compadre le dijo, "Las acabé de repartir con mis vecinos, porque no sabía que hacer con tantas."

Más antes le había dicho á su hija, que cuando lo viera de lejos, le encendiera lumbre á su casa, y así lo hizo su hija. Le encendió lumbre á la casa y hasta ahora se está quemando.

#### 6. THE DEVIL

There was a man pursued by the Devil, to whom, wherever he went, he appeared in the form of a manikin. Once upon a time the man went to mass, and there was the Devil. Whatever the padre did at mass, the Devil did too. He alighted on the shoulders of the boys, and made them sleep.



The man went and talked with the curate; and the padre said, "I'll take your confession, in order to see why you have these visions. To-morrow go to early mass, in order to see if you'll again see that manikin."

The man went to mass, and there he was. Then he went to confession, and the Demon went there also. Then the padre said, "My son, take this string, and follow the Demon wherever he goes, catch him with this string, and bring him to me."

Again the man went to church with the string in his hand. The Demon left the church, and the man followed behind. He saw how he made some dogs fight; he saw how he made some drunkards fight; and the man followed the Demon. He entered a saloon, and put himself into a pot of *tepache*.<sup>1</sup>

Then he went to notify the curate that the Demon had put himself in a pot of *tepache*; and the curate said to him, "Go and ask the lady how much she wants to allow you to put your hand in and pull out that beast that is in the pot." The lady was frightened, and said, "You shall pay me nothing, only pull that beast out of there." Then the man put his hand and the string in, and caught him in a noose. It was not a manikin that came out, but a person with the feet of a rooster; and he took him to where the padre was; and the padre said to him, "Tie him up here, and give him hay to eat."

Then the padre went to where the beast had been tied up, and said to him, "Why are you interfering where it does not behoove you?" The Demon said to him, "Let me go! Promise to free me, and I'll tell you why." — "Yes," said the padre. "I promise to free you; But tell me, why do you come to my church?" Then the Demon replied, "Because you owe a vow to Rome; and if you wish to fulfill it, I'll take you there in four and twenty hours." — "Yes," said the padre to him. "But you know," said the Demon, "we shall not travel by land, but by sea." — "All right!" said the padre. "Early to-morrow we will go."

The next day, when daylight broke, a saddled mule was in front of the door of the curate's house. The padre mounted, and they went on the waters. In four and twenty hours they were in Rome.

The padre arrived at a house, and tied up his mule. The padre went to church, and brought from there many relics, pictures, and rosaries, which he put into a satchel. He did not find the mule tied up, but the people of the house were very much frightened because the mule had turned into a man; and the man said to the landlord, "Would you like to see how I put myself into this bottle of wine here?" — "Yes," said the people, "we should like to see how you do it." Then he put himself into the bottle.

<sup>1</sup> An alcoholic liquor made of a solution of unrefined cane-sugar (*cañela*).

The padre came, put the string inside the bottle, caught him in the noose, and pulled him out in the shape of a man. "Let us go!" he said, "I am ready." He tied up the man by the nape of his neck, and he turned again into a saddled mule, and the curate mounted her. Then the mule could not walk, on account of the relics which the curate carried. The Mule said to him, "Throw away those things which you are carrying, for they burn me much. I promise you that you shall find them on your table."

Then the padre threw his relics into the middle of the sea, and in four and twenty hours he arrived at his house. The padre let him go, and said, "Go away, accursed one, and never come again to trouble me." The Demon did not come back.

#### EL DIABLO

Era un hombre perseguido del diablo que, dondequiera que iba, siempre se le andaba apareciendo en figura de un machín. Una vez se fué á misa el hombre y allí estaba el diablo. Todo lo que hacía el padre en misa lo hacía el demonio también. Se iba en el hombro de los niños y los echaba á dormir.

Fué el hombre y se lo platicó al cura; y le dijo el padre, "Ahora te voy á confesar, á ver porque andas mirando esas visiones. Vas mañana á misa temprano á ver si vuelves otra vez á ver ese machín."

Fué el hombre á misa y allí estaba. En seguida se fué á confesar y allí iba el demonio. Entonces le dijo el padre, "Ten, hijo, este cordón, y dondequiera que vaya el demonio, tú lo sigues y lo lazas con este cordón y me lo traes aquí."

Se fué el hombre otra vez á la iglesia con el cordón en la mano. Salíó el demonio de la iglesia y el hombre detrás. Vió como echó unos perros á pelear; vió como echó á unos borrachos á pelear, y siguió el hombre al demonio. Entró en una taverna y se metió en una de las ollas de tepache.

Entonces le fué á avisar al cura que ya estaba allí metido en una de las ollas de tepache, y le dijo el cura, "Anda pregúntale á la señora que cuanto quiere por que le metas la mano y saques á este animal que está dentro de la olla." Entonces la señora se asustó mucho y le dijo, "Nada me pagarás, pero saca ese animal de allí." Entonces el hombre metió la mano y el cordón, y lo lazó. Ya no salió el machín sino que un hombre que tenía piés de gallo; y se lo llevó á donde estaba el padre; y le dijo el padre, "Amárralo allí, y échale zacate que comer."

Entonces vino el padre á donde estaba amarrado el animal y le dijo, "¿Porqué tú te andas metiendo á donde no te conviene?" Entonces le dijo el demonio, "¡Déjame ir! Prométeme que me sueltas y te diré porqué."—"Sí," le dijo el padre. "Te prometo soltarte, pero dime ¿porqué te vas en mi templo?" Entonces contestó el demonio, "Porque debes una promesa á Roma, y si quieres ir á cumplirlo yo te llevaré en veinticuatro horas."—"Sí," le dijo el padre. "Pero sabes," le dijo el demonio, "que no vamos á caminar por tierra, sino que por el mar."—"Está bien," le dijo el padre. "Mañana muy temprano nos iremos."

Al otro día, cuando amaneció, una mula ensillada estaba en la puerta del curato, y se montó el padre, y se fueron encima de las aguas. En veinticuatro horas ya estaban en Roma.

Llegó el padre á una casa y amarró la mula. Se fué el padre al templo, y

trajo de allá muchas reliquias, estampas, rosarios. Le colocó en una petaca. Ya no encontró á la mula amarrada, sino que la gente de la casa estaba muy asustada porque se volvió en hombre la mula, y el hombre le dijo al dueño de la casa, "¿Quieren Vdes. ver que yo me puedo meter en esta botella que está ahí?"—"Sí," le dijeron los hombres, "queremos ver que te metas." Y entonces se metió en la botella.

Llegó el padre, metió el cordón dentro de la botella, lo lazó y lo sacó en figura de un hombre. "Vámonos," le dijo, "ya estoy listo." Amarró al hombre del pescuezo y se volvió otra vez la mula ensillada, y se montó en ella el cura. Entonces ya no podía andar la mula por las reliquias que llevaba el cura. Le dijo la mula, "Tira esos mecates que llevas, porque me queman mucho. Te prometo que en tu mesa los encontrarás."

Entonces el padre tiró sus reliquias en medio del mar y en veinticuatro horas llegó al curato. Lo soltó el padre y le dijo, "¡Anda, vete maldito! ya no me vengas á perturbar jamás." Ya no volvió el demonio.

#### 7. THE DEAD

There was an old woman who worked much at night, spinning and weaving her cloth. One moonlight night her dog howled much; and the old woman said, "Why does my dog howl so much?" She took it in her arms, and took the excretion out of the eyes of the dog and put it in her own eyes, and remained there looking out on the street, and she saw a procession coming, — many people with burning candles in their hands. She stood there, and the procession passed the door of her house.

Then one person came out of the procession and gave a candle to the old woman who was standing in the doorway. He said to her, "Take this candle, and to-morrow, when we pass again at the same hour, give it to me." — "Well," said the old woman. She took the candle and put it on her altar. She took the excretion out of her eyes and went to sleep.

The next day, early in the morning, there was no candle, but the shin-bone of a dead person. The old woman was frightened, and went to confession. Then the padre said to her, "Go get a very young infant, and stand in the doorway of your house with the shin-bone in one hand, and the infant in the other. When the procession passes and the man asks for the candle which he gave you last night, and when you give it to him, pinch the baby so that it cries, and give the man the candle with your other hand."

The old woman did so. She stood in the doorway and pinched the baby while she passed the candle to the man; and the Dead said to the old woman, "This protects you, for this was the hour when we were to take you;" and thus the old woman freed herself.

#### LOS MUERTOS

Pues, era una viejecita que trabajaba mucho de noche en hilar y tejer su manta. Una noche de luna lloraba mucho un perro que tenía, y dijo la viejecita, "¿Porqué

llorará tanto mi perro?" Entonces abrazó al perro y le quitó las chinquifias de los ojos del perro, y se lo colocó ella en sus ojos, y se quedó mirando á la calle, y vió una procesión que venía: mucha gente con velas en la mano ardiendo. Se quedó parada ella y pasó la procesión en la puerta de la casa.

Entonces salió uno de ellos y le dió una vela á la viejecita que estaba parada en la puerta. Le dijo, "Ten esta vela, y mañana, cuando volvamos á pasar á estas mismas horas, me la das."—"Bueno," dijo la viejecita, cogió la vela y la puso en su altar. Se quitó las chinquifias y se fué á dormir.

Al otro día ya no amaneció la vela, sino que una canilla de muerto. Se asustó la viejecita y se fué á confesar. Entonces le dijo el padre, "Vas á buscar una criatura tierna, y te paras en la puerta de la casa con la canilla en tu mano, y la criatura en la otra mano. Cuando pase la procesión entonces te pide la vela el hombre que te la dió anoche, y cuando tú le des la vela, entonces le pegas un pellizco al nene para que llore, y con la otra mano le das la vela al hombre."

Así hizo la viejecita. Se paró en la puerta y le dió un pellizco al nene cuando le pasó la vela al hombre; y le dijeron los muertos á la viejecita "que te valga eso, sino ahora era tiempo para que te lleváramos," y así se libró la viejecita.

RIDDLES <sup>1</sup>

1.

In a very dark room is a dead one,  
the living one handling the dead one,  
and the dead one is shouting.

A piano.

2.

They say I am king, and I have no  
kingdom.

They say I am blonde, and have no  
hair.

I set the watch, and am no watch-  
maker.

The sun.

3.

I am round, like the world;

I am lady with a wreath;

Four hundred sons I have,

And with my tail I hold them.

Pomegranate.

4.

Dark and black

He goes to the sky,

And then falls back,

After giving a cry.

A rocket.

ADIVINOS <sup>1</sup>

1.

En un cuarto muy oscuro está un  
muerto, el vivo tentando al muerto, y  
el muerto dando gritos.

El piano.

2.

Dicen que soy rey y no tengo reino.

Dicen que soy rubio y no tengo pelo.

Compongo reloj y no soy relojero.

El sol.

3.

Soy redondo como el mundo,

Soy señora con corona,

Cuatrocientos hijos tengo

Y con la cola los mantengo.

La granada.

(Chile 305, 758; Dem. 1010)

4.

Un negrito

Subió al cielo,

Pegó un grito,

Cayó al suelo.

Cohete.

<sup>1</sup> The comparative notes are from Ellodoro Flores, *Adivinanzas corrientes en Chile*, Santiago de Chile, 1911 (quoted: Chile); Antonio Machado y Alvarez (Demófilo), *Colección de Enigmas y Adivinanzas*, Sevilla 1880 (quoted Dem.); Fernán Caballero, *Cuentos, Oraciones, Adivinas y Refranes populares é infantiles*, Leipzig 1878 (quoted Cab.); F. R. Marin, *Cantos populares españoles I*, Sevilla 1882 (quoted Mar.). The references to the three last-named books have been taken from the notes to Flores' collection.

5.  
(A play on *santa* and *judía*.)

5.  
No soy *santa* ni *judía*  
Hasta la semana santa  
Llegó mi día.

La sandía.  
(Compare Chile 674)

6.  
A play on *plata-no*.

6.  
Oro no es, *plata no* es,  
Abre la cortina  
Y verás lo que es.

El plátano.  
(Chile 618, 619; Dem. 823)

7.  
In a very dark hole  
Is a man  
Mending his rain-coat  
With a turkey-feather.

Garlick.

7.  
En un barranco muy oscuro  
Está un hombre  
Remendando su capote  
Con pluma de guajalote.

El ajo.  
(Compare Chile 400)

8.  
White vine,  
Black seeds,  
Five little bulls,  
One calf.  
Paper, ink, fingers, pen.

8.  
Pámpano blanco,  
Semillas negras,  
Cinco toritos,  
Una ternera.  
Papel, tinta, dedos, pluma.  
(Chile 548)

9.  
A watered court,  
A dry court,  
Out comes a monkey  
Quite tipsy (?).

The toad.

9.  
Patio regado,  
Patio árido,  
Sale un monito  
Bien espinado.

El sapo.

10.  
White as a dove,  
Black as pitch,  
It talks and has no tongue,  
It runs and has no feet.

A letter.

10.  
Blanca como la paloma,  
Negra como la pez,  
Habla y no tiene lengua,  
Corre y no tiene piés.

Una carta.  
(Chile 166; Dem. 251, 252; Cab. 129)

11.  
In the field has well arisen  
That which never has been sowed,  
With its green cape  
And its pretty red.

Gold.

11.  
En el campo bien nacido  
Lo que nunca fué sembrado,  
Con su capotito verde  
Y su bonito encarnado.

Oro.  
(Chile 174)

12.  
Tiviriviri  
Tavaravará

12.  
Tiviriviri  
Tavaravará

Painted sheet,  
What may it be?

The sky.

Sábana pintada,  
¿Que cosa será?

Cielo.

13.

Pingre pingre is hanging,  
Mángara mángara is standing.  
If pingre pingre should take a fall,  
Mángara mángara would eat it all.  
Meat and cat.

13.

Pingre pingre está colgado,  
Mángara mángara está parado.  
Si pingre pingre se cayera,  
Mángara mángara lo comiera.  
Carne y gato.  
(Chile 222; Dem. 563; Cab. 120)

14.

A pinpín,  
A tantán,  
A chirivín,<sup>1</sup>  
A scorpion.

Bells.

14.

Un pinpín,  
Un tantán,  
Un chirivín,  
Un alacrán.

Campanas.

15.

(A play on *cala* [cut of a melon] and  
*basa*.)

Calabash.

15.

En la *cala* del melón  
Tengo fijado mi nombre;  
Y en la *basa* del jugador  
Mi sobre nombre.

Calabasa.

16.

Letters come and letters go,  
Through the air above they blow.  
Clouds.

16.

Cartas ven y cartas vienen,  
En el aire se mantienen.  
Las nubes.  
(Compare Chile 192; Dem. 275)

17.

A little basket filled with flowers  
Opens at night  
And closes in the day.  
The stars.

17.

Una canastita llenita de flores  
De noche se extiende  
Y de día se recoje.  
Las estrellas.  
(Chile 272, 296)

18.

Button over button,  
Button of filigree.  
You don't guess me now,  
And not from here till to-morrow.  
Pineapple.

18.

Botón sobre botón,  
Botón de filigrana.  
No me adivinas ahora,  
Pero ni de aquí á mañana.  
Piñas.  
(Compare Chile 178, 179)

19.

(Play on words on *agua-cate*.)

19.

*Agua* pasa por mi casa  
*Cate* de mi corazón  
No me divinas ora  
Pero ni de aquí á la ocasión.  
Aguacate

<sup>1</sup>A kind of root.

20.  
A little black one above,  
And red Juan below.

Baking-plate on fire.

21.  
Without being mule in the mill,  
I go with my eyes covered  
And feet apart.

Scissors.

22.  
An oven,  
Four pillars,  
Two man-frighteners,  
One fly-frightener.

23.  
A cow of many colors  
Threw herself into the sea.  
My sea-water  
It could not pass (?).

Darkness.

24.  
In a mountain  
Is a man.  
He has teeth and does not eat,  
He has a beard and is no man.

Ear of corn.

25.  
A lady is coming who has a lord  
With many patches  
Without a stitch.

A hen.

26.  
He is small, like a rooster,  
But can stand more than a horse.

?

20.  
Chico negrito arriba  
Y Juan colorado abajo.

Comal y lumbre.

21.  
Sin ser mulo de molina  
Voy con los ojos tapado  
Y las patas al compás.

Las tijeras.

(Compare Chile 725-731, 733)

22.  
Un horno de pan,  
Cuatro pilares,  
Dos espanta-gentes,  
Un espanta-mosca.

A cow.

La vaca.

(Chile 117, 761-764; Dem. 1012; Cab. 78)

23.  
Una vaca pinta  
Se tiró á la mar.  
Mi agua de mar  
No pudo pasar (?).

La oscuridad.  
(Chile 488, 701)

24.  
En un monte monterano  
Está un hombre franco sano,<sup>1</sup>  
Tiene diente y no come,  
Tiene barbas y no es hombre.

Mazorca.

(Chile 36, 40, 41, 231; Dem. 47)

25.  
Una señorita viene aseñorada  
Con muchos remiendos  
Sin una puntada.

La gallina.

(Chile 286, 287; Dem. 461; Emilia Pardo Bazan,  
"Folk-Lore Gallego," in *Biblioteca de las Tra-*  
*diciones Populares*, vol. iv, p. 69)

26.  
Chiquitito, como un gallo  
Pero aguanta más que un caballo.

Las cámaras  
(Chile 149)

<sup>1</sup> In Chill, hay un padre franciscano.

27.  
A pock-marked Indian  
Called Barrabas  
Who pushes the women  
To and fro.

The metate.

27.  
Un indito cacarizo  
Que se llama Barrabás  
Que empuje á las mujeres  
Por delante y por detrás.

El metate.

28.  
I come from Pochutla  
Displeased with Tutepec  
My eyes are black  
And my heart yellow.

The egg.

28.  
De Pochutla vengo arriba  
De Tutepec ofendido  
Traigo los ojitos negros  
Y el corazón amarillo.

El huevo.

(Chile 345, 346, 447; Dem. 536,  
541, 543)

29.  
What is that thing which one orders  
weeping, and that one uses singing?  
He pays for it who does not want it,  
and he uses it who does not order it.

A coffin.

29.  
¿Cuál es el objeto que se encarga  
llorando, y se trabaja cantando? Lo  
paga él que no lo quiere; y lo usa él  
que no lo encarga.

El ataúd.

(Chile 69, 70, 71; Dem. 188)

#### SONGS

(Sung to the accompaniment of the guitar)

1. A las mujeres quererías  
Y no darles de comer  
Darles palo como burro  
Y agua caliente á beber.
2. Anda, vete y déjame  
Estoy cansado de amarte.  
No me metas en peligro  
De matar ó que me maten.
3. Díme si ya t'enojastes  
Que no me hablas te agradezco.  
Del mismo genio soy yo  
Que cuando quiero aborrezco.
4. Las mujeres son los diablo  
Pariente de los demonio.  
Con una tijera vieja  
Pelaron á San Antonio.
5. Para quedarme dormido  
En medio de tus brazitos  
Como niño consentido  
Mamando los pechitos.



6. Yo le pregunté á Cupido  
Que sí se aman las casada;  
Y me respondió afligido  
Que esas son las apreciada  
Que ofenden á su marido  
Y sin interés de nada.
7. No duermo por adorarte  
Y por que verte me despero  
Que t'estimo hast' en el sueño  
Pero cuando la rana crie pelo.
8. Yo te quisiera decir;  
Pero sí me duele el alma,  
Gertrudis y Margarita,  
Dolores y Feliciano.
9. Tus ojitos me han gustado  
En compañía de tu ceja;  
Tus ojos me quieren hablar  
Pero sí tú no los deja.
10. Cúpido con Salomón  
Salieron al campo un día,  
Pudo más el interés  
Que el amor que le tenía.
11. Navegando en una balsa  
Me quise desvanecer,  
Y me agarré de una zarza  
No me pude detener.  
Por una cuartilla falsa  
Me despreció una mujer.
12. Me embarqué en una falúa  
En un barco navegué.  
Anda, vete tú por agua,  
Que yo por tierra me iré.
13. Que bonito par de ojitos  
Me las quisieras vender  
Me gusta por San Ganito  
Que hast' en el modo de ver(?).
14. Si la pasión te domina  
Ó te hace grado el amor  
T' estiende la vista y mira  
'Hora que estás en la flor  
No después te cause envidia  
Y quedrás otro mejor.
15. Cupido con su chulona  
En el sueño le decía,

"Si no me quieres, pelona,  
Abrázame, vida mía  
Muérdeme, no seas chiquiona."

16. La mujer de Salomón  
Lo vide y le quise hablar  
Y me respondió afligido:  
"Póngase á considerar  
El que se meta conmigo  
La vida le va á costar."
17. De Salomón y Cupido  
Traigo versos muy bonito.
18. Las mujeres al querer  
Tienen demás un sentido  
Querellan á sus marido  
Como potro á persogado  
Relinchido y relinchido.
19. Soy como 'l amante mudo  
Que ama sin poder hablar  
La lengua sí me hace un nudo  
Cuando me quiero explicar.
20. Quisiera ser pavo real  
Para tener plumas bonita  
Pero he sido cardinal  
Criado en las tortolita  
Como el que quiso no pudo  
Querer á la más bonita.

#### DECIMAS

(Poems presented by young men to their sweethearts)

##### I.

Un jardín voy á formar  
De todas las señoritas  
Unas para convertirlas en flores  
Y otras en puras rositas.

1. Las Petronas son manzanas  
Las Antonias chirimoyas  
Las Gregoritas cebollas  
Y limas las Cayetanas  
Duraznos serán las Juanas  
Que á todo lo han de hermosear  
Y el quien quisiere comprar  
Prevéngase de antemano  
Que para ser hortelano  
*Un jardín voy á formar.*

2. Uvas serán las Marcelas  
 Las Candelarias sandías  
 Calabasas las Marías  
 Y las Teresitas son peras  
 Las Matianas y Ceberas  
 Ni más ni menos zapote  
 Las Marcelinas camote  
 Buenos para refrescar  
 Las Angelas tejocote  
*Del jardín que he de formar.*

3. Piñas serán las Panchitas  
 Las Lolitas azucenas  
 Propias para verbenas  
 Creo son las Margaritas  
 Lechugas las Josefitas  
 Las Guadalupe pepinas  
 Las Ignacias son cominos  
 Que también debo plantar  
 Ha de quedar de primera  
*El jardín que he de formar.*

*En fin:* 4. Brevas serán las Torribias  
 Las Juanitas anonovias  
 Guayabitas las Zenobias  
 Y naranjas las Emilias  
 Guineo son las Basillas  
 Como son las Leonarditas  
 Las Mónicas y Mariquitas  
 Que á la vista han de agradar  
 Y con puras Margaritas  
*Un jardín voy á formar.*

*Fin.*

## II.

Hasta el muelle fui con ella  
 Comunicando los dos  
 Ahí fueron los suspiros  
 Cuando ella me dijo adiós.

1. La prenda que yo estimaba  
 Ya se apartó de mi lado  
 No sé que causa le he dado  
 Tanto como lo adoraba.  
 Ella nada le faltaba  
 Era reluciente estrella  
 De mí no tuvo quebrante ella  
 En todo era muy cumplida  
 Pero no se fué sentida  
*Hasta el muelle fui con ella.*

2. Le pregunté á mi lucero  
 Por qué causa se me iba  
 Y me respondió sentida  
 "Yo no me voy porque quiero."  
 Me dijo con mucho esmero  
 "Ahora te quedas con Dios,"  
 Se le cerraba la voz  
 Pues ya de tanto llorar  
 Cuando ella ya iba á montar  
*Comunicando los dos.*

3. Todo se le iba en llorar  
 Comunicándome á mí  
 Con dolor me despedí  
 Cuando 'la fui á encaminar.  
 Pues ya de tanto llorar  
 Dos corazones heridos  
 Ya se echaban los retiros  
 En aquel pueblo tirano  
 Cuando ella me dió la mano  
*Allí fueron los suspiros.*

*En fin:* 4. Ella se quedó llorando  
 Yo puse el pié en el estribo  
 Me dijo, "Vente conmigo  
 Que por tí voy suspirando."  
 Y yo le dije llorando  
 Con un llanto muy atroz  
 Despidiéndonos los dos  
 "Para acordarme de tí."  
 No pude volver en sí  
 Cuando ella me dijo adiós.  
*Fin.*

## II. THE TALE OF COYOTE AND RABBIT OF THE CHATINO, OAXACA

The following tale was recorded by me in Pochutla, Oaxaca. It was dictated in Spanish by S. Ezéquiél Vázquez, a Chatino who lived in Pochutla in the winter of 1911-12.

There was a dear old woman who had three sons and had a field of chilarro. Every night a Rabbit came and did damage to it. One day the dear old woman bethought herself of a way to catch the Rabbit. After she had consulted several persons, one of them advised her to make a little monkey of wax, and, after covering the field that held the chilarro, to leave an entrance and to place there the monkey of wax.

At night the Rabbit came, and found the monkey in the doorway. He began to talk with him. He said to him, "Let me enter! I am very hungry. I offer you that you may eat me." Since the monkey did not answer, he struck him with one hand, and stuck fast. He

said, "If you hold this hand, I have another one." He struck him with the other hand also, and stuck fast. Again he said, "You are holding my hands, but I tell you that I have also two feet." He struck him with one foot, and stuck fast. He struck him with the other one, and stuck fast. Again he said, "I have other parts of my body." He struck him with his head, and stuck fast. He struck him with his tail, and stuck fast. He struck him with his chest, and stuck fast.

On the following morning the dear old woman arrived, and found the dear Rabbit stuck to the monkey, and said to him, "So you must be the one who eats my chile!" She took him home, and placed him in a net which was hanging from one of the rafters of the house.

At that time the Coyote passed by; and the Rabbit said to him, "Good-day, Uncle Coyote! Where are you going?" The Coyote replied, "Man alive, what are you doing here?" — "O Uncle Coyote! they have brought me here, because they want to marry me to the young daughter of the lady of this house, and I do not want to marry her. If you are willing to enter into this marriage, pull me out of here, and you shall be married." The Coyote obediently untied the net in which the Rabbit was caught, put himself inside, and the Rabbit hung the net up again where it had been and went away.

After a little while the dear old woman entered the room where this had happened, and saw the Coyote hanging in the net. She said to him, "You have turned from a Rabbit into a Coyote; but, whatever may happen, you will suffer your punishment." She sent for a pot of boiling water and put down a tub, into which she poured the hot water, and then she put the Coyote into it. When he felt the heat, he began to retreat, until finally he could make his escape and promised to pursue the Rabbit and to eat him.

After walking some distance in search of him in various places, he came upon him on a hillside where a cactus grew which had many prickly-pears (*iuna*), and he found the dear Rabbit eating prickly-pears. When he saw the Coyote, he said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" The Coyote said to him, "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, because you have fooled me." The Rabbit said to him, "No, uncle, I am not the one who fooled you. See, indeed, what good prickly-pears I am eating!" The Coyote said, "Throw me down one!" The Rabbit carefully removed the spines, and threw it down to him. "How good they are!" said the Coyote. "Throw me another one!" He cleaned the second one also, and threw it down to him. "Man alive, Rabbit, don't get tired of it! Throw me down another one!" He threw down another one, but without cleaning it. The greedy Coyote ate the third prickly-pear, and felt in his throat the pains of the spines. While he began to free himself of these, the Rabbit fled, after having committed this knavery.

The Coyote promised to pursue the Rabbit until he would eat him. After searching for him a long time, he met him on the slope of a great mountain. When he saw the Coyote, he placed himself close to a rock, and said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" — "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, Uncle Rabbit," said the Coyote to him. The dear little Rabbit replied, "No, uncle, you won't eat me. See, I am holding now this rock. If I let go of it, the world will come to an end, and I beg of you to help me a while. I am very hungry, and should like to go and take a lunch." The Coyote, very obediently, took hold of the rock, and the Rabbit made his escape. After the Coyote had been there quite a while holding the rock, he got tired, and said, "I'll let go of the rock, even if the world does come to an end. I can't stand it any longer," and he let go of it. The rock began to roll; and the Coyote looked at it and nothing happened; and he said, "Now it is twice that the Rabbit has fooled me; the third time I'll surely eat him."

He pursued him again, until he found him in a field alone, where he stood close to a hive; and when he saw the Coyote, he said to him, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside! What are you doing here?" The Coyote replied to him, "I am looking for you; and now, indeed, I'll eat you, for you have fooled me many a time." — "No, uncle," answered the Rabbit, "I am not the one who has fooled you. That must be one of my companions, for I have been teacher of this school for quite a while. If you like to have a good salary, I'll give you this place." The Coyote accepted; and when he asked the Rabbit for some instructions, the Rabbit replied, "If these boys do not want to study, say to them, 'Study;' and if they do not obey, take this cane and touch the hive three times."

After having given the Coyote this instruction, he went away. The Coyote remained playing his rôle, and said from time to time, "Study, study!" and the bees in that hive did not obey. Then the Coyote struck the hive according to the instructions of the Rabbit until the bees came out and stung him, so that he rolled about.

The Coyote, much offended by the many tricks that the Rabbit had played him, promised to pursue him again, until he should find him and eat him. After having searched for him in several places, he met him on the shore of a lake. When he saw the Coyote, he said, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside! What are you doing hereabouts?" The Coyote replied to him, "I am in search of you; and now, indeed, I am going to eat you, for you have fooled me too much, and I'll punish you for your misdeeds." The dear little Rabbit said to him, "No, uncle, I am not the one who has fooled you. He who has fooled you must have been one of my companions. See! I have been given as a present a very large cheese for my lunch to-day;

but since I have other better things ready, if you like it, I'll give it to you." The Coyote, well satisfied, accepted the present, which, thereupon, he gave to him. The Rabbit said to him, "When you are hungry, go into the lake, until you arrive at the place where the cheese is, and eat it." The Coyote thanked him, and the Rabbit went away.

The moon, which was full, was reflected in the water, and looked like a cheese. The Coyote, who was hungry, went into the water several times, and, since he did not reach the cheese, said that the Rabbit had fooled him again. Indeed, when he looked up to the sky, he saw the full moon. Filled with indignation, the Coyote said, "Now, indeed, I'll go in search of the Rabbit, and I'll eat him."

After having searched the longest time, he came to the bank of a river, and saw the Rabbit, who was rocking himself in a deep place by means of some lianas. When he saw the Coyote, he said, "Good-day, Uncle, Uncle Burnt-Backside!" and the Coyote said to him, "Now, indeed, scoundrel, am I going to eat you, for I have been fooled by you time and again, and your misdeeds deserve punishment." The Rabbit said to him, "Why do you say that to me, Mr. Uncle? I am not the one who has fooled you. Maybe some of my companions have done it. See, indeed! I am taking delightfully fresh air in this hammock; and if you wish to refresh yourself, — for without doubt you are much heated by your walk, — and meanwhile refresh yourself." The Coyote accepted the proposal, and when he had reached the hammock, the Rabbit climbed up some rocks from which the lianas hung down, and began to gnaw at them until they broke; and therewith a detonation was heard in the water, when the Coyote had fallen into it. The Rabbit went his way, and the Coyote was in great trouble to get out of the deep hole. Once out of the hole, he said he would pursue the Rabbit until he should find and eat him.

After going several days in search of the Rabbit, he met him in a large reed, and said to him, "Now, indeed, I'll eat you, for you have fooled me too much, Rabbit." The Rabbit replied, "No, uncle! When did I fool you? See, it is true, I must assist at a marriage, and should like you to play the guitar. Look here, see how many jars of pulque I have! If you accept, they shall all be yours." The Rabbit gave a leaf of corn to the Coyote, for that was his guitar. "And when you hear the noise of rockets, play the guitar more vigorously; then I'll bring the bridal couple, and I'll come at once and we'll dance the fandango."

The dear little Rabbit, when he left the reeds, set fire to the dry leaves, and a great fire started. When the Coyote heard the noise of the green reeds which were burning, he played the corn-leaves more vigorously. When he felt that it was the fire that had come near him,

he could not get out, however hard he tried, and had to die of asfixiation.

## COYOTE Y CONEJO

Era una viejecita que tenía tres hijos, y tenía una sembradura de chilarro. Todas las noches iba un conejo á hacerle daño. Un día la viejecita inventó cual sería la manera de coger el conejito. Después de haber consultado con varias personas le indicó una que hiciera un monito de cera, y después de cubrir el corral, que contenía los chillarros, dejar un portillito (*sic!*) y dejar allí el monecito de cera.

En la noche llegó el conejo y encontró al monecito en la puerta. Comenzó á conversar con él. Le dijo, "Déjame entrar que traigo mucha hambre. Te ofrezco que me comas." No habiendo contestado el monecito, le acometió con una mano y se quedó pegado. Le dijo, "Si me agarras esta mano tengo la otra." Volvió á pegarle con la otra mano y se quedó pegado. Volvió á decirle, "Ya me tienes de las dos manos, pero tambien te diré que tengo dos piés." Le pegó con un pié y se quedó pegado. Le pegó con el otro y se quedó pegado. Volvió á decirle, "De mi cuerpo tengo otras cosas más." Le pegó con la cabeza, se quedó pegado. Le pegó con la cola, se quedó pegado. Le pegó con la caja del cuerpo y se quedó pegado.

A la mañana siguiente llegó la viejecita y encontró al conejito pegado al mono y le dijo, "Tu eres el que te estás comiendo mis chillarritos." Se lo llevó para su casa y lo colocó en una red colgada en uno de los atravezaños de la casa.

En esto pasaba el coyote, y le dijo el conejo, "Adiós, tío coyote. ¿A dónde vas?" El coyote le contestó, "¿Qué haces ahí, hombre?"—"Ay, tío coyote, pues me han traído aquí que quieren casarme con la niña hija de la señora de esta casa, y yo no quiero. Pues, si tu quieres contraer dicho enlace, sácame de aquí y te casarás." El coyote obediente desató la red donde estaba el conejo preso, y se metió, y volvió el conejo á colgarla donde estaba y se fué.

Después de algunos instantes entró la viejecita en la pieza á donde sucedió esto y vió al coyote que estaba colgado en la red. Le dijo, "De conejo te volvistes coyote, pero no le hace como quiera, sufrirás tu castigo." Mandó traer una olla de agua hirviendo y colocó una tina en donde echó el agua caliente y metió al coyote. Este, al sentir los ardores, comenzó á retrasar hasta que por fin pudo escaparse prometiendo que seguiría al conejo hasta comérselo.

Después de haber andado algo buscándolo por varios puntos, vino á encontrarlo en una loma á donde había un nopal que tenía muchas tunas y encontrábase el conejito comiendo tunas. Al divisar el coyote, le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado." El coyote le dijo, "Ahora sí te voy á comer porque me has engañado." El conejo le dijo, "No, tío, yo no soy él que te he engañado. Mira, verás, que buenas tunas me estoy comiendo." El coyote dijo, "¡Echame una!" El conejo le quitó bien los aguates y se la tiró. "Que buenas están," dijo tío coyote. "¡Echame otra!" Volvió á limpiar la segunda tuna y se le tiró. "¡Hombre conejo, no te enfades! ¡Tírame otra!" Volvió á tirarle pero sin limpiarla. El goloso coyote se comió la tercera tuna y sintió en la garganta los ardores del aguate. Comenzando á quitarse de aquellos el conejo escapó después de haber cometido esta picardía.

El coyote prometió seguir al conejo hasta comérselo. Después de haber lo buscado mucho, lo vino á encontrar en una gran ladera. Al ver al coyote se



pegó junto á una peña y le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado."—"Ahora sí te voy á comer, tío conejo," le dijo el coyote. El conejito le contestó, "No, tío, no me comas. Mira, que ahora estoy teniendo esta peña. Pues si la suelto, se acaba el mundo, y te suplico que me ayudes un rato. Pues tengo una hambre y quiero ir á almorzar." El coyote, muy obediente, agarró la peña, y el conejo se escapó. Después de un gran rato de estar el coyote deteniendo la peña se cansó y dijo, "Pues yo suelto la peña aunque se acabe el mundo. Pues ya no aguanto," y la soltó. La peña comenzó á rodar, y el coyote se quedó mirándola sin haber pasado nada, y dijo, "Pues que con esta van dos que me engaña el conejo, y á las tres, sí me lo cómo."

Volvió á perseguirlo, hasta encontrarlo en un campo solo, donde estaba junto á un panal, y al divisar al coyote le dice, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado. ¿Qué andas haciendo?" El coyote le contestó, "Te ando buscando, porque ahora sí te voy á comer, porque ya me has engañado muchas veces."—"No, tío," le contestó el conejo, "no fui yo quien te ha engañado. Sería mi otro compañero, porque yo ya tengo tiempo de ser preceptor de esta escuela. Pues si quieres ganar buen salario, te daré este destino." El coyote aceptó y después de pedirle algunas instrucciones el conejito le contestó, "Cuando no quieran estudiar estos muchachos, les dirás 'estudien,' y si no te quieren obedecer, tome esta varita y le tocarás al panal tres veces."

Después de haberle dado esta instrucción al coyote se fué. El coyote se quedó desempeñando su papel y de cuando en cuando decía, 'estudien, estudien;' y las abejas de este panal no obedecían. Entonces el coyote pegó al panal según las indicaciones del conejito alborotando las abejas que le picaron hasta revolverlo.

El coyote ofendido con tantas burlas que el conejo le había hecho prometió seguirlo de nuevo, hasta encontrarlo para comerlo. Después de haberlo buscado en varios lugares lo encontró en la orilla de un lago. Al ver al coyote le dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado. ¿Qué andas haciendo por estos rumbos?" El coyote le contestó, "Ando en busca tuya, y ahora sí te voy á comer, pues me has engañado mucho, y te voy á castigar tus faltas." El conejito le dijo, "No, tío, no he sido yo que te ha engañado. El que te ha engañado habrá sido mi compañero. Pues mira, me han regalado este grandísimo queso para almorzarme hoy. Pero como tengo preparadas otras cosas más buenas, si tu quieres comértelo, te lo regalaré." El coyote, muy contento, aceptó el regalo que entonces le hacía. El conejo le dijo, "Cuando ya tengas hambre, te sumes en este lago hasta llegar á donde está el queso y te lo comerás." El coyote le dió gracias, y el conejo se fué.

Como la luna estaba en su llena, reflejaba en el agua, figurando un queso. El coyote, teniendo ya hambre, se sumió en el agua varias veces, y no alcanzando el queso, dijo, que ya lo había vuelto á engañar el conejo. En efecto, al mirar para el cielo vió que la luna estaba en su llena. Lleno de indignación el coyote dijo, "Ahora sí me voy á buscar al conejo, y me lo cómo."

Después de haber buscado muchísimo, llegó á la orilla de un río, y vió al conejo que se mecía por medio de unos bejucos en una hondura. Al ver al coyote dijo, "Adiós, tío, tío Culito Quemado;" y le dice el coyote, "Ahora sí, pícaro, te voy á comer, pues he sido engañado por tí varias veces, y tu falta merece castigo." El conejo le dijo, "¿Porqué me dice Vd. eso, tío? No he

sido yo quien te ha engañado. Tal vez sean otros compañeros. Pues mira, verás, que me estoy dando un aire tan fresco en esta hamaca, y si quieres refrescarte,—porque sin duda vendrás muy caluroso y mientras refréscate.” El coyote aceptó la propuesta, y habiendo llegado á la hamaca, el conejo se trepó sobre unas peñas donde dependía el bejuco, y comenzó á morderlo hasta reventarlo, y con esto se oyó una detonación dentro del agua donde cayó el coyote. El conejo se fué y el coyote quedó en grandes aflicciones para salir de aquella hondura. Una vez salido el coyote de aquella hondura dijo, que seguiría al conejo hasta encontrarlo para comérselo.

Después de varios días de andar el coyote en busca del conejo, lo vino á encontrar entre un gran carrizal y le dice, “Ahora sí te voy á comer, porque me has engañado mucho, conejito.” El conejo le contestó, “No, tío; ¿cuando te he yo engañado? Mira, de veras, que tengo que apadrinar un casamiento y quiero que tu toques la guitarra. Pues, mira, cuantas ollas de pulque tengo preparadas; y si aceptas, tuyo será todo eso.” El conejo le pasó un totomoztle al coyote, que ese era la guitarra, “Y cuando oigas la tronadera de cohetes, me tocas la guitarra mas recio, pues voy á traer los novios y luego vengo para que sigamos el fandango.”

El conejito al salir del carrizal encendió las hojas secas y comenzó un gran quemazón. El coyote, al oír la tronadera de los carrizos verdes que estaban quemando, más recio le daba el totomoztle. Cuando sintió era que la lumbre había llegado junto á él y por más esfuerzos que hizo para salir, nada pudo lograr y tuvo que morir asfixiado.

### III. TALES FROM TEHUANTEPEC

The following tales were obtained from a young Tehuano, Samuel Villalobo in Tehuantepec, who wrote them out in the Tehuano dialect of the Zapotecan language. Since I had not sufficient time to revise the Zapotecan phonetics, I give here merely the English translation, which I obtained from another Tehuano, Señor Anselmo Cortez.

#### I. JUAN TIGRE

A man and his wife were living on their ranch at the outskirts of a village. They had several head of cattle which they milked every day. They used part of the milk for selling, and part for making cheese. The wife was pious, almost a fanatic, and went to mass every day just before her husband finished milking; then she took the milk of the first cows along for sale, and fulfilled her religious duties at the same time.

One Sunday it happened that she urged her husband to go to mass. After they had agreed upon this, he went to church, while she remained behind to milk the cows.

Unfortunately, that day one of them did not come to the corral, and, as it was getting late, the woman went out to look for her all around the corral; but instead of finding the cow of which she was in search, she met a tiger; and before she realized what was happening, the

beast carried her to his cave, where he kept her locked up many years. During this time the poor woman lived on raw meat, which the tiger obtained from the herd of her own husband. At the end of one year the woman gave birth to a boy, the son of the tiger, who grew up, strong and fierce, like his father, but who had human form. The years passed, and the boy developed extraordinary strength. Therefore he opened the stone door of the cavern, which his mother had not been able to move with all the efforts she had made. The mother, with the tenderness that belongs to all of them, taught him to speak, and told him her story as soon as she thought that her son understood her.

The boy asked her one day if she wished to leave her prison, and said that he could free her by killing his own father. The woman accepted the proposal of her son, although with great fear, and made up her mind to suffer the consequences in case he should not succeed. The beast had gone out to bring meat for his family. Then the boy, who was seven years old, searched for a weapon, and found near the cave a stout and heavy pole, with which he prepared himself to murder his father. The boy kept in hiding outside of the enormous rock which served as his mother's prison, when the tiger's terrific and wild howl was heard, which terrified the poor woman inside the cave as never before. The wild beast came to the door, and, when he tried to open it, he received a tremendous blow on the head, which killed him almost immediately. A second blow ended the life of the animal, who lay there, extending his teeth and his claws for a little while, as though he wanted to imbed them in the flesh of his enemy.

The boy and his mother left the dark place in which they had passed such sad days of their existence, and travelled to the ranch of the woman's husband. As might be supposed, the woman had not even a rag with which to cover herself. While they were walking through the woods, she covered herself with leaves; but when they came near the hut, she sent her son to see the master, and to ask him for a garment for his mother, who was naked. That poor man was no other than her husband, who preserved as a sacred token of remembrance the dresses of his beloved wife, whom he believed to have been dead for many years.

The woman reached the home of her husband, to whom she did not disclose herself at once. She only asked for a room in which she and her son might sleep several days. But while these days were passing, he became convinced that she was his wife. He questioned her one day. "Do you remember Mr. H.? You say that you lived here a long time ago?"—"Certainly," replied she. "He was a very good and true man." Then he noticed in her face an expression of sadness which overshadowed her soul and tortured her. He did not doubt any longer, and said to her, "You must be my wife Maria,

whom I have not forgotten a single moment, and whom I love with all my soul." Maria could not restrain her tears, and said, "Yes, I am your wife; rather, I have been your wife; for now, although I should like to call myself so, I am unworthy of loving you. I have lived with a tiger that took me from your side." And she told him all the bitterness and sadness she had endured in the dark abode of that wild beast.

The couple lived united, and loving each other more than in the first years after their marriage. They agreed to take the boy to be baptized; and they called him Juan, and his godfather was the priest of the village. They sent the boy to school; but as soon as his fellows saw him, they made fun of him, and called him *Ladri guicha huini* (Little-Hairy-Body) or Juan Tigre. And Juan, who had in his veins the blood of the tiger, with one stroke of his fist left all those who made fun of him foolish for all their lives. His parents, in order to reform him, left him with his godfather, the priest. He thought he could reform Juan by frightening him by means of the skulls of the dead, which, according to the beliefs of the people, haunted the steeple of the church. One day, when Juan went up to toll the bells, he saw two skulls, which jumped about as though moved by a mysterious power. Juan smiled, threw them down so that they rolled about, and, when he arrived at home after calling to mass, he said to the priest, "Godfather, your servant-girl is very careless; she left on the stairs of the steeple the two calabashes in which she makes atole." The priest was surprised at the courage of the boy, and replied, saying that he would tell the girl to take better care of her things.

Then he sent him to another town to take a letter to the priest there, with the condition that he should sleep alone in a hut which stood all by itself in the fields. Juan staid there, as he had been told, continued his way on the following day, and on his way back he slept there again. He had hunger, but had no wood to heat the food that he was carrying. Juan said to himself, "Why is there no wood or straw of any kind to make a fire, and heat my supper?" At the same moment he heard a noise which announced a falling body. They were bones of skeletons, which Juan used as fuel to heat his meal. Undoubtedly the ghosts (*las penas*) knew his courage, and said, "In the corner which looks southward, at a depth of half a yard, you will find a pot full of gold and silver coin, for, on account of this money, we have been haunting this spot for a long time."

Juan left there, and directed his steps to his godfather, to whom he gave the reply to his message, and explained to him the place that had been indicated to him, and where the money was. The priest took this wealth away in small quantities, so that nobody should know what he was doing.

Two years passed. The father of Juan had come to be rich, because he participated in the enormous wealth that his son had found. He, however, on account of his instincts, had to look for adventures, and make himself famous by his deeds throughout the world.

He left his home, armed only with a goodly iron pole, which he alone, on account of his extraordinary strength, could manage. He met a ghost (*duende*), a man who carried enormous stones, and a very noted person called "Big-Finger" (*Dedo mayor*) because he lifted whatever he liked with his first finger and without any effort. These three wished to fight Juan Tigre; but it was impossible to vanquish him, and he made them his slaves. They travelled about several days, and came to a hut in the field which seemed to be inhabited. Notwithstanding appearances, nobody lived there.

The ghost staid there, and was to prepare dinner for his fellows who went out to hunt. Poor ghost! He would better have gone with his friends! A negro, ugly, exceedingly ugly, came to the hut, beat him, threw away his dinner, and ordered him to leave at once, or else he would kill him. The hunters came back, and the ghost explained to them what had happened. Then Juan Tigre, the chief, scolded him severely, and ordered that on the following day Big-Finger should stay at home. To him and to Stone-Carrier happened the same as to the ghost.

Then Juan Tigre said, "You all go and hunt, I shall await the negro and see what he wants." Poor negro! Better he had not come! Juan beat him so hard, that the poor negro had to flee precipitately, leaving a line of blood on the road, for he had torn off one of his ears. When Juan's companions arrived, he gave them a good dinner to eat, while they had not been able to provide a meal.

After dinner they followed the tracks of the negro, and noted that in all probability he had gone down into a well. They brought halters; and Juan went down to the bottom of the well, telling his companions to pull him up as soon as he should shake the rope. After a few moments Juan shook the rope, and his companions began to pull up something heavy. They were surprised to see a beautiful maiden tied in the halter. They lowered the rope again, and pulled up another, younger girl. The same happened a third time. Then each one of these bad people said, "This one shall be my wife!" and each one took his future wife by the arm. They left Juan in the dark well. When the chief saw that the halter was not coming down again, he threatened the negro of whom we have spoken, and who was in the bottom of the well, howling on account of the loss of his ear, with death, if he should not take him out of there. The negro said, "Do not kill me! Let me live here! If you wish for anything, bite my ear which you have, and you will get your wish." Juan bit the ear, and,

to his great surprise, he saw himself out of the well without knowing how it had happened.

By means of the ear he also learned the whereabouts of his companions, who thought Juan would die in the well, and took those beautiful maidens to the house of the King, who said that he was their father, and that they had been carried away by a negro whose whereabouts could not be discovered.

The King compelled his daughters to marry the bad persons who had returned them to their father. They protested, saying that the person who had saved them was a stout, fierce, and ugly man, with whom each of them had left a ring. The father insisted on his idea; and the miserable companions of Juan would have triumphed, if he had not appeared on time at the castle of the King and shown the rings which his daughters had given him.

The King ordered the treacherous friends of Juan to be shot, and said to him, "You shall be the master of my daughters. They love you, because you have saved them from the claws of the monster; and as a prize for your virtues and strength you shall be my heir."

## 2. A RASCAL

There was a Tehuano who one gay night saw a light of the kind which they say produces money, and, thinking himself unable to visit the light and to mark the place where he had seen it, he put off doing so, intending to go with one of his friends. On the following day he told his friend about what he had seen. They went to the place, marked it, and agreed to meet that same night with crowbars, to proceed with the excavation, and to divide what they were going to take out. The friend of the man who had seen the light went that night, as agreed upon, but the other one did not go. Therefore the other one proceeded alone to open the ground, pulled out the money, and took it to his house without telling the man who had seen the light. This one also went alone the following night with the idea of taking away the hidden money. What was his surprise, when he saw the hole from which his friend had taken the money! On account of this, and sure that nobody else knew about it, he looked up his friend, who had already put on new clothes and a fine hat. He reproached him, and demanded one-half of the money that he had taken out. The other one said that he did not know who had done it. The former man was much annoyed, and intended to frighten the other one with the judge, so that he should return the money.

When he received the summons, he went to a lawyer who was to defend him. The lawyer advised him to tell him the truth, so that he might save him. He confided the truth, and said that he had found and taken two thousand dollars. The lawyer said that if he

would give him one-half of that sum for the work that he would have to do, he would defend him. He agreed, and the lawyer instructed him, saying that he was to go to see the judge on the day and at the hour specified in the summons, and that he should pretend to be mute; after he had greeted the judge with gestures, he should deliver the summons; and when the judge should make known to him the claim against him, he should make with his fingers twice "pis pis pis, pis pis pis;" and if the judge should ask him to act according to the truth, he should do the same, so as to tire him out.

He did so. He went to see the judge, greeted him with movements of the head; and when he delivered the summons, he did everything the lawyer had told him. The judge could not do anything. He got tired, and sent both away, calling them fools.

The lawyer, who had seen all that happened, followed the man to his home; and when he asked him about all that had occurred, he answered him the same way with "pis pis pis, pis pis pis." The lawyer asked him to stop his fooling and to bring one-half of the money agreed upon, but he did not obtain anything. He asked him for one-fourth of the money, but to no effect. When he saw the man's evil intention and rascality, he was disgusted, and said, "Nobody is more to blame than myself, for I advised your mode of defence," and withdrew; while the other one had made a fool of him, of the judge, and of the one who had discovered the money.

#### IV. NOTES ON THE FOLK-LORE OF TEPOZTLAN

The following two fragments of tales were obtained from Mr. Verazaluce, a native of Tepoztlan. The former one belongs to the Rabbit cycle in Tepoztlan as well as in the Valley of Mexico. The opossum takes the place of the rabbit, and the puma that of the coyote.

##### I. PUMA AND OPOSSUM

A man had a garden in which he was raising *tunas* (prickly-pears). Two animals, the puma and the opossum, came to steal fruit; and the latter climbed a tree and began to eat. Puma asked him to throw down some fruit to him, and opossum complied with his request. Puma, however, ate so greedily, that he swallowed the tunas with the spines and was almost choked. At that moment the owner of the garden was coming, and Opossum made his escape. When they found Puma, who was still struggling with the spines, they gave him a sound beating.

At another time Puma and Opossum came to a rock. Opossum said to Puma, "See! this rock is moving. See how it is cutting through the clouds! Hold on to it while I go to get a meal!" Puma saw the clouds passing over the top of the rock, and believed that the rock was moving. He held on to it while Opossum ran away. When he

had staid away a long time, Puma opened his eyes, and saw that the rock was not moving at all, but that clouds were passing over it.<sup>1</sup>

## 2. LION, COYOTE, AND WOOD-CHOPPER

A wood-chopper was working in the woods. A Lion came along very hungry, and said to the wood-chopper, "I am sorry I have nothing to eat; so there is no help for it, I must eat you." The wood-chopper asked to be spared, but to no avail. Then he said to Lion, "Just let me settle my affairs first, then you may eat me. Meanwhile put your hands here to hold the tree." Lion consented, and put his hands in the crack of the tree. Then the wood-chopper knocked out the wedges, and Lion was caught. After a while a man came past, and Lion prayed to be released. The man did as requested. Then Lion said, "I am sorry I have nothing to eat; so there is no help for it, I must eat you." The man begged for mercy, but Lion would not listen. Then the man promised to bring him his wife's chickens, and Lion finally accepted. The man went home and demanded from his wife her chickens. First she remonstrated; but since the man insisted that he ought to keep his word, she finally said that she would consent. She went and put her dogs into a bag, gave the bag to her husband, and said that those were the chickens. The man went back to redeem his promise, and on his way met Coyote, who accompanied him. When he came to Lion, he left the bag there. Lion untied it, and the dogs jumped out and chased away both him and Coyote.

## V. COMPARATIVE NOTES

The study of the Mexican tales recorded in the present number, and of the New-Mexican material published by Professor Aurelio M. Espinosa in Vol. XXIV of this Journal, has led me to the conclusion that the Spanish-American folk-lore as well as that of the American negroes is derived largely from Spanish sources, and that the influence of Spanish folk-lore upon that of the Indians of the Western plateaus and plains has not received sufficient attention, and must be taken into account in the analysis of Western folk-lore and mythology.

The animal tales collected in Mexico have a considerable distribution over the American Continent. They have been fully described from Brazil, and their relationship to negro tales has repeatedly been pointed out.<sup>2</sup> Later on A. Ernst recorded stories of the same type in Venezuela, and others were collected by Dr. Rudolf Lenz in Chili. In the United States we have material from the Apache, Cherokee, Yuchi, and other

<sup>1</sup> Evidently these are badly told versions of the regular Rabbit cycle. A better account of the second story has been given by Marden from Mexico City (see *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xi (1896), pp. 43-46.

<sup>2</sup> Charles F. Hartt, *Amazonian Tortoise Myths* (Rio de Janeiro, 1875); *Conto de Magalhães, O Salvagem* (Rio de Janeiro, 1876), pp. 175-281; Herbert Smith, *Brasil, the Amazons, and the Coast* (New York, 1879); Sylvio Romero, *Contos populares do Brasil* (Lisbon, 1883); F. J. de Santa-Anna Nery, *Folk-Lore Brésilien* (Paris, 1889).



southeastern tribes, not to mention more remotely related tales from the more northerly regions.

I will give here a number of tales of the animal cycle, more particularly Rabbit tales recorded in America.

Some of the Coyote tales have been recorded from Mexico City by C. C. Marden;<sup>1</sup> from the Tarahumare, by Lumbholtz.<sup>2</sup> The tale of the rabbit and the cockroach, the hen, the dog, lion and hunter, occurs in identical form in Venezuela. Ernst also records the story of the tar baby.<sup>3</sup>

There is also a close relation to the Araucanian tales from Chili recorded by Dr. Rudolf Lenz.<sup>4</sup> The first part of the tale occurs in similar form in Chili and in Venezuela. Dr. Lenz tells it as follows:—

Once upon a time there was a Tiger, and his nephew the Fox. The Fox had a sister. Fox and Tiger had a quarrel, and the Tiger set out to kill the Fox, who went to an oak-tree, in the shadow of which he began to cut thongs out of a hide. The Tiger saw him, and said, "What are you doing there, Fox?"—"I am cutting thongs. The whole world is going to be turned upside down, therefore I am about to tie myself to the trunk of this oak-tree: surely it will not be turned upside down."—"Then tie me to the tree too," said the Tiger. "All right, then I'll tie you up first," said the Fox. "Put your arms around the trunk of the tree." The Tiger did so, and the Fox tied him firmly to the tree. "Don't tie me so fast," said the Tiger. When he was tied up well, the Fox took a switch and gave him a sound thrashing. "Don't strike me so hard, Fox," said the Tiger. "Why did you want to kill me, bad Uncle Tiger?" replied the Fox, and almost killed him. Then he left and went to another country.<sup>5</sup>

The following part of the version from Chili corresponds to an episode in the Mexican cycle.

(The Fox's enemy was in hiding near the water.) At noon the Fox went to the water, but he was suspicious. He remained some distance away, and shouted, "My water always speaks to me when it wants me to drink. I want to drink of my water," said the Fox. "When I say so four times to my water, it replies, 'Well, come and drink me!'" Then he shouted three times, "I want to drink of my water," but the water never replied. "Don't it want me to drink of it? I want to drink of you, water!" Then the water replied, "Come and drink me."—"Oho!" said the Fox, "water does not speak, I never heard the like of it," and ran away.

Here the conversation between the Fox and the water is analogous to our Pochutla version, and to the conversation between the Rabbit and his hole, in New Mexico.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xi (1896), pp. 43-46.

<sup>2</sup> Carl Lumbholtz, *Unknown Mexico* (New York, 1903), vol. i, p. 306.

<sup>3</sup> A. Ernst, "Tio Tigre und Tio Conejo," *Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*, 1888, vol. xx, pp. 275, 277.

<sup>4</sup> *Araukanische Märchen* (Valparaiso, 1896), p. 41.

<sup>5</sup> Compare the same story from Venezuela in A. Ernst, *l. c.*, p. 275.

<sup>6</sup> See Aurelio M. Espinosa, "New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore," in this Journal, vol. xxiv (1911), p. 422.

In North America we have, beside the interesting collection published by Professor Espinosa, just referred to, a few of the tales in the Fox and Rabbit cycle of the Jicarilla Apache.<sup>1</sup> The incidents are somewhat different; but the incident of Rabbit teaching school, and that of the tar baby, occur in identical form. Here we have also a version of the race between Frog and Antelope.<sup>2</sup> The story of the race between the Rabbit and the Tortoise or some other animal, in which the slower animal wins by placing others of his family along the race-track, is quite widely distributed among other North American tribes. Lumholtz has it from the Tarahumare (Frog and Coyote); Cushing, from the Zuñi (Gopher and the Runners of K'iakime).<sup>3</sup> Dr. George A. Dorsey has recorded it from the Caddo as a race between Coyote and Turtle.<sup>4</sup> From the Cherokee it is known through the collection of James Mooney,<sup>5</sup> who records the version "How the Terrapin beat the Rabbit." Dr. George A. Dorsey also mentions it from the Arikara.<sup>6</sup> Dr. Speck also mentions a version from the Algonquin of the Western Great Lakes, recorded by E. R. Young.<sup>7</sup> We find it in British Columbia among the Thompson Indians.<sup>8</sup>

The tar-baby story shows a similar distribution. It occurs in North America, in a form identical with the Mexican and American negro story, among the Biloxi,<sup>9</sup> Yuchi,<sup>10</sup> and Cherokee.<sup>11</sup> Modified forms, in which, however, the principal incidents may still be recognized, are found in California among the Yana<sup>12</sup> and Shasta,<sup>13</sup> in Oregon among the Takelma.<sup>14</sup>

Turning to the American negro tales, the analogies are obvious.

<sup>1</sup> Frank Russell, "Myths of the Jicarilla Apaches," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xi (1898), pp. 267-268.

<sup>2</sup> Pliny Earle Goddard, "Jicarilla Apache Texts," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. viii (1911), p. 237.

<sup>3</sup> Frank Hamilton Cushing, *Zuñi Folk-Tales* (New York, 1901), p. 277.

<sup>4</sup> *Traditions of the Caddo* (Carnegie Institution, 1905), p. 104.

<sup>5</sup> James Mooney, "Myths of the Cherokee," *10th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, pp. 271-273.

<sup>6</sup> *Traditions of the Arikara* (Carnegie Institution), p. 143.

<sup>7</sup> *Algonquin Indian Tales*, p. 246.

<sup>8</sup> James Teit, "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. viii, p. 395.

<sup>9</sup> J. Owen Dorsey, *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. vi (1893), p. 48.

<sup>10</sup> Frank G. Speck, "Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians," *University of Pennsylvania, Anthropological Publications of the University Museum*, vol. i (Philadelphia, 1909), pp. 152-153.

<sup>11</sup> "Myths of the Cherokee," *10th Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*, pp. 270, 450. Perhaps also Yuchi (see Frank G. Speck, "Ethnology of the Yuchi Indians," *University of Pennsylvania, Anthropol. Publ. of the University Museum*, vol. i, p. 141).

<sup>12</sup> Edward Sapir, "Yana Texts," *University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology*, vol. ix (1910), p. 227. Collected by Roland B. Dixon.

<sup>13</sup> Roland B. Dixon, "Shasta Myths," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxiii, p. 34.

<sup>14</sup> Edward Sapir, "Takelma Texts," *Anthropological Publications, University of Pennsylvania*, vol. ii, p. 87.

The tar-baby story has been recorded from the negroes of many parts of America.<sup>1</sup> The North American negro version generally ends with the episode of the escape of the Rabbit, who is thrown into the briar-bushes or into the grass because he pretends that this will kill him; but the characteristic exchange of places is also known, some other animal being enticed to creep into the bag or trap in which the Rabbit has been caught.<sup>2</sup> In the Bahama version, Rabbit maintains, as in Pochutla, that he is to marry the Queen's daughter. The answering house<sup>3</sup> and the taking of the moon out of the pond<sup>4</sup> are familiar episodes in the American negro cycle. Holding up the rock has its analogue in Grinny-Granny Wolf,<sup>5</sup> and the good deed repaid by an evil one in the escape of Rabbit from Wolf.<sup>6</sup> The Bear tied to the tree<sup>7</sup> is a parallel to the Chili and Venezuela stories mentioned before, and the swing across the brook<sup>8</sup> may correspond to the swing in the Pochutla version.

It will be seen, therefore, that our problem is to determine the relation of the Indian and American Rabbit tales to African and European folk-lore.

It seems to me particularly important that wherever the Rabbit tales appear fully developed, European folk-lore material is also of frequent occurrence. This is certainly true in South America, Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona, where not only tales of European origin are common, but where also riddles, songs, and music are all of European origin. In negro folk-lore the animal tale apparently preponderates, probably because the Uncle Remus books have given particular prominence to this class of tales. The collections of Professor Fortier from Louisiana, of Professor Charles L. Edwards from the Bahama Islands, and of Charles C. Jones from Georgia, show clearly, however, that a large number of European fairy-tales are also present in the lore of the American negroes. The general impression given is, therefore, that the Rabbit cycle and other European folk-lore of a certain type belong historically together.

<sup>1</sup> See, for instance, Alcée Fortier, "Louisiana Folk-Tales," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. ii (1895), p. 105; Charles L. Edwards, "Bahama Songs and Stories," *Ibid.*, vol. iii (1895), p. 73; Charles C. Jones, *Negro Myths* (Boston, 1888), p. 7 (coast of Georgia); Joel Chandler Harris, *Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings* (New York, 1881), pp. 23, 29; from Indian tribes in identical form, see notes 9-11, p. 249.

<sup>2</sup> Joel Chandler Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus* (Boston, 1889), pp. 187-188; Charles L. Edwards, *l. c.*, p. 63.

<sup>3</sup> Bahama Islands, Edwards, *l. c.*, p. 142; see also before, version from Chili.

<sup>4</sup> Harris, *Nights with Uncle Remus*, pp. 106-108.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 326.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 284 *et seq.*; see also African version in Heli Chatelain, "Folk-Tales of Angola," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. i (1894), p. 157.

<sup>7</sup> Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, p. 22.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 103.

It can be shown that many of the tales current in South America, Mexico, and in western North America have their prototypes in Spain and Portugal, although they occur also in other parts of Europe. A few European parallels of American tales recorded by Professor Espinosa, and of those contained in the present number of the Journal, may be pointed out here.

Professor Espinosa's tale, "'L Adivinador" (p. 415), is almost identical with S. Lic. Francisco Belmar's "Juan Ceniza,"<sup>1</sup> and belongs to the cycle of the German "Doktor Allwissend," which is also found among the American negroes.<sup>2</sup>

"Juan Tigre," from Tehuantepec, is a version of Professor Espinosa's "Juan sin Miedo" (p. 428) and "Juan del Oso" (p. 437), for which he gives the parallels recorded by E. Cosquin in *Romania*, vol. v, pp. 83-87, and vol. x, pp. 561-563. Quite similar to this is the Chontal "Catorze Fuerzas" recorded by S. Francisco Belmar.<sup>3</sup> Professor Lenz has recorded a version from Chili.<sup>4</sup>

Other North American versions will be discussed later on (p. 254).

The Tehuantepec story "A Rascal" is a version of "Maistre Pierre Pathelin."<sup>5</sup>

"Los Muertos," from Pochutla, has been recorded in a very similar form in Spain by L. Giner Arivau, under the title "La Procecion de Almas en Pena."<sup>6</sup>

One of the most interesting tales from Pochutla is the one entitled "Dios." It is clearly of European origin,<sup>7</sup> but the end may be in part a description of the Mexican journey to the lower world,<sup>8</sup> in which the soul has to pass between two mountains that strike each other, past a serpent guarding the trail, past the green lizard, eight deserts, eight hills, the wind of the knives, and a river which has to be crossed on the backs of the dogs of the dead.

In a Tagalog tale,<sup>9</sup> however, occurs the following passage, which is almost identical with the Pochutla version.

<sup>1</sup> *Estudio de El Chontal* (Oaxaca, 1900), pp. 58 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> Compare "Ein Vié Tombl Malin," Alcée Fortier, *Louisiana Folk-Tales*, p. 116; Charles C. Jones, *Negro Myths*, p. 68; and p. 284 of this number.

<sup>3</sup> *L. c.*, pp. 50 et seq. Compare the Portuguese "O homem da espada de vinte quintaes," in F. Adolpho Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes* (Lisbon, 1879), p. 51.

<sup>4</sup> "Estudios Araucanos," vii, pp. 261 et seq., in *Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, vol. xciv.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Edward Oliver, "Some Analogues of Maistre Pierre Pathelin," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii (1909), pp. 395 et seq.

<sup>6</sup> "Folk-Lore de Proaza," in *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares*, vol. viii, p. 119.

<sup>7</sup> Compare "Tapalapautau" in E. Cosquin, "Contes populaires Lorrains," *Romania*, vol. v, pp. 333-336, also vol. vii, p. 571, and vol. ix, p. 381; "The Adventures of Juan," in Fletcher Gardner, "Tagalog Folk-Tales" (Philippine Islands), *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx (1907), p. 106.

<sup>8</sup> Bernardino de Sahagun, *Historia general de las cosas de Nueva España* (Mexico, 1829), vol. i, p. 262.

(The child and Jesus) journeyed on; and on one side were bush pastures filled with poor cattle; while on the opposite side of the road were pastures dry and bare, where the cattle were very fat. The child inquired the meaning of the mystery. The Lord answered him, "Hush, child! These lean cattle in the rich pastures are the souls of sinners, while those fat cattle on dry and sunburnt ground are the souls of sinless ones."

After a while they crossed a river, one part of which was ruby-red, and the other spotless white. "Friend, what is this?" asked the boy. "Hush, child! the red is the blood of your mother, whose life was given for yours; and the white is the milk which she desired to give you, her child."

This suggests a partially Spanish origin of the journey to the dead.

"Los carboneros" is an imperfect account of the well-known Old-World tale of the robber's cave, also common in Spanish folk-lore.

The accumulative story of the "Zancudo" is also quite interesting. Dr. Lenz<sup>1</sup> tells a variant of this tale, an abstract of which follows.

The Frost was asked, "Why did you kill the Chitchihuen (a parrot)?"—"Why should I not do so, for the sun melts me?"—"Why do you melt the frost, Sun?"—"Why should I not do so, for the cloud covers me?" The tale continues, "for the wind drives me, for the adobe hut of the white man obstructs me, for the rat makes holes in me, for the cat eats me, for the dog worries me, for the stick beats me, for the fire burns me, for the water extinguishes me, for the cattle drinks me, for the knife kills me, for the smith makes me, for the Lord makes me."

In "La averiguación de la tenca," recorded by Lenz,<sup>2</sup> the thrush steals a grain of wheat from an old woman, who wishes that the frost shall break his leg; and the order is, frost, sun, cloud, wind, wall, mouse, cat, dog, stick, fire, water, ox, man, God.

The same elements are combined in a different order in a version published by Dr. Robert Lehmann-Nitsche.<sup>3</sup>

There were a dog and a rat. The rat was asked, "Why do you gnaw through the house of the Christian (i. e., through the adobe house)?"—"Because the cat kills me." The tale continues with stick, fire, water, ox, knife. Then follows, "Because the stone whets me, because the sun heats me, because the cloud covers me, because the wind drives me, because the rain falls, because God ordains it."

The European origin of this particular version is proved by the Portuguese story "A formiga e a neve."<sup>4</sup> Here the sequence is ant,

<sup>1</sup> *Araukanische Märchen* (Valparaiso, 1896), p. 44.

<sup>2</sup> In W. Viëtor, *Phonetische Studien*, vol. vi (1893), pp. 295 et seq., reprinted in "Estudios Araucanos," vi, *Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, vol. xciv, p. 200, where the Araucanian original is also given.

<sup>3</sup> "Europäische Märchen unter den argentinischen Araukanern," *Internationaler Amerikanisten Kongress*, XIV (Stuttgart, 1904), p. 688.

<sup>4</sup> F. Adolpho Coelho, *Contos populares* (Lisbon, 1879), pp. 5-7. See also "A Romanzeira do Macaco," *Ibid.*, pp. 9-10, and Preface, p. vii.

snow, sun, wall, mouse, cat, dog, stick, fire, water, ox, butcher, death. The reference to God is missing. A similar order occurs in the Panchatantra.<sup>1</sup> It is sun, cloud, wind, mountain, mouse. Further parallels have been discussed by E. Cosquin and W. W. Newell.<sup>2</sup>

For a clear understanding of the origin of these European tales, it seems of interest to consider the folk-lore of other parts of the world that have come under strong Spanish influence. I have examined from this point of view some folk-lore of the Philippine Islands; and it seems to my mind most important that many of the elements which are so characteristic of the folk-lore of Central and South America occur there also in the same form. Incidentally one Philippine tale which has its parallel in Pochutla has been mentioned (p. 251). The tar-baby story has been collected among the Visayan, who have also the tale of the race between Snail and Deer,<sup>3</sup> and the story of the exchange of a person imprisoned in a cage who tells his dupe that he is to marry the king's daughter and does not want to do so.<sup>4</sup> We have also the story of the escape of the turtle from the monkey, collected among the Tagalog and Visayans, the turtle asking to be thrown into the water and not to be burned or ground to pieces.<sup>5</sup>

I think these data are sufficient to justify the theory that these common elements of Philippine and American folk-lore must have been derived from the same sources, probably Spanish.<sup>6</sup>

In an interesting examination of the American negro tales, Professor A. Gerber has reached the conclusion that the tales are essentially of African origin.<sup>7</sup> I believe his point is well taken, and there is not the slightest doubt that a great many of the incidents of the American negro tales occur also in many parts of Africa. Nevertheless an examination of the whole group of American tales shows a peculiar difference in style, when compared to the genuine Central African tales, that does not seem to me wholly explained by the different mode of life of the American negroes. The African elements in the American negro stories seem to belong almost entirely to the animal stories.

When considering the origin of the animal tales in America, we must

<sup>1</sup> Theodor Benfey, *Panchatantra* (Leipzig, 1859), pp. 264-266.

<sup>2</sup> "The Passover Song of the Kild," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xviii (1905), pp. 44-45. It seems to me quite possible that the readiness with which the Zuzi Indians adopted Cushing's accumulative tale, is due to the presence of this or a similar tale among them. See Cushing, *Zuzi Folk-Tales*, p. 411.

<sup>3</sup> W. H. Millington and Burton L. Maxfield, "Visayan Folk-Tales," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xx (1907), pp. 311, 315.

<sup>4</sup> W. H. Millington and Burton L. Maxfield, "Pusong and Tabloc-Laul," *Ibid.*, p. 108.

<sup>5</sup> Clara Kern Baylis, "Philippine Folk-Tales," *Ibid.*, vol. xxi (1908), p. 47; Millington and Maxfield, "Visayan Folk-Tales," *Ibid.*, vol. xx (1907), p. 316.

<sup>6</sup> It is not likely that the Spanish trade between Mexico and the Philippines brought about any considerable importation of Mexican elements.

<sup>7</sup> "Uncle Remus traced to the Old World," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. vi (1893), pp. 245 et seq.

bear in mind that many of the negro tribes that have contributed to our slave population had for about four hundred years been under Portuguese influence. How deeply Portuguese elements have entered into the folk-tales of the coast tribes of Africa may be seen, for instance, from the collection published by Heli Chatelain.<sup>1</sup> This late influence does not seem, however, sufficient to explain the fundamental similarity of African, Asiatic, and European animal tales. I have repeatedly pointed out that the distinguishing mark of the African, European, and Asiatic fable (excepting that of the extreme north), as compared to the American fable, is the frequent occurrence of the moralizing form, which is prominent in African tales, and has come to be the most marked characteristic of the literary form of the fable. Only in the animal epic the purely anecdotal tales survive in great numbers. In aboriginal America, on the other hand, the moralizing element is practically absent, and the animal tale is essentially anecdotal or etiological, — a type which is not by any means absent in Africa, but is always accompanied by the moralizing fable. On account of the similarity of both contents and form, we must assume an old genetic relationship between the folk-lore materials of Asia, Europe, and Africa. It seems likely, however, that on the coasts of Africa, as well as in the Sudan, recent additions to the older lore may have been made, that take their origin in Mediterranean sources, and were carried to South Africa after the Portuguese conquest. Thus it does not seem to me improbable that those particular elements of the Rabbit tales which are common to large parts of South America and of Central America, reaching at least as far north as New Mexico and Arizona, and differing in their composition from the Central African tales, are essentially of European origin.

It is also important to trace the influence of these elements upon the folk-lore of the North-American Indians. It seems to me that very strong arguments can be adduced in favor of the theory that much of the peculiar folk-lore of the Western plateaus and certain cultural elements in California are due to Spanish sources.

The most convincing story is that of "John the Bear," which has been discussed before, and which has a most remarkable distribution among the Indian tribes of the West. Robert H. Lowie gives a version collected among the Shoshone of Lemhi Agency, Idaho, which is clearly the same as the French and Spanish "John the Bear."<sup>2</sup> Even the event of his going to school occurs here.

The story begins with the killing of the bear by the boy. In school the children make fun of his long nose, and he kills them with a heavy iron rod.

<sup>1</sup> "Folk-Tales of Angola," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. i (Boston, 1894).

<sup>2</sup> "The Northern Shoshone," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. ii, p. 298.

Then he meets Earth-Transposer, Rock-Mover, Pine-Transplanter. When one of these cooks the meal, Iron-Head-Man takes the food. The Bear's son cuts off the head of this monster, and the head jumps into a hole. The men are let down one after another by means of a rope which has a bell attached to it, but all are scared, and signal, by ringing the bell, to be pulled up again, except the Bear's son, who down below kills three men and takes their wives, whom his companions pull up. The companions run away with the wives, and Bear's son pursues them on an eagle's back, feeding the bird with three sheep and his own flesh, without, however, reaching them.

An Assiniboine story, "The Underground Journey," belongs here.<sup>1</sup>

A woman abducted by a bear gives birth to a boy. The den is closed by a heavy stone, which the boy, Plenty-of-Hair,<sup>2</sup> removes. Mother and son escape to the camp of the Indians. The boy quarrels with other boys, and kills several of them. He sets out to travel, and makes friends with Wood-Twister and Timber-Hauler. They live together, and one of the three stays at home, while the others go hunting. When Wood-Twister and Timber-Hauler stay at home, they are killed by an ogre, but revived by Plenty-of-Hair, who on the third day kills the ogre. The three men continue their travels. A chief offers his three daughters to any one who will rescue them from an underground place where they are held captive. Plenty-of-Hair descends in a box lowered by his friends, kills animal and cannibal guardians of the girls, and receives tokens from them. They are hoisted up by his companions; but when he himself is to be raised, they cut the rope. He is rescued on an eagle's back, feeds the bird with moose and with his own flesh, and arrives when his four friends are about to marry the girls. He proves his identity by the tokens.

Dr. Lowie also records two other fragmentary versions from the Assiniboine (pp. 149, 191), and mentions a European analogue.<sup>3</sup>

Quite clear is also the relationship between the Snanaz stories of the Thompson Indians and Shuswap and the tale in question. The closest parallel is the version obtained by Mr. James Teit from the lower part of the canyon of Fraser River in British Columbia.<sup>4</sup>

Grisly-Bear takes a pregnant woman to his house, the doors of which open only at the command of the Bear. The woman bears a boy, who learns the secret of opening the doors, and escapes with his mother. He finds his father an old man, and goes with him to look for work. He is told to clear a field, which he does with an immense axe made for the purpose. Then he sets out alone, and meets several men who are half-bears, and who join him. They are employed together, and one of them stays at home to cook for the others. An old gray-bearded man beats the cook until at last the boy himself nearly kills the man. They follow his tracks, and find in

<sup>1</sup> Robert H. Lowie, "The Assiniboine," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. iv (1909), pp. 147 et seq., 246.

<sup>2</sup> Note the identity of this name and of Little-Hairy-Body in Tehuantepec.

<sup>3</sup> J. G. von Hahn, *Griechische und albanesische Märchen* (Leipzig, 1864), vol. ii, p. 49.

<sup>4</sup> "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition* (Leyden, 1912), vol. viii, pp. 292 et seq.



his house three boxes, — one filled with gold, one with silver, one with bank-notes, which he distributes among his friends.

The Snanaz story of the Shuswap is a curious combination of the snaring of the wind (the parallel of the snaring of the sun of the Plains) and of the end of the story of "John the Bear." Here<sup>1</sup> the story opens with the snaring of the wind and proofs of the magical powers of Snanaz. Then follows the European tale.

The youngest of four brothers is ugly and stupid. When the people are in trouble, he snares the wind, catches swans by means of magic, and obtains fish after all others have failed. A thief steals his father's potatoes. The elder brothers watch, but fall asleep. The youngest one leans against a loose pole, so that when he falls asleep, the pole topples over. He detects the winged black thief, whom he hits with a bullet. The thief escapes into a deep chasm, into which Snanaz is lowered by his brothers. He tugs at the rope, is pulled up, and tells them that the hole is very dangerous. In a lodge down below he finds the thief, who directs him to the chief, who has two nieces. In return for services to the chief he receives the two girls and a box. When he arrives at the hole, he puts the girls into the box, and they are hauled up. Finally he himself climbs into the box, is hauled up, but his brothers cut the rope and take the girls to be their wives. The chief below gives Snanaz a drawing on birch-bark, which is transformed into a horse, on which he rides out of the hole along a knife-edge. Then the chief makes him ride through a small ring with a needle in the centre. Finally he shows these feats, and is recognized by the girls as their husband.

Related to this cycle is also the Shuswap story of the gambler's son and Redcap.<sup>2</sup>

Redcap gambles, and wins all of his opponent's property. Finally Redcap loses his freedom, but disappears underground with all his gains. The boy searches for him, and is directed by various persons until he reaches Old-Man Eagle, who carries him up. In order to keep up Eagle's strength, he feeds him from four deer-hoofs. Finally he reaches the chief's house, in the middle of a large lake. He takes the garters of the bathing daughters of the chief, and is then subjected to tests by the old chief.

A little closer is the relation of the story of Alamer<sup>3</sup> to the cycle of "John the Bear."

A father orders his stupid son to be killed; but the father's servants take pity on him, and bring him a wolf's heart instead of that of the boy. The boy frees a girl (Andromeda type). He visits another chief, whose nieces are stolen by a red-haired chief beyond a lake. The boy goes there, speaks to the girls secretly, and takes them away in a self-moving canoe. He meets other people in a canoe. The girls become suspicious, and give the boy tokens. The people throw magic sleep on the boy, take away the girls, and claim them from their uncle. Owing to magic influence, the boy forgets his supernatural helper (instead of the true bride, as in most tales), who in the end appears to him and takes him across the lake, swimming. The chief has put off the claimants, and the boy marries the girls.

<sup>1</sup> Telt, "The Shuswap," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, pp. 704 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 727.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 729.

Another version of this story, evidently derived from the Shuswap and Thompson versions, is found among the Chilcotin Indians of British Columbia.<sup>1</sup>

Here the women are not found underground, but were the boy's wives before his descent. The thief is the ghost of the boy's brother. Underground the boy reaches a village, and suspects that a chicken had stolen the property, but is unable to prove it. He stays away so long, that his wives are to be married again; but their claimants are to prove their ability by riding against a spear which is placed in a slanting position in the ground. The boy accomplishes this feat in the same way as in the Shuswap version mentioned before.

Among the North Thompson Shuswap,<sup>2</sup> Snanaz is identified with the hero of the seven-heads story, which is widely spread over the Plains.

Among the Thompson Indians<sup>3</sup> a version is current which also begins with the snaring of the wind. Then the boy dreams of the girl to whom Coyote takes him. He feeds Coyote on the way so as to increase his speed. He escapes with the girl, but is thrown by his own mother into a chasm, from which he is rescued by Coyote, who pulls him out by means of his tail.

Among the Micmac<sup>4</sup> we find part of the story.

Three brothers live alone, and one remains at home and does the cooking. A dwarf comes, asks for food, and eats all that has been cooked. Finally the eldest remains, refuses food to the dwarf, and wrestles with him, until the dwarf runs away. The man pursues him, and throws a sharp iron weapon through the dwarf's body when he is in front of a precipice. The dwarf disappears in the rock, and returns the next day with the iron in his body. He asks to be relieved of it, and promises in return beautiful wives. He cures himself, leads the three brothers to a cave on top of a high cliff around which small women are seated. The men choose three of them, take them home, but when they return from hunting the women have escaped.

A remotely related tale is told by the Ponca,<sup>5</sup> the only common incidents being the adventures of a man let down into a chasm to secure the body of a hunter under the promise that he is to marry the chief's daughter. He is left below, obtains supernatural powers, and finally returns and marries the girl.

A comparison of this material with the detailed discussion of the tale of "John the Bear," by Friedrich Panzer,<sup>6</sup> who gives two hundred

<sup>1</sup> Livingston Farrand, "Traditions of the Chilcotin Indians," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 42.

<sup>2</sup> Teit, "The Shuswap," *Ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 753.

<sup>3</sup> Teit, "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vi, p. 87.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. Silas Tertius Rand, *Legends of the Micmacs* (1894), p. 431.

<sup>5</sup> James Owen Dorsey, "The Cegiha Language," *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, vol. vi, p. 352.

<sup>6</sup> Friedrich Panzer, *Studien sur germanischen Sagengeschichte. I. Boowulf* (Munich, 1910).

and twenty-one versions of the tale, shows clearly that the versions recorded in America belong to different types, all of which are known in Europe. The most characteristic forms are those from Tehuantepec, New Mexico, one of the Thompson River versions, the Shoshone, and Assiniboine versions. All of these contain clearly the formula of the birth of the hero (Panzer's introductory formula A). On the other hand, the Shuswap, Chilcotin, and Micmac stories begin with the theft, according to Panzer's introductory formula B; and both of his forms—the theft which occurs in the house (Micmac), and the theft in the garden (Shuswap)—are found here. A further comparison of the tales with the material presented by Panzer also shows agreement in a great many details with various types of European versions. Thus the bells which in Lowie's versions are tied to the rope by means of which the man descends into the hole are particularly mentioned in a considerable number of European versions.<sup>1</sup> The feeding of the bird that takes away the man, first with meat which is carried along, then with flesh from his own body, is also characteristic of quite a number of versions.<sup>2</sup> On account of these close analogies between the tales recorded among different American tribes and the distinct European versions, we must conclude that the tale has been introduced a number of times into America. It seems to me probable that a more extended collection might clear up the lines of importation.<sup>3</sup>

A similar study might be made on the distribution of the "Tale of the Seven Heads," which has already been mentioned as belonging to this class. The essential element of the seven-heads story is the tearing-out of the tongues of the seven heads of the monster, which serve as a token by means of which the hero is recognized when a pretender claims his bride.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Friedrich Panzer, I. c., p. 117.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 191.

<sup>3</sup> I do not enter here into a discussion of the relation of this tale to many Indian tales that contain only parts of the tale here discussed, because this would necessarily lead to a lengthy consideration of the question of independent origin and of dissemination. Suffice it to say, that apparently there is such a vast array of tales containing parallel elements, probably of greater age in America than that of "John the Bear," that their presence seems to have facilitated the introduction of this tale. I hope to revert to this matter at a later time.

<sup>4</sup> See, for instance, Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, "Blackfoot Mythology," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. II (1908), p. 163; James Owen Dorsey, *The Cegha Language*, p. 126 (Ponca); A. F. Chamberlain, *Eighth Report on the North-Western Tribes of Canada* (Report of the 62d meeting of the B. A. A., 1892), p. 579 (Kutenay); see also A. L. Kroeber, "Gros Ventre Myths," *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, vol. I, p. 57 (Arapaho and Sarcee); French versions "Les fils du pêcheur," "La bête à sept têtes," in E. Cosquin, "Contes populaires Lorrains," *Romania*, vol. V, pp. 336 *et seq.*; Spanish version "Hierro, Plomo y Acero," in Sergio Hernández de Soto, "Cuentos populares recogidos en Extremadura," *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, vol. X, p. 251.

As stated before, the possible sources for the animal tales are to be looked for among the African negro and Spanish-Portuguese tales. The sources for the hero tales mentioned before may be Spanish and French. It seems to me very probable that certain French elements have been introduced into the whole region traversed in olden times by the French fur-hunters. On the other hand, it seems rather remarkable that among the Indians of the Western plateaus apparently certain tales of European origin play an important part in their folk-lore, which do not appear as clearly among the Eastern tribes. It is also worthy of mention, that, so far as I am aware, Uncle Remus stories have not been collected in New England. Owing to the close inter-relations found in the native folk-lore of the Western plateaus, to which I have referred repeatedly, and to the wide distribution of the Spanish tales, I am very much inclined to look for the origin of the Western group of tales in Spanish folk-lore. It is worth mentioning in this connection that the so-called "Mexicans" (that is, Spanish-speaking half-bloods) still live as far north as British Columbia, and that the vocabulary of the Western plateaus relating to the horse contains a considerable number of Spanish expressions. The final solution of this problem would require a careful collection of European folk-lore from all parts of North America.

I believe the problem is more important than might appear at first glance, because, even outside of the group of stories mentioned before, folkloristic elements as well as customs occur among the Northwestern Indians, which are open to the suspicion of foreign influence, once such influence has been proved to exist. This is particularly true of the occurrence of the musical bow among the Indians of California and Mexico. In the folk-lore of the area in question I consider as particularly suspicious the incident of the creation of four trees from arrows or hairs, which the person pursued by a monster or by animals climbs. The animal cuts down the trees one after another; and the person pursued is finally rescued by his dogs, whom he calls, and who hear him, although they are far away. This incident belongs to the folk-lore of Europe, of the American negroes, and of Africa.<sup>1</sup> I might perhaps also mention the incident of the attack by wolves upon a person who has taken refuge in a tree. The animals try to get him by climbing one on the back of the other, but the tower of animals

<sup>1</sup> Hierro, Plomo y Acero, in Sergio Hernández de Soto, "Cuentos populares recogidos en Extremadura," *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, vol. x, p. 249; "Los tres perros," *Ibid.*, p. 258; Joel Chandler Harris, *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, pp. 86-87, 98 (the fugitive transforms arrows into trees and calls his dogs, Minny-Minny Morack! Folla malinska!); Dr. Leonard Schultze, *Aus Namaland und Kalahari* (Jena, 1907), p. 398; James Teit, "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians," *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vi (1898), p. 34; James Teit, "The Shuswap," *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 636; James Teit, "Mythology of the Thompson Indians," *Ibid.*, vol. viii, p. 253.

finally breaks down. The similarity in detail in these and other traditions is not sufficient to establish definitely an historical relation, but is so close, that it warrants further investigation. It is perhaps worth remarking that a few of the elements here discussed occur among the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island, who have been for a short time in contact with the Spaniards; but the available evidence is rather uncertain. I refer particularly to the incident of the water animal that is to be killed, and requests to be thrown into the water;<sup>1</sup> and an incident very much like the bee incident discussed before (p. 249).<sup>2</sup>

Obviously the material does not yet justify final treatment, but the problem seems of sufficient importance to call for the collection of folk-tales of European origin among all the Indian tribes of our continent, as well as among the negroes, with a view of separating, according to the grouping of tales, the French, Spanish-American, and African tales that have been imported. Equally necessary is a collection of animal tales from Spain and Portugal, and of control material from the Philippine Islands. It seems very likely that the influence exerted by this foreign material upon Western mythologies and customs has been quite far-reaching, and must be considered much more carefully than we have done heretofore.

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NOTE. — After the above was in type, Dr. K. T. Preuss' important publication on the Cora, "*Die Nayarit-Expedition*" (Leipzig, 1912), was received, which contains quite a number of elements of the tales here discussed (pp. 207-210, 289-298). The tales are partly in the form of the Coyote and Opossum cycle as told in the Valley of Mexico; in part they appear as the Rabbit cycle. The following analogies may be pointed out. Opossum has stolen fruits from a field, and is tied to a tree. He tells Coyote that this is because he is to marry a girl. Coyote is tied up in his place, and is burnt by the owner of the field. — Rabbit pretends to boil food, and asks Coyote to take his place; when he opens the pot, wasps come out and sting him. — The race between Wolf and Locust. — Opossum and the Wax Baby. — Opossum supports the sky. — Opossum throws zapotes and tunas at Coyote. — The stories of "Opossum and the Bees," and the "Burning of Coyote in the Reeds," are combined here into one. Opossum pretends that the beehive is a bell which Coyote is to ring when he hears the sky-rockets. — The incident of the cheese in the water is also found. — The long story, "How Rabbit pays his Debts," is also told by Preuss. — "The Answering Cave," and "Rabbit's Escape from the Alligator," are also told by Preuss. — The final incident, how Rabbit discovered that the Alligator was not dead, occurs in South American and negro versions.

<sup>1</sup> Boas, *Sagen*, p. 109.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 109; also Boas, "Traditions of the Tillamook Indians," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xi, p. 141.

## MEXICAN FOLK-SONGS

TRANSCRIBED BY ELEANOR HAGUE

THESE songs were gathered during the course of a winter spent in Mexico. Nos. 1, 4, 9, and 10 are all in the familiar danza-form, sometimes called the "Habanera," as it originated in Havana. This rhythm is popular in Old Spain, but more so in the different parts of Spanish America. As a rule, it consists of two sections, although in No. 10 there are three subdivisions. I am told that this song is sung in Cuba as well as Mexico, and the words would suggest this.

The other songs need no comment, except No. 3, the "Jarabe Mixteca," which was played for me on the harmonica by a big half-breed Indian. The Jarabe is a dance-song of the southern part of the Spanish peninsula, and there is a strong Moorish element in those that I have heard that come from Spain. The Indians of South-western Mexico continue to use the old Spanish names, "Jarabe," "Petenera," and so forth,<sup>c</sup> for their dance-songs, whether the tunes really resemble the originals or not.

## I. PREGÚNTALE

(From Puebla. Sung by Mrs. G. H.)

*Rather slowly. Danza rhythm for accompaniment.*

1. Pre - gún - tale á las es - trel - las, si no de no - cheme  
ven llo - rar, Pre - gún - ta - les si no bus - co, pa - ra ad -  
ar - te la so - le - dad. Pre - gún - tale al man - so ri - o,  
si'l llan - to mi - o no vé cor - rer, Pre - gúntale á todo el  
mun - do si no's pro - fun - do mi pa - de - cer. Ya nun - ca

du - des que yo te qui - ero, Que por tí mu - ero,  
lo-co de amor; á na-die a - mes, á na-die quie-res,  
O - ye las que-jas, o - ye las que-jas de mi a - mor.

2. Pregúntales á las flores, si mis amores les cuento yo,  
Cuando la callada noche cierra su broche, suspiro yo,  
Pregúntales á las aves, si tú no sabes lo que es amor,  
Pregúntale á todo el prado, si no he luchado con mi dolor.  
Tú bien comprendes, que yo te quiero,  
Que por tí muero, solo por tí;  
Porque te quiero, bien de mi vida,  
Solo en el mundo, solo en el mundo, te quiero á tí.

## 2. UN ADIOS. CANCION

(From Oaxaca. Sung by Pedro Diaz)

*To be sung slowly, and almost as a recitative.*

Cuan-do me ve - as..., en la de-sier-ta play - a,  
Con mi tris-te - za, Y mi do-lor á so - lo..., Con  
el vai - vén..., in-ce-san-te de las o - - las, A-uer-da-  
te..., A-uer-da-te de mí. Y cuando ve - as... u - na  
a - ve so - li - ta - ria, Cru-zar el es - pa-cio en mo - ri -  
bun - do vue - lo, Bus-can-do un alma en-tre la mar y el  
cie - lo, a - uer-da - te, a - uer-da - te, de mí...

3. JARABE MIXTECA

(From Oaxaca. Played by M. Salinas on a mouth-organ, with guitar accompaniment)

*Rather slowly.*

Minor.

Major.

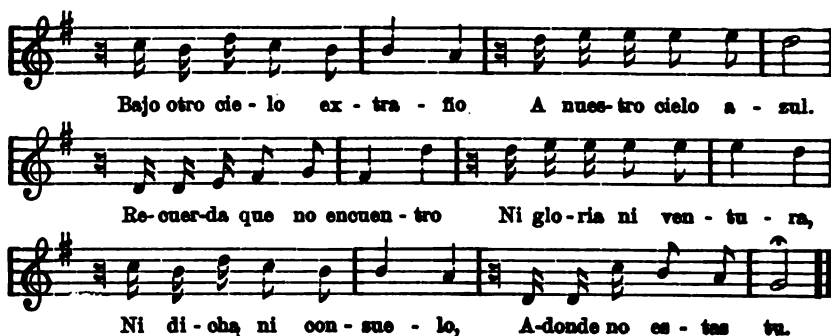
4. LAS TRISTAS HORAS

(From Puebla. Sung by Mrs. G. H.)

*Danza rhythm.*

1. Que tris-tes son las ho - ras, De la fa-tal au - sen - cia,  
 Que tris-tes los re - cuer - dos, De a-mores que se van.  
 Que tris-te y de-so - la - da, Se que-da la exis - ten - cia,  
 Si la uni-ca espe - ran - za, Del co - ra - zón se va.  
 A-dios, cuando ma - fia - na, Es-tes ba - jo otro cie - lo,





Bajo otro cie - lo ex - tra - ño A nues - tro cielo a - sul.  
 Re - cuer - da que no encon - tro Ni glo - ria ni ven - tu - ra,  
 Ni di - cha ni con - sue - lo, A - donde no es - tas tu.

## 2. Irán á visitarte

Las brisas que han besado  
 Mi frente pensativa,  
 Contándote mi afán.  
 En tanto que recuerda  
 Mi pecho enamorado  
 Las dichas que pasaron  
 Y nunca volverán.  
 Y cuando al caer la tarde,  
 Las palidas neblinas  
 Adornan de los cielos  
 El ultimo fulgor.  
 Jugarán con tus rizos  
 Las auras vespertinas  
 Fingiéndote mis besos  
 Contándote mi amor.

## 5. LA INDIA

*Moderately.*


1. Po - bre - ci - ta de la In - di - ta, Que vie - ne des - de la Haba - na,  
 A - ma - san - do el re - que - són, Ay! y expri - mien - do la o - sa - ja - da.  
 Ta - rin - ga fa - chi - ru - ma - ga, tu - tu ri - lla, gran - ma - ma ca - she,  
 gran - ma - ni - llo ut - i - ti ti - lla gran - ma - ni - llo ti - ri - sta - dei.

(From Oaxaca. Sung by Pedro Diaz)

2. ¡ Alma mia! de mis corrales,  
 Cuando el indio los vendió,  
 No tuvo la culpa el indio,  
 Sino quien se las compró. Taringa, etc.

3. Una indita Chinaltepa  
Estaba cortando flores,  
Y el indito Quatro Orejas  
Gozando de sus amores. Taringa, etc.

6. TECOLOTE


(Sung by Señorita Luz González Dosal)

*Slowly.*




Te-co-lo-te de Gua-da-fia, Pa-ja-ro ma-dru-ga-dor


*Fast.*



Me pres-ta-ras tus a-li-tas, Me pres-ta-ras tus a-



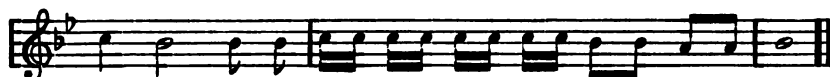
li-tas, Me pres-ta-ras tus a-li-tas, Pa-ra ir á ver mi a-



mor, Pa-ra ir á ver mi a-mor. Ti-cu-ri-ou-ay-ou-ay-



ou-ay! Ti-cu-ri-ou-ay-ou-ay-ou-ay! Ti-cu-ri-ou-ay-ou-ay-



ou-ay! Po-bre-ci-to te-co-lo-te ya se can-sa de llo-rar.

7. EL CLAVEL

(The words of this song I was only able to get in a garbled form from Señora Rufugio Fuentes, Mexico)

*Briskly.*







8. LAS MAÑANITAS<sup>1</sup>

(From Oaxaca. Sung by M. Salinas)

A-quí está la pie-dra li - sa, En don - de yo me res-

ha - le ... A - quí no hay quien me le - van - te ..., ni

quien la ... ma - no me dé. ...

*Repeat 1st section. | Second ending.*

## 9. POR TI RESPIRA

(Sung by Miss E. A. S.)

*Slowly.*

Por tí re - spi - ra mi pecho en cal - ma, Por tí sus-

pi - ra, de a - mor mi al - ma. Da - me, que - ri - da,

da - me tu a - mor ..., Sin tí no hay di - cha, No hay ilu-

sión. — Yo quiero ver la luz, tus o - jos á mi - rar, mí - ra - me,

<sup>1</sup> This song is one of the class sung by young people on the way home, after an evening's entertainment.

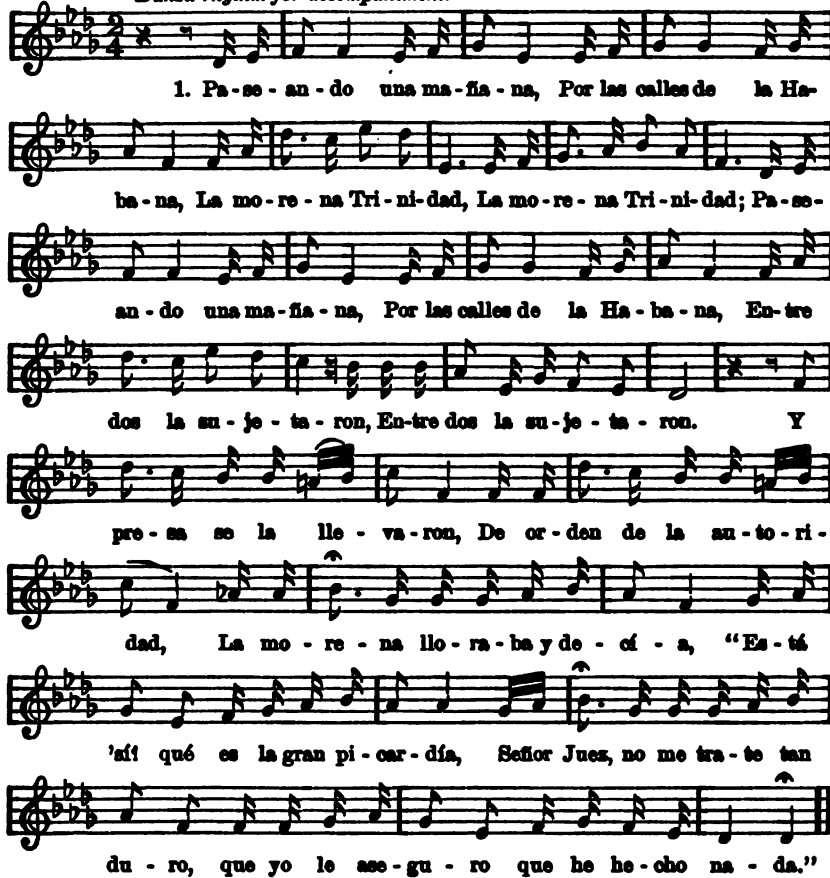


ni - fia, sí, mí-ra-me, por pie - dad; Sin tí no hay dicha, no,  
ni vi-da ni pla - cer, Mí-ra-me, o muero yo, por falta de que - rer.

10. LA MULATA

(From Cuba and Mexico City. Sung by Señorita Luz González Dosal)

*Dance rhythm for accompaniment.*



1. Pa-se-an-do una ma-fia-na, Por las calles de la Ha-  
ba-na, La mo-re-na Tri-ni-dad, La mo-re-na Tri-ni-dad; Pa-se-  
an-do una ma-fia-na, Por las calles de la Ha-ba-na, En-tre  
dos la su-je-ta-ron, En-tre dos la su-je-ta-ron. Y  
pre-sa se la lle-va-ron, De or-den de la au-to-ri-  
dad, La mo-re-na llo-ra-ba y de-cí-a, "Es-tá  
'aí qué es la gran pi-car-día, Señor Juez, no me tra-te tan  
du-ro, que yo le ase-gu-ro que he he-cho na-da."

2. Pero el juez que la miraba,  
Y en sus ojos se recreaba,  
Sin poderlo remediar (*bis*)  
Le decía á la mulata  
No te perdono la pena.  
Ni por amor ni caridad (*bis*).  
Porque si que á robar corazones  
Se dedican tus ojos gachones,  
Ellos son los que á tí te delatan  
Con ellos me matas, eso es la verdad. } (*bis*)

## THE PLAY-PARTY

BY HARRIET L. WEDGWOOD

QUITE recently, upon my mentioning to a folk-song enthusiast some of the old play-party songs I had heard at various times, my attention was called to Mrs. L. D. Ames's article on "The Missouri Play-Party," published in the July-September (1911) number of this Journal. I was interested to find that I knew most of the songs quoted in that article, and some that were not mentioned. In some cases the wording of songs as given by Mrs. Ames agrees almost exactly with the wording I remember; in other cases it differs. In the "Happy Miller Boy" Mrs. Ames gives the last two lines as follows:

"Gents step forward  
And ladies step back."

I have heard it sung so, also

"Ladies step forward  
And gents step back;"

but it was more often sung

"The wheel goes 'round  
And cries out 'grab.'"

These lines agree with the last lines of the play-song "The Jolly Old Miller" as it was sung some years ago in Maine, but the rest of the Maine song differs altogether in its wording from the song as I used to hear it. The "Jolly Miller" of Maine, moreover, puts his hand into a "bag," while the Middle-Western "Miller Boy" puts his hand into a "sack" (even though it does not rhyme), perhaps for the reason that the Middle-Westerner uses "sacks," and not "bags."

While the play-party songs I have heard came, I believe, directly from Missouri, it was not in Missouri I heard them, but in southwestern Nebraska and southern Iowa.

When southwestern Nebraska was opened to homesteaders, about twenty-seven years ago, settlers came in, in considerable numbers, from the States a little farther east, — Missouri, Iowa, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, — and in less numbers from the other States and from Germany, Sweden, and Great Britain. The Swedes and Germans kept pretty well to themselves; but the others soon got acquainted, made visits, and began to plan amusements. There was very little possible in the way of amusement. Card-playing was regarded by many as the invention of the Devil, and dancing shared the same condemnation. Dancing, moreover, was hardly practicable in a community in which

most of the houses boasted, for the first year or two, of nothing but dirt floors, and where the violin was scarce, and the parlor-organ even more scarce. The play-party, though really a dance, was not so regarded by those who condemned dancing, and it had the advantage of being thoroughly practicable. A play-party play could be danced in the yard, on any kind of ground, by lantern-light or moonlight, and the music was furnished by the players themselves. Wherefore, for the first summer or two, the play-party flourished, until it was superseded by the dance; and it was practically the only amusement for summer evenings, as the "literary" (i. e., literary society) was for winter evenings; and, like the literary society, it was attended by the family *en masse*. In both and all cases the younger ones among us went to sleep before the evening was far spent, and missed what was going on (neither play-party nor literary society broke up till after midnight), wherefore I cannot remember our play-party songs entire, nor how some of them were played. I give, however, such as I now remember.

## I. THE MILLER BOY



Oh, happy is the miller boy  
That lives by himself,  
Turning 'round the wheel  
Is gaining all his wealth;  
One hand in the hopper  
And the other in the sack,  
The wheel goes 'round,  
And cries out 'grab.' "

Men and girls formed in couples and marched about in a circle, the girls on the outside of the circle. One man, without a partner, stood in the middle of the ring, and endeavored to secure a partner at the word "grab," when the couples exchanged partners by the girls taking a step forward, the men a step backward, or *vice versa*. The man left without a partner took his place in the centre, and the wheel began again to turn.

## 2. SKIP TO MYLOU



· Skip to my Lou,  
 · Skip to my Lou,  
 · Skip to my Lou,  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.  
 Gone again,  
 Skip to my Lou,  
 Gone again,  
 Skip to my Lou,  
 Gone again,  
 Skip to my Lou,  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.  
 Stole my pardner,  
 Skip to my Lou,  
 Stole my pardner,  
 Skip to my Lou,  
 Stole my pardner,  
 Skip to my Lou,  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.  
 I'll get another  
 Prettier'n you,  
 I'll get another  
 Prettier'n you,  
 I'll get another  
 Prettier'n you,  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.  
 Pretty as a red-bird,<sup>1</sup>  
 Prettier too,  
 Pretty as a red-bird,  
 Prettier too,  
 Pretty as a red-bird,  
 Prettier too,  
 Skip to my Lou, my darling.  
 Gone again, etc.

The "Skip to my Lou" was pronounced very much as if it were spelled "Skip tum'loo," the "skip" being very short and staccato, the "to my Lou" slurred into one word with the accent on the "Lou."

<sup>1</sup> Or blue-bird.

Couples formed in a circle as for the "Miller Boy;" but the figures consisted of a march, balancing, and a "grand right and left," the march beginning with different partners every stanza or two.

3. WE'RE MARCHING DOWN TO OLD QUEBEC



We are marching down to Old Quebec,  
While the drums are loudly beating,

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

We're marching down to Old Quebec,  
While the drums are loudly beating.

4. UP AND DOWN THE CENTRE WE GO



Up and down the centre we go,  
Up and down the centre we go,  
Up and down the centre we go,  
On a cold and frosty morning.

Now's the time to chase the squirrel,  
Now's the time to chase the squirrel,  
Now's the time to chase the squirrel,  
On a cold and frosty morning.

Catch her and kiss her if you can, etc.

Two lines formed, as for a reel, with the girls facing the men. At the second stanza a girl was pursued by a man down between the two lines and up on the outside, who kissed her if he caught her before she reached her place at the head of the line. This was one of the kissing-games.



## 5. THE JUNIPER-TREE



O dear Sister Phoebe  
 How merry were we,  
 The night we sat under  
 The juniper tree,  
 The juniper tree-ee,  
 High-o, high-o,  
 The juniper tree-ee,  
 High-o.

Now take this hat on your head,  
 Keep your head warm,  
 And take a sweet kiss,  
 It will do you no harm,  
 But a great deal of goo-od  
 I know, I know,  
 But a great deal of goo-od  
 I know.

Another stanza followed, which directed "Sister Phoebe" to "go choose her a man," or, if it were a man (Brother —) who was being addressed, to "go choose him a wife."

Men and girls formed a circle about an empty chair. A man chose a girl and seated her in the chair, after which he marched about the chair, placing a hat on her head, and giving her a kiss in the proper places in the song, after which he left her. The girl then rose up and chose a man, whom she led to the chair, after which the song began again, addressed to "Dear Brother —."

## 6. OLD DAN TUCKER



Old Dan Tucker's come to town,  
 Swinging the ladies all around,  
 First to the right, and then to the left,  
 And then to the one that you love best.

Get out of the road for Old Dan Tucker,  
He's too late to get his supper.

Old Dan Tucker's a fine young man,  
He washed his face in the frying-pan,  
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel,  
And died of the toothache in his heel.

Get out of the road, etc.

In this dance also the couples formed a circle; and the figures consisted of marching, swinging partners, grand right and left, etc.

"The Needle's Eye" was sometimes used as a play-party song, with the same words and tune that I have heard used in other places.

Some years ago I was teaching in a country school in southern Iowa, and attended a play-party at the home of one of my pupils. There were some familiar play-songs sung at this party, but more that were unfamiliar to me, only one of which I can remember.

7. FOUR HANDS ROUND IN THE EUCHRE RING



Four hands round in the euchre ring,  
Four hands round, I'm gone,  
Four hands round in the euchre ring,  
With the golden slippers on.

Fare you well, my darling girl,  
Fare you well, I'm gone,  
Fare you well, my darling girl,  
With the golden slippers on.

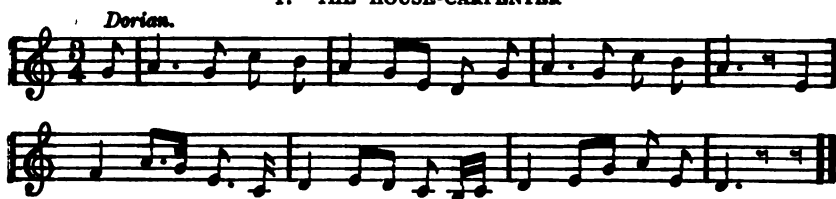
Four people (two couples) joined hands to form a circle. During the first two lines of the song, they circled to the right; during the next two lines, to the left. During the second stanza, they did a "right and left" and broke up the circle, — one couple going in one direction to meet a couple on one side, the other couple going in the opposite direction; so that new groups of four were formed, as in a Portland Fancy. This continued until the players were weary, or until the original couples came together again.

## SOME ASPECTS OF FOLK-SONG

BY PHILLIPS BARRY, A.M.

FOLK-SONG is a treasure-house of the events of human experience in all possible phases, of all the lights and shadows of human fancy, and, furthermore, of all that by common consent of the folk is beautiful. One needs not to be an artist, but only human, to delight in it, to feel the irresistible charm of its melodies, in each of them the years' long labor, not of one, but of a multitude on whom the Muse has smiled, and to be thrilled by the dramatic force of its expression, to be carried away from self, to live in the thoughts and actions of its heroes and heroines.

The songs in the present article are selected in part by reason of their æsthetic worth, in part for their significance as illustrating the manner and process of growth of folk-song.

I. THE HOUSE-CARPENTER<sup>1</sup>

1. "Well-met, well-met, my own true love,  
Well-met, well-met," says he,  
"I've just returned from the salt water sea,  
And it's all for the love of thee!"
2. "I might have married a king's daughter fair,  
In vain she'd have married me,  
But I refused the crown of gold,  
And it's all for the love of thee!"
3. "If you could have married a king's daughter fair,  
I think you are much to blame,  
For I have married a house-carpenter,  
And I think he's a nice young man."
4. "If you will forsake your house-carpenter,  
And will run away with me,  
I'll take you where the grass grows green,  
On the banks of Italy!"

<sup>1</sup> "The Demon Lover," B, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From O. F. A. C., Harrisburg, Pa.

5. "If I forsake my house-carpenter,  
And will run away with thee,  
What have you for to maintain me upon,  
And keep me from slavery?"
6. "I have four and twenty ships at sea,  
All making for dry land,  
I've a hundred and forty jolly sailor boys,  
They shall all come at your command."
7. She pressed her babe up to her lips,  
And gave it kisses three,  
Saying, "Stay here, stay, my sweet little babe,  
And keep your papa's company!"
8. She dressed herself in rich array,  
Most glorious to behold,  
And as she walked the streets along,  
She shone like glittering gold.
9. They had not sailed but about two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Until this lady began to weep,  
And she wept most bitterly.
10. "Are you weeping for my gold?" said he,  
"Or is it for my store?  
Or are you weeping for that house-carpenter  
Which you never shall see any more?"
11. "I'm not weeping for your gold," said she,  
"Nor is it for your store,  
But I'm weeping for my sweet little babe,  
Which I never shall see any more."
12. They had not sailed but about three weeks,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
Until this good old ship sprang a leak,  
And she sunk for to rise no more.
13. "Adieu, adieu, my jolly sailor boys!  
Adieu, adieu!" he cried,  
"For I have robbed a house-carpenter,  
By the stealing away of his bride."

The *ballad of situation*, to which type "The House-Carpenter" belongs, impresses us by the realism of the action. Another species, the *ballad of introspection*, as it may be called, in which the interest centres around the chief actor as a personality, is well represented by the following item.

2. THE MINISTER'S LAMENTATION<sup>1</sup>

1. "One day, while in a lonely grove,  
Sat o'er my head a little dove,  
For her lost mate she began to coo,  
Which made me think of my mate too.
2. "O little dove, you're not alone,  
Like you I am constrained to mourn,  
For once, like you, I had a mate,  
But now, like you, must mourn my fate.
3. "Consumption seized her lungs severe,  
And preyed upon them one long year,  
Then death did come at the close of day,  
And he did my poor Mary slay.
4. "But death, grim death, did not stop here, —  
I had a babe to me most dear, —  
He like a vulture came again,  
And took from me my little Jane.
5. "But, bless the Lord, the word is given,  
That babes are born the heirs of heaven!  
Then cease, my heart, to mourn for Jane,<sup>2</sup>  
Since my small loss is her great gain."

Another form of the ballad of introspection is the homiletic ballad. Of this type is "The Unfortunate Rake," current in Ireland as early as 1790, and not yet extinct in England. In its original form, it is the lament of a dissolute soldier, dying in the hospital, who regrets his life of vice, and asks for military honors.

"Muffle your drums, play your pipes merrily,  
Play the dead march as you go along,  
And fire your guns right over my coffin,  
There goes an unfortunate lad to his home."

Preaching is foreign to the mood of folk-song. "The Unfortunate Rake" has survived as a result of textual and thematic recreation. Out of it have grown two ballads, entirely distinct in subject, as comparison of the following items will show.

<sup>1</sup> "The Minister's Lamentation," A. *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From O. F. A. C., Harrisburg, Pa.

<sup>2</sup> Y. Glomen, "The Dove," a Welsh ballad, in its opening stanza, is almost identical with the opening stanza of "The Minister's Lamentation," *Journal of the Welsh Folk-Song Society*, vol. 1, part II, p. 70.

3. THE COWBOY'S LAMENT<sup>1</sup>

1. "Break the news gently to my dear mother,  
Break the news gently to my sister so dear,  
....."

*Chorus.*

Beat the drum slowly, play the fife lowly,  
Play the dead march as you carry me along,  
Take me up to the graveyard, and lay the sod o'er me,  
For I've been a cowboy, I know I've done wrong.

2. ....

But when I returned, the spirit had left him,  
And gone to its Giver, the cowboy was dead.

Traces of the homiletic manner are still current in some versions, a warning to shun poker and whiskey. At the same time, the romantic suggestion is increasingly prominent. The other ballad is as follows:—

4. THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT<sup>2</sup>

1. "Come, dear mother, sit down alongside of me,  
Come, dear mother, and pity my case,  
For my head it is aching, my poor heart is breaking,  
For sad lamentation, I know I've done wrong!"

*Chorus.*

Then you may beat at your drums as you play your fifes merrily,  
Play your dead march as you carry me on,  
Take my body to the old churchyard and throw the sods o'er me,  
For I'm a young maiden, I know I've done wrong.

2. "Send for the minister to pray over me,  
Send for the young man that I first went a-courting,  
That I may see him before I may die."

<sup>1</sup> "The Cowboy's Lament," B, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From H. L. W., Cambridge, Mass.

<sup>2</sup> Compare "The Dying Cowboy," in G. F. Will, "Songs of Western Cowboys," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. xxii, pp. 258, 259. —

"But there is another, more dear than a mother,  
Who'd bitterly weep, if she knew I were here."

<sup>3</sup> "The Maiden's Lament," A, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From A. C., Antigonish, N. S.



- He had wasted and pined, until o'er his brow,  
The death sweats had slowly passed, and now,  
The scenes of his fondly loved home was nigh,  
And they gathered around him to see him die.
2. "Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea,  
Where the billow's shroud shall roll o'er me,  
Where no light can break through the dark, cold wave,  
Or the sun shine sweetly upon my grave!  
Oh, it matters not, I have oft been told,  
Where the body is laid, when the heart grows cold,  
But grant ye, oh, grant ye this boon to me,  
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
  3. "In fancy I've listened to the well known words,  
Of the free wild winds and songs of birds,  
I've thought of my home, my cot and bower,  
And the scenes which I loved in my childhood's hour,  
Where I've ever hoped to be laid when I died,  
In the old churchyard by the green hillside,  
Near the home of my father, my grave should be,  
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
  4. "Let my death slumbers be where a mother's prayer  
And a sister's tears can be blended there,  
For, oh, 't will be sweet, when this heart throb is o'er,  
To know, this fountain shall gush no more,  
For those who I've earnestly wished for would come,  
And plant fresh wild flowers o'er my tomb,  
If pleased those loved ones should weep for me,  
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
  5. "And there is another, whose tears might be shed,  
For him who lies low in the ocean's bed.  
In hours that it pains me to think on now,  
She has twined these locks, she has kissed this brow.  
The hair she has wreathed will the sea snake hiss,  
The heart she has pressed, will wild waves kiss,  
For the sake of that loved one who waits for me,  
Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea!
  6. "She has been in my dreams" . . . And his voice failed there.  
And they gave no heed to his dying prayer.  
But they lowered him slow o'er the vessel's side,  
And above him closed the solemn tide.  
Where to dip her wings, the sea fowl rests,  
Where the blue waves dash with their foaming crests.  
Where the billows do bound, and the wind sports free,  
They buried him there in the deep, deep sea!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The text of "The Lone Prairie," from MS. of G. W., loaned by Professor Belden, has in the refrain, in place of the first four lines of stanza 2, above, —

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,  
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me,  
Where the cold winds sweep and the grasses wave,  
No sunbeams rest on a prairie grave."



A word in passing may not be amiss, concerning the part of the folk-singer in the re-creation of melodies. It is well known that folk-melodies are of simple structure, for the most part, with a constant tendency toward greater simplicity. The accompanying melody to another version of "The Ocean Burial" will, upon comparison with the form of the air from which it has been derived, illustrate this fact.

THE OCEAN-BURIAL<sup>1</sup>



The history of the well-known parlor song, "Come back to Erin," now well established as an Irish folk-song, affords further evidence. The original air, of complicated structure, and quite artificial in manner, has been re-created as a folk-melody, many characteristic sets of which doubtless exist. Two may here be printed, showing the manner in which changes for improvement, due to folk-singing, arise.

7. COME BACK TO ERIN

I<sup>2</sup>



II<sup>3</sup>



In place of the last four lines on p. 279, the same version of "The Lone Prairie" has, in stanza 5, —

"May the light winged butterfly pause to rest,  
O'er him who sleeps on the prairie's crest,  
May the Texas rose in the breezes wave,  
O'er him who sleeps in a prairie grave."

The poetic beauty of this thought could hardly be exceeded.

<sup>1</sup> "The Ocean Burial," A, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From W. L. S., Boston, Mass.

<sup>2</sup> "Come back to Erin," B, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From E. J. C., Boston, Mass.

<sup>3</sup> "Come back to Erin," D, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From A. C., Antigonish, N. S., as sung by an Irish girl in Boston, Mass.

The fact that folk-song deals with the lights as well as with the shadows of human experience and fancy, makes room for an element of the humorous as well as of the serious. Not to speak of extravaganzas of imagination, such as "The Derby Ram," or "The Wonderful Hunter," many folk-songs exist whose merit is in their faculty of raising a laugh. In particular, mention may be made of the large class of songs at the expense of the aged spark and his flirtations. Some forms of this theme verge on the coarse; innocent humor alone is in the following song.

8. THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT<sup>1</sup>

1. Once I heard an old bachelor say  
When his hair was turning gray,  
"I wonder what the matter can be  
That all the pretty girls so dislike me!"
2. "I've tried the rich and I've tried the poor,  
And many a time I've been kicked out of door,  
I've tried silver, and I've tried gold,  
And many a lie in my life I have told.
3. "Three good horses I rode them to death,  
I rode them as long as they had breath,  
Three good saddles rode bare to the tree,  
Trying to find the girl that would marry me."<sup>2</sup>
4. He wept and he mourned and he wailed and he cried,  
And in this condition, this bachelor died.  
And if he lies here, I fear he'll come to life,  
And still be a-trying to get him a wife.
5. Come, all ye pretty fair maids, come gather around,  
And put this old bachelor under the ground,  
For if he lies here, I fear he'll come to life,  
And still be a trying to get him a wife.

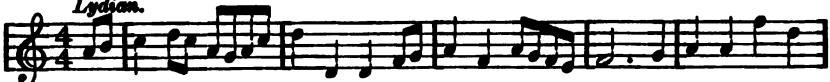
<sup>1</sup> "The Bachelor's Complaint," B, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From H. L. W., Cambridge, Mass.

<sup>2</sup> The following lines from "The Bachelor's Complaint," A (from J. C., Vineland, N. J.), are worthy of record here.

4. He rode nine horses all to death,  
He rode them till they was out of breath,  
He rode his saddle bare to the tree,  
And not one pretty girl would marry he!
5. "Now, girls, I'm a dying man,  
Don't you wish they'd married me,  
Darn the girls, wherever they be,  
I hope they'll die for the love of me!"

In closing, it may be said that the music of folk-song constitutes one of its greatest charms. Not only have many ballads been kept alive by the rare beauty of their melodies; but it is not too much to affirm that certain of the best ballads (as, for instance, "Chevy-Chase") which have perished, failed to survive because they were set to melodies which were neither pleasing nor characteristic. For their beauty's sake, the following melodies are put in evidence.

## 9. MELODIES

(a) *Remember the Poor*<sup>1</sup>*Hexatonic.*(b) *Barbara Allen*<sup>2</sup>(c) *Silver Dagger*<sup>3</sup>*Pentatonic.*(d) *The Dawning of the Day*<sup>4</sup>*Lydian.*

<sup>1</sup> Melody from A. M. B., Providence, R. I.

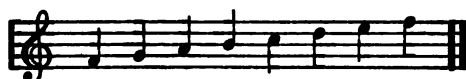
<sup>2</sup> "Barbara Allen," G, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From A. C., Antigonish, N. S.

<sup>3</sup> "The Silver Dagger," A, *Folk-Songs of the North Atlantic States*. From H. L. W., Cambridge, Mass.

<sup>4</sup> MS. of Henry Hudson, M.D. (Allen A. Brown Collection, Boston Public Library. No. M, 374a, 7. Melody 449, from Paddy Conneely, a Galway piper.) According to Irish tradition, this air, of which a number of sets exist, was originally the composition of O'Connallon, the noted Irish harper.



Of these melodies, the first three are structurally typical of the English, Scottish, and Irish types of folk-music. The fourth, a particularly fine example of an Irish air, is further noteworthy from the fact that it is partially cast in the Lydian mode,



survivals of which in folk-music at the present day are extremely rare.<sup>1</sup>

FELTON HALL,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

<sup>1</sup> "Fair Phoebe," *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, vol. iv, p. 131, is a Lydian air. The Irish air "Eoghan Coir" exists in three sets, — one of them Lydian, one Mixolydian, and one Ionian, — showing the development from the archaic to the modern mode.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA FOLK-LORE. — The following stories, superstitions, and folk-remedies were taken down just as they were related to me. Nos. 2 and 4 were told by a Virginia mulatto, with features strongly resembling those of an Indian.

1. *How the Colored Folk came into Existence.* — Once 'pon a time ole Nick got lon'som' down in his dominyun, so he tho't, "I'll go hup and pay a visit on Arth, and see how teese dar'. So hup 'e come, en the fust thing he seed, wuz a' Ape. "Lo'd a mussy!" sezee, "w'at kind o' man is dis? I hain't got none o' dem kine down in my qua'ters," sezee, "en dat'll neber do 'tall." So hup 'e prances ve'y pompous-like, en sezee, "Howdy!" en de Ape he say nufin 'tall, den 'e keeps on a axin' un heeps o' questions; en de Ape he say nufin 'tall, den he keeps on wid mo' questions; and de Ape he say nufin 'tall agin. Den Mistah Sautin he sto'm, he sto'm, and den he cussed de Ape, en low en 'hold de Ape dun en dar tu'n'd to a brack man. En dat's how de w'ite man dun 'count fo' de niggah bein' on 'Arth.

2. *How the Colored Man obtained his Well-Known Sobriquet of "Coon."* — Dar wuz once ar' slave-holder who 'ad five 'undred slaves, en he 'ad 'un he tho't heeps ub, 'hose name 'uz John; so dis yhar John, w'en he tho't dar wuz eny thin' his moster wanted, 'e'd teke hit en go yide hit, so 'is moster coodn't fin' hit, en 'is moster 'uld hunt 'round en axt de uder slaves, en dey cu'dn't fin' hit; den 'e'd ax John 'uld put one han' in 'is pocket, en scratch 'is yead wid de uder han', en say, "Wait a minnite, moster, lemme thin'!" den 'e'd say, "Moster, come, I think I kin tell chew rite war's 's hit. I's a fo'chume tellah, I is;" en he go rite en put 'is hans on hit. So he keeps on fee yeahs, ebry think wuz de same way; en de moster tho't he wuz suah nuff a fo'chume tellah. So one day de moster wuz at some kinner high feast or uder, dar wuz a hole lot of high fo'ks, wealthy gemums, an dey gotter bet 'in'; twell de moster bet twell 'e'd dun bet all 'is prop'rt'y, all 'is slaves, dat dis John ub his co'ld tell wars every think dey hid wuz, an 'e bet all 'e 'ad til' he didn't hab nufin 'tall lef'.

Den dese uder gemums sed dey'd git un ub dese ya'h raccoons; en de moster sed 'e didn't karah, dey cood get anythink dey chooze. So dey couth a rac-coon, en put hit undar ar bar'l, on de lawn; den dey sent fees John, en 'e came; en de moster sed, "Look yar, John, I's dun bet my fo'chume on chew, now. I want chew to tell usuns w'at's under dot ar bar'l dar;" en co'se John didn't know, kaze 'e 'adn't put hit dar hissself, en 'e'd al'ays hid de uder fings; so sezee, "Deed, moster Jones, John's sick, 'e can't tell no fo'chumes chew day." But de moster 'e 'sisted, en sed, "John, I wants youse chew I's bet my 'hole fo'chumes on youse" — "But, deed, Moster Jones, I's sick chew day, I is, en con't tell no fo'chumes chew day," sez John, sezee. "I know, John, but yo' must do hit," sez de moster, sezee. Den John keeps on a foolin' dat way, 'e duze, twell presently de moster say, sezee, "Ef youse don't tell me w'ats undah dat ar' bar'l, I'lls

make hit rite wid chew;" den John knew ef 'e didn't tell w'at wuz undah dat are bar'l 'is moster wud kill 'im. So 'e tho't, "John, hits all hup wid chew." Ub co'se he didn't know w'at's undah dat bar'l, kaze 'e didn't put hit dar.

Well, de nigger 'e'd been in de 'abbit ub callin' hisse'f "coon." So 'e went to de bar'l, en helt 'is arms up over de bar'l, en sez, sezee, "Rite yhar on dis yhar bar'l youse dun got dis coon, dis day," and fell postated. Den dey all shouted and cheered, en de moster pick 'im up on 'is shoulders en rum round en round wid John, kaze 'e dun won all dat ar money fee 'im; an eber since dat ar day de niggas hez al'ays been called de "coon," en dey al'ays takes hit ez ar good-luck name, kaze it dun sabe one niggas life."<sup>1</sup>

3. *A Negro's Explanation of the Currents of Hot Air one sometimes feels when passing along a Country Road at Night.* — This story was told me by an old negro rich in ghost-stories or stories of "hants," as he termed them, and is all I ever succeeded in recording from him. "Dis heah hot air dat yo's feels w'en yo's gwine along at nights," said he, "yo's felt dem habn't yo'? Well, daze de ole people's hants passin' long, passin' long; en ef yo' gits down on yo' 'nees, yo'll see dem, des a passin' rite 'long, passin' rite 'long."

4. *How Mistah Yhar's probved dat Mistah Fox us 'is Riden Hoss.* — Der uz two gerls, en Mistah Fox en Mistah Yhar 'uz a coatin 'uh dem. Dey 'uz dare two escoats; en ebry time Mistah Yha'r 'd fo chew seed de gerls, en Mistah Fox 'uzn't dar, dey'd keep er axin him, "Whar's Mistah Fox?" en tellen' him 'bout Mistah Fox, — dat Mistah Fox sez dis, en Mr. Fox sez'd dat. So Mistah Yha'r kin'er crossed 'is legs, en sed, "Youse all keeps a talkin' 'bout Mistah Fox. Mr. Fox is my riden-hoss in wed wedder." En de gerls didn't bleeb him; so w'en Mistah Fox comes de next day, deys tole 'im 'bout hit, en w'at Mistah Yhar'd done sed; so 'e goes back ter se' Mistah Yhares en git arter 'im 'bout hit; so den Mistah Fox tried ter make 'im b'leev 'e tho't dat de gerls 'us a makin' fun ub 'im, en sed to Mistah Yhar', "Come, let's go down ar chew-morrow en probve hit den." So Mistah Yhar' sez "All rite." En w'en de next mo'nin' come, Mistah Yhar' tole Mistah Fox that 'e wuz sic' en coodn't walk der; so den Mistah Fox sed 'e tole 'im, en Mistah Yhar' sed, "All rite," but 'e must hab a saddle fer to 'hole hi'se'f on by, a switch fer to stiddy 'is han', en a brine bridle; so Mistah Fox sed 'e'd git all ub dem den, but 'e hab chew git off w'en dey was nearh dar. En Mistah Yhar' said, "All rite!" en whilst Mistah Fox wuz a giten dezes thinks, Mr. Yhar' 'uz screden a pa'r spers 'bout 'is pussin; en w'en Mistah Fox come, 'e gits on en way dey goes. Dreckly Mistah Fox sez, "What youse doin', Brer Yhar'?" — "I dis ez fixen my foot in de sserip, Brer Fox." Presen'ly Mistah Fox sez, "W'at's youse doin', Brer Yhar'?" — "Nufin' but turnin' my pance-leg down," — en all de time 'e wuz a puttin' on de spers. Presen'ly dey got neah chew de howooze; en Mistah Fox sez, "Git down!" en Mistah Yhar' sez, "Oh, pleaz' take me a little bit farder. I's so monsthu's weak I can't git 'long." So den Mistah Fox went on twill he got neahly chew de house; den Mistah Fox sed, "Now git down." En did dat Mistah Yhar' 'e slapped dem spers inter 'im, en came plump down on 'im wid dat switch, en made Mistah Fox go a flyin' down de

<sup>1</sup> See note 2, p. 251.

road, rite pass de gerls; den Mistah Yhar' holler'd out, "See, ladies, I don' tole use dat Mistah Fox wuz my riden-hoss." En de gerls larf twill dey putty nigh cried, en Mistah Yhar 'e jumped rite off at de doer; en Mistah Fox was do 'sulted en mity cut up like dat, 'e des kept rite on down de road to de wood, en waited twill Mistah Yhar' come 'long; en arter Mistah Yhar' ait en talk wid de gerls, 'e went on down de road; 'e knewed what's comin', en Mistah Fox comes out en grabs Mistah Yhar' en zes 'e's gwinter kill 'im.

Mistah Yhar' sez, "Oh, pleaz' don't kill me now, Brer Fox, en I'll show use war's some nice swate honey is." Den Mistah Fox thinks 'e'll find out whar's de honey fust, so Mistah Yhar' takes 'im to de bee-tree, en tells 'im to put 'is head in chew de hollar en des he'p hisse'f; en whilst Mistah Fox wuz tryin' chew eat de honey, de bee stung 'im so, twill 'is head dun 'menced chew swell so dat 'e coodn't git it outer de hollar, so 'e den tole Mistah Yhar' to pleaz' chew go arter de Docto; en Mistah Yhar' wen' off down chew de branch en rolled en skipped en jumped, en rolled en skipped en jumped, en rolled en skipped en jumped, en den come back en tole Mistah Fox dat de Docto sed dat 'e coodn't come, en sed de Docto sed, "Whar hans can't go, heads no bizness." Den Mistah Fox 'menced to beg Mistah Yhar' ter pleaz go back arter de Docto'; en Mistah Yhar' sed, "I yeads a pack of houns." So den Mistah Fox jucked 'is head outer de hollar en tow 'is head all up, en dat wuz de last ub 'im; en Mistah Yhar' dodn't mit no mudder edder.

5. *Why February hasn't Thirty Days.* — In Job's time, dah 'uz thuttee dazes enda 'e 'uz bone on de thueeaht; but 'e 'ad sich er pesteahn time, dat 'e gist natchilly prayed onteah de gud Lawed teah maahk 'is buahth-day outah de cal'dah; teah gist pleez teah anzer dis yeah um praah ub 'is'h's, Enda de gud Lawed anzered dat un ub 'is praahs end dah ain't nebah bin no Thutteeaht ub Feb'rary sinch." (It may be well to explain that my informant gave the sound of *ah* to most of her *r*'s.)

MARY WALKER FINLEY SPEERS.

EARLEIGH HEIGHTS ON SEVERN,  
MARYLAND.

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JOURNAL OF  
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

EDITED BY

FRANZ BOAS

ASSISTED BY ALEXANDER FRANCIS CHAMBERLAIN  
AND GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOL. XXV.—OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1912—No. XCVIII

## TRADITIONS OF THE LILLOOET INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY JAMES TEIT

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[THE following collection of traditions was made by Mr. James Teit during his researches on the ethnology of British Columbia. After Mr. Teit had closed his work for the Jesup North Pacific Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History and some other incidental work, Mr. Homer E. Sargent of Chicago became interested in Mr. Teit's valuable investigations, which he has liberally supported during the last six years. The present paper is one of the results of the researches thus conducted.

The comparative notes which will be found in the paper have been added by the editor. Only the material relating directly to Salish mythology has been included in these. A fuller discussion does not seem advisable until all the collected material relating to the folk-lore of the Northwestern plateaus and of the North Pacific coast has been published.

The principal interest of the Lillooet folk-lore, aside from the psychological character of the traditions, is found in the light which it throws upon the process of dissemination of tales. While the folk tales and myths of the Thompson Indians, who with the Lillooet belong to the inland branches of the Salish family, are not very deeply affected by the traditions of the coast Indians, and while they rather belong to the group of tales and myths characteristic of the Northwestern plateaus, the Lillooet tales show a strong infusion of coast elements. The same is true of the traditions of the Lower Thompson Indians, who inhabit that part of the Fraser River Canyon adjoining the Fraser River Delta. The collections made among the coast tribes by myself, and later on by Mr. Charles Hill-Tout, show clearly the close relationship between the myths and tales of all the tribes living around the Gulf of Georgia and those of other coast tribes. The Lillooet and the Lower Thompson Indians have adopted from these tribes the whole group of ancestor legends, which are entirely absent in the interior, and which are characteristic of the social organization of the coast tribes that have village communities claiming descent from a single ancestor; while in the interior no such subdivision of the tribes exists. The incidents belonging to the coast folk-lore have been pointed out in the comparative notes accompanying Mr. Teit's collection of traditions. It is interesting to follow the gradual dissemination of the transformer myths, telling of a group of several culture-heroes who travel through the country together, freeing the land of monsters, and giving man his arts. In the interior their place is taken by the Coyote; but, as has been pointed out before both by Mr. Teit and by myself, the idea of the group of transformers has penetrated far into the interior. Everywhere, however, the opinion is clearly expressed that in reality these transformers belong to the coast, and that their deeds east of the Fraser River Canyon were a trespass on the territory which belonged properly to

Coyote and to Old-One. Several of the Thompson River traditions end with the statement that at the request of Coyote, the coast transformers retired to the coast, and left the country to him to be put into proper shape.

In regard to these points the report of a conversation between Mr. Teit and a Lillooet over eighty years old will be of interest. Mr. Teit describes this conversation as follows:—

“My informant said that in the beginning the inhabitants of the world had animal characteristics. It is doubtful whether at that time real animals and real people existed as we know them to-day. The world was very sparsely settled. A number of transformers gave the world its present shape, and transformed the beings of the mythical period into real people and real animals. These transformers travelled all over the world for this purpose. None of them was born in the Lillooet country. They were strangers, most of whom came from the coast region. Among these was the mink. There is no story which accounts for the origin of the Lillooet tribe as a whole, although sometimes it is claimed that the Lillooet are descendants of the Black-Bear-Woman's children.<sup>1</sup> It is said that Black-Bear and Grizzly-Bear lived with their husband on the east side of Fraser River, north of Lytton, probably in Botani Valley. After the young Black-Bears had killed the young Grizzly-Bears, they escaped, and crossed Fraser River somewhere between Lytton and Lillooet, and took refuge in the Lillooet country near Pemberton. They became the ancestors of people speaking the Lillooet language, and their descendants spread up and down the rivers from this point, intermarrying with the mythical inhabitants; that is, the semi-animal people of the Lillooet country. Others say that the young Black-Bears became the Transformer brothers, the Qoa'qtqwet!<sup>2</sup> (= “smiling”) of the Thompson Indians, and that later on they visited the Thompson country, ascending the Fraser River from the Delta upward.

“Every band of the Lillooet originated from the union of a man with one of the semi-animal inhabitants of the country, perhaps from animals. Most of the traditions inform us that a Lillooet man went off and married one or more animal people whom he found inhabiting a certain part of the country; and the band that now inhabits this spot claims descent from these ancestors. Thus the Anderson Lake people are descendants of two Grizzly-Bear sisters. Most of the members of the Pemberton band are descendants of two men who lived at the places known as TEzi'l and Leqts, where one married a bear, the other a giant. The original inhabitants of Port Douglas are descendants of a Lillooet man who married a seal woman, who bore him a son and a

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 322 and 350.

<sup>2</sup> From .s-qwo'itl (“to smile”).

daughter. The Bridge River people are descendants of a black bear;<sup>1</sup> those of Sêtl,<sup>2</sup> of a frog; and those of Seaton Lake, of a Sā'tuēn (a crane-like bird). The Seshelt tribe are in part descendants of a man and a porpoise (?) woman. Some of the Seshelt are Lillooet by origin. Their ancestors were a party of Lillooet who descended to the coast, and who continued to speak Lillooet until about 1850. They lived at Ha'nitcēn. The Tlahu's tribe, who nowadays speak the Comox language, are in part descendants of Chilcotin who settled on the coast. It is said that in early days the people of this tribe dressed and adorned themselves like the Chilcotin of the interior.

"The Shuswap and Thompson Indians are said to have been originally descendants of Coyote; and some Lillooet claim that all the people of the southern interior were of this descent, while the people of the northern interior were descendants of the bear or deer. The Fountain tribe<sup>3</sup> are descendants of Coyote and his wives, Alder and Cottonwood.<sup>4</sup> Some people claim that all the Indians of the interior, and perhaps all the people of the whole world, are descendants of Coyote and these two women.

"There are two springs — one hot and one cold — near Skookum Chuck, in the Lower Lillooet district. They were a married couple whom the Transformer changed into springs at their own request. They said, 'Let us be two springs, one hot and one cold, side by side. People who bathe in us and drink our water will become well.' Another spring or brook near Lillooet was formerly a woman who asked the Transformer to be transformed into water, asking that the people should drink of her to be made healthy."

The following abbreviations for citations have been used in the footnotes: —

GEORGE M. DAWSON, Notes on the Shuswap People of British Columbia, *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for 1891*, Section II of Transactions (Montreal, 1892), pp. 3-44. Cited Dawson, *Notes*.

FRANZ BOAS, *Indianische Sagen von der Nord-pacifischen Küste Amerikas* (Berlin, 1895), 363 pp. Cited Boas, *Sagen*.

JAMES TEIT, Traditions of the Thompson River Indians of British Columbia, *Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society*, vol. vi (1898). Cited Teit, *Traditions*.

C. HILL-TOUT, "Sqaktktquacht," or the Benign-Faced, the Oannes of the Ntlakapamuq, British Columbia, *Folk-Lore*, vol. x (1899), pp. 195-216. Cited Hill-Tout, *Folk-Lore*.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 360.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 361; also Teit, *Traditions*, p. 96.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 368.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 357.

- LIVINGSTON FARRAND, Traditions of the Chilcotin Indians, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii (1900), pp. 1-54. Cited Farrand, *Chilcotin*.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Studies of the Indians of British Columbia, *Report of the 69th Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science* (Dover, 1899), pp. 497-584. Cited, Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Notes on the Sk'qō'mic of British Columbia, a Branch of the Great Salish Stock of North America, *Report of the 70th Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science* (Bradford, 1900), pp. 472-549. Cited Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*.
- LIVINGSTON FARRAND, Traditions of the Quinault Indians, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii (1902), pp. 77-132. Cited Farrand, *Quinault*.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Report on the Ethnology of the Si'ciatl of British Columbia, a Coast Division of the Salish Stock, *Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, vol. xxxiv (1904), pp. 20-91. Cited Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Report on the Steē'lis and Sk'au'lits Tribes of the Hal-kōmē'lem Division of the Salish of British Columbia, *Ibid.*, pp. 311-376. Cited Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Report on the Ethnology of the Stlatumh of British Columbia, *Ibid.*, vol. xxxv (1905), pp. 126-218. Cited *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv.
- FRANZ BOAS and GEORGE HUNT, Kwakiutl Texts, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. iii (1905), vol. x (1908). Cited Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, iii, x.
- C. HILL-TOUT, Report on the Ethnology of the South-Eastern Tribes of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, *Journal of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, vol. xxxvii (1907), pp. 306-374. Cited Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxvii.
- JAMES TEIT, The Shuswap, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii (1909), pp. 443-789. Cited Teit, *The Shuswap*.
- JAMES TEIT, Mythology of the Thompson Indians, *Ibid.*, vol. viii (1912), pp. 218 *et seq.* Cited Teit, *Mythology*.

The material has been arranged in two groups, the first group containing traditions collected among the "real Lillooet," the Liluet-ō'l, who are located around Pemberton Meadows; the second, traditions of the Lillooet of the Lakes<sup>1</sup> (Lêxalê'xamux), — of Anderson and Seaton Lakes. The collection made by Mr. Hill-Tout (*Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv) is from the Lower Lillooet, at the upper end of Harrison Lake, a group which is very much mixed with the Delta tribes. For this reason his collection contains more coast elements than Mr. Teit's collection. I have pointed out<sup>2</sup> that the collection which I obtained on Harrison River in British Columbia, and which belongs to the Delta

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *The Lillooet*, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 196.

<sup>2</sup> Boas, *Sagen*, p. 19.



group, contains many Lillooet elements. The same is true of the traditions collected by Mr. Hill-Tout in the delta of Fraser River.<sup>1</sup>

EDITOR.]

# I. TRADITIONS OF THE "REAL LILLOOET" (THE LILUET-Ō'L)

## I. A'TSE'MÊL; OR, THE STORY OF THE TRANSFORMERS<sup>2</sup>

Four brothers, called the A'tse'mêl, came up from the mouth of the Fraser River. They were accompanied by their sister,<sup>3</sup> who was endowed with magic, and also by another transformer called Sqaix.<sup>4</sup> It is said that these people came from some place on the coast, and entered the interior by way of the Fraser River, for the purpose of putting things to rights in the world, and killing everything that was bad. These six persons were gifted with magic in a high degree, and they travelled by canoe.

After performing many wonderful deeds on their way up the Fraser River, they entered the Harrison River, and camped a few miles above where the Tcehe'les tribe live. Here abode a wicked woman who was gifted with magic, and who killed many men.<sup>5</sup> Sqaix said he would go alone and visit the woman; but the brothers told him he had better avoid her until the next day, when they would all go together. Sqaix answered, "Why should I avoid her? No one is superior to me in magic." So, when the others slept, he went to her house. He said to her, "Why have you no husband? It is bad for you to be alone. I am seeking a wife, and wish to have you." She answered, "Let me alone, and do not make me feel ashamed by talking in that way." But Sqaix insisted, and tried to do violence to her. His hand was caught by her organs, and, since he was unable to withdraw it, he had to cut it off above the wrist.

He felt ashamed, went home, and lay down. In the morning the others told him to get up, but he would not rise. They asked him to show his hands, and he showed them one hand. They said, "Show us the other one;" and he changed his hand to the other side of his body, and showed it again. They knew what had happened, and laughed at him. Then they went to the woman's house, and the brothers tried to transform her; but in vain, for she was equal to them

<sup>1</sup> *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, pp. 311-376.

<sup>2</sup> Compare also No. 37, p. 344; Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 1 (Shuswap), 16 (Thompson Indians), 19 (Fraser Delta), 47 (Cowichan), 56 (Squamish), 63 (Comox); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 518 (Sk.qo'mic-Squamish); Teit, *Traditions*, p. 42 (Thompson); Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 218 *et seq.* (Utā'mqt), 315 *et seq.* (Nicola Valley); Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 644 *et seq.*; Dawson, *Notes*.

<sup>3</sup> It is claimed by some that the sister was more gifted in magic than the others.

<sup>4</sup> Some say this was mink. *Qaix* denotes the mink in the coast dialects.

<sup>5</sup> See Boas, *Sagen*, p. 24 (Fraser Delta).

in powers. Therefore they asked their sister to help them; and she pushed her hand and arm into the woman's organs. When she pulled them out again, the woman died at once.

After some time they arrived halfway up Harrison Lake, where they saw a house in which lived an old man named S'cxei.<sup>1</sup> They entered his house, and talked to him jokingly, as if he were a child. He became angry, and said, "Why do you talk to me as if I were a child? I am an old man, and more experienced than you, who are young." Leaving their sister in the house, they proposed to the old man that they should walk up the mountain-side to see who could climb best. When they were quite a distance away, the old man caused a heavy fall of snow, fastened on his snow-shoes, which he had hidden under his clothes, left the brothers, and walked home.

It took the others three days to wade through the deep snow to the house; and as soon as they reached it, the snow all disappeared. Then they asked the old man to take them up the lake in his canoe, which was very small. They all embarked, and the old man paddled. When they had gone some distance, they tried to frighten him, saying, "See that monster coming underneath the canoe!" He looked, and said, "That is nothing. It is only the shadow of the mountain-tops moving on the waves." Then they said, "See that man paddling underneath the canoe!" The old man answered, "It is nothing, only my shadow paddling." Then Sqaix changed himself into a mink and went down through the water. The others told the old man to look. He said, "That is nothing. All kinds of animals swim in the lake." Then Sqaix changed himself into a weasel, and, entering the canoe, ran up over the old man's legs. The brothers said, "Look at that bad animal!" But the old man answered, "That is nothing. I can easily kill it with my paddle."

Now they reached a place called S'ā'ta, where there was a long sandy beach. Here they proposed to run the old man a race. They were to run to the end of the beach and back again. They left their sister in the canoe, and began to race. The old man beat them, and reached the canoe again while the others were yet far away. Then he caused a calm with intense heat to come, which made his opponents hardly able to walk. At last they sat down, overcome by the heat. So the old man said to the woman, "We will take the canoe to meet them, for they are tired." Then he made a breeze; and the brothers and Sqaix, feeling refreshed, proposed to the old man that they should go up the mountain to gather cedar-branches. When he turned around to look at the mountain they proposed to climb, the sister threw on his back the paint she had used when pubescent; and he was immediately turned into a stone, which may be seen at the present day.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Boas, *Sagen*, p. 21 (Fraser Delta).

<sup>2</sup> This is the celebrated Dr. Stone on Harrison Lake.

After this they crossed to the opposite side of the lake, to where S'cxel's wife lived. Her name was Skaiya'm.<sup>1</sup> They turned her and her canoe into stone, for she was a wicked woman.

The Transformers then proceeded on their voyage, and entered the Lower Lillooet River. They proceeded slowly up this river, and performed many wonderful feats, killing and transforming bad people, and making bad parts of the country better.

At last they arrived halfway up Lillooet Lake, on the west side of which they saw a house in front of which a pregnant woman was standing. They asked her where her husband was, and she pointed to him on the lake-shore, where he was engaged trying to catch fish with two sticks.<sup>2</sup> The fish would pass between the sticks. Then he would take them out and wipe the slime off them with grass, and try again. This man's name was Stsōp; and the Transformer asked him what he was doing. He answered, "I am poor and ignorant, and know not how to catch fish. I try to catch them in the manner you have just seen, but can never capture any." They said, "What do you eat?" and he answered, "We gather grass and boil it in a basket, and eat it when it is cooked." They noticed that the man carried a long knife on his back, with strings of eagle's feathers attached to the handle and sheath, and asked him what he used it for. He said, "When my wife becomes very large with child, I take this knife, cut open her belly with it, and take out the child.<sup>3</sup> My wife always dies. Thus I have had many wives." They said, "We will teach you how to do things right, so that future generations in this country shall know."

They crossed the lake, and pulled hairs out of their legs from below the knee, which they threw on the ground: spa'tsan-bushes<sup>4</sup> grew up at once. They stripped the bark from some of them, went to the man and his wife, and showed them how to prepare it, twist it into twine, and weave it into nets. They made a dip-net for him, and showed him how to fish with it. Everything they did they made the couple do themselves, so that they should really know how to do it. Then one of the brothers, unperceived by the man and his wife, changed himself into a salmon, and entered the man's net. The man landed it, and the other brothers showed him how to cut it up. They lighted a fire

<sup>1</sup> Boas, *Sagen*, gives a full version of the Kala'm story (pp. 28-30), printed again by Hill-Tout (*Anthrop. Inst.* XXXV, pp. 177-189) with Indian text. The full story belongs clearly to the Fraser Delta and to the Lower Lillooet (see also Teit, *Mythology*, p. 283. [Utā'mqt]).

<sup>2</sup> Some say with the handle of a dip-net (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 318).

<sup>3</sup> See Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 222, 317; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 652; Farrand, *Chilcotin*, p. 11.

<sup>4</sup> Not the spa'tsan-bark of the Thompsons. The Lillooet frequently call all kinds of bark used for twine, including twine obtained from the whites, spa'tsan (see Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 227, 325; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 651).

and heated stones. Then they placed a large basket and a small basket side by side, and filled them with water. They put the fish in the large one. They lifted the stones with tongs and dipped them into the small kettle to clean them, and then dropped them into the large kettle. They added fresh stones until the fish was boiled; then they put it on some cedar-bark, and all joined in eating it. They told the man to save all the bones, and throw them into the water, which he did; and the other brother returned to his former shape, and joined them. Then they said, "Future generations shall do as we have shown. They shall catch and boil salmon, and eat them instead of grass."

When the man's wife came to be delivered of her child,<sup>1</sup> the sister took bird-cherry bark and tied it to the infant. She pulled twice, but the string broke each time. She tied it again, and on the third pull the child came out. The Transformers said, "Future generations shall give birth to their children, and men shall no longer cut their wives. Occasionally there may be a hard birth, when the child must be pulled out." Now Sqaix said, "This man has killed many women. He ought to be punished." And the brothers said, "He should be turned into stone, so that future generations, by seeing him, may remember the cause of his transformation, and know what has been ordained." They turned him into a stone, which may be seen at the present day; but his wife and his newly-born son they left to occupy the place.

Proceeding up the lake, the Transformers came to its head, into which the Upper Lillooet River flows. Here there was flat ground like a bog, which moved up and down, and hindered canoes from ascending the river. They made it into firm but swampy land, and left a channel by which canoes might reach the river. At this place they saw a man sitting at work, finishing the handle of a spear.<sup>2</sup> He had his mouth puckered up, and was whistling to himself.<sup>3</sup> They asked him what he was doing, and he answered, "It is none of your business." They asked him again, and he said, "I have heard of these Transformers coming, and I am making this spear to spear them in the neck." They said, "Let us see the spear: it looks very nice." He handed it to them. Then they threw him into the water, and speared him with the spear. They said, "Your name shall be Whitefish (*mə'mell*), and future generations shall spear you in this manner, and eat you as food." The whitefish has a very small mouth, because he was whistling when transformed.

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 222, 317.

<sup>2</sup> Most Indians say it was a three-pronged spear: some say it was two-pronged (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 226 [Utā'mqt]). A very common incident of the Culture-Hero myth of the coast (see Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 46 (Cowichan), 56 (Squamish), 64 (Comox), 98 (Nutka), 200 (Newettee); Boas, *Chinook Texts*, p. 20; Farrand, *Quinault*, p. 85.

<sup>3</sup> See Teit, *Mythology*, p. 331.

The Transformers continued their journey up the Lillooet River to a place near Pemberton, and then up the Pole River until they reached a place on that river known as Salmon-House.<sup>1</sup> Here they saw a man leaning forward, and gazing intently into the water. They asked him what he was looking at, and he answered, "It is nothing to you." They watched him, and saw that he was catching fish with his hands. He caught one, and they asked him how he ate it. He never answered, but, putting the fish to his mouth, began to eat it raw. They transformed him into a fish-hawk (*yoxala*'), and said, "Henceforth people shall not catch fish with their hands, nor eat them raw."

Ascending the river, they passed its source, and came near to the lake called Tseka'lenal, at the source of the stream that empties into the head of Anderson Lake. Here they went up on some rocks near where the old Indian trail passes, and sat down to rest. One brother went away, and returned from the south, dressed in cedar-bark painted red, and carrying cedar-bark and other things in a bundle on his back. Another brother went away, and returned from the east, dressed only in a breech-clout, and carrying on his back a bundle of *spatsan*-bark and other things. When they appeared to view, the other Transformers hailed the one from the south as Li'luet,<sup>2</sup> and the one from the east as Sla'tlemux, saying, "Henceforth the Li'luet shall go to the Fraser in the Sla'tlemux country to buy salmon and *spatsan*-bark, and the Sla'tlemux shall visit the Li'luet to trade with them. Then one of the Transformers stamped his foot on the rock, and left the imprint of his sole, saying, "This footprint shall mark this spot as the tribal boundary between the Li'luet and the Sla'tlemux" [the Upper and Lower Lillooet]. The footprint may be seen at the present day.

It is not certain where the Transformers went after this, but it is said they returned again to their own country, by way of Pemberton and Green Lake, to the Squamish.<sup>3</sup>

## 2. THE BOY AND THE SUN<sup>4</sup>

There was once a boy who made himself obnoxious to the people by constantly stealing their food. The chief told the people to leave their house and desert the boy. They ordered some other boys to induce the thief to go with them while the people made ready to depart.

<sup>1</sup> Three miles or more from Pemberton Indian village. It is a famous fishing-place of the Liluet-8'l.

<sup>2</sup> That is, the Lower Lillooet.

<sup>3</sup> Some say they did not require to travel through the Upper Lillooet country, as Coyote and Kokwe'la travelled through there (see p. 350).

<sup>4</sup> See "Tale of the Bad Boy; or, The Sun and the Lad," in Teit, *Traditions*, pp. 51, 52; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 230 (Uta'mqt); Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 17 (Thompson), 19 (Fraser Delta); Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv, p. 201 (Lower Lillooet); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 532 (Squamish).

These boys said, "Let us go and search for wood to make bows and arrows." On reaching a densely wooded place, they said, "We will separate here, and search, that we may the sooner find good wood; but we will continue to whistle to one another, so that we may all know one another's whereabouts."

When the boys were out of sight, they eased themselves in several places, and then hurried away to overtake the people. After they had gone, their excrements continued to whistle, so the thief thought that his companions were still near by. Having found some good wood, he called on the other boys to come, but heard no reply except the whistling. He searched for them, and at last found they had gone, and that the sounds proceeded, not from them, but from their excrements.

Then the thief hurried home, because it was late; but, upon arriving at the village, he found all the people gone. He was hungry, and searched all the houses for food, but found none. Returning to his parents' house, he saw a basket upside down in a corner. He thought some food might be there, so he kicked it over with his foot. He found his grandmother sitting underneath. He was angry, because he would rather have found food than her; but she cried out that he should not kick her, as she might be of much service to him.

The grandmother had a cedar-bark match, which she gave him to light a fire. After warming themselves, she asked him to shoot mice to eat. He did this, and they lived on what vermin he killed. She asked him to shoot birds, and she would make a robe of their skins. He shot very many bright-plumaged birds, and the old woman made him a very large and handsome robe. She told him to make a spear of cedar-wood. He did this, and speared some fish.

One day Sun saw him fishing with his cedar-wood spear, and, noticing the beautiful blanket he wore, thought he would try to obtain it from him. Sun was dressed in a goat-skin blanket with long fringe. He approached the boy, and offered to exchange robes with him; but the boy declined. Sun said, "You do not know the value of my robe. It can catch far more fish than your spear." Then Sun placed the fringe of his robe in the water, and caught a fish on each tassel. When the boy saw this, he exchanged robes with Sun. He was now able to catch great quantities of fish, which he dried, and with which he filled many houses, cellars, and drying-poles.

The people of the village, who were camped a long ways off, had been unsuccessful hunting and fishing, and were now on the verge of starvation. One of them, Raven, left them, and returned to the village, where he was surprised to find the boy living in affluence. The boy saw Raven, and threw some fish at him, which he gladly ate. Next day Raven came again, and asked the lad for some fish to take

home to his children. He was given three fish, which he took away, and kept until the other people had gone to bed. When all was quiet, he gave them to his children; but they quarrelled and made a great noise: so the people heard them, and said, "Raven's children must be eating something good." They went to his house and asked him what his children had been eating; and he told them, "Moss." They did not believe him, and made up their minds to watch next night. On the third day, Raven went to the lad again, and asked him for more fish. Again he was given three, which he took home for his children. That night Raven's children quarrelled again when they were fed. The people ran in, caught them eating, and made them disgorge by pressing their throats. They found that the food was fish: so they asked Raven where he got it. He told them the whole story, and the people at once broke camp and returned to the village, where the boy feasted them on fish till they were satisfied.

The lad became a great fisherman, and the people of the village thus never lacked an abundant supply of fish. The chief gave him his daughter to wife, and the lad afterwards became chief.

Before Sun obtained the boy's robe, he was pale; and his light was faint, like that of the moon; but thenceforth he became bright and dazzling, because he wore the boy's bright and many-colored robe.

### 3. THE FROG SISTERS

The three Frog sisters had a house in a swamp, where they lived together. Not very far away lived a number of people in another house. Among them were Snake and Beaver, who were friends. They were well-grown lads, and wished to marry the Frog girls.

One night Snake went to Frog's house, and, crawling up to one of the sisters, put his hand on her face. She awoke, and asked him who he was. Learning that he was Snake, she said she would not marry him, and told him to leave at once. She called him hard names, such as, "slimy-fellow," "small-eyes," etc. Snake returned, and told his friend of his failure.

Next night Beaver went to try, and, crawling up to one of the sisters, he put his hand on her face. She awoke, and, finding out who he was, she told him to be gone. She called him names, such as, "short-legs," "big-belly," "big-buttocks." Beaver felt hurt, and, going home, began to cry.<sup>1</sup> His father asked him what the matter was, and the boy told him. He said, "That is nothing. Don't cry! It will rain too much." But young Beaver said, "I *will* cry."

<sup>1</sup> See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 35 (Fraser Delta), 79 (Comox); Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, p. 318; Boas, *Kathlamet Texts*, p. 23; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 37 (Seselt); Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 78 (Thompson); Hill-Tout, *Ibid.*, 1900, p. 548 (Squamish); Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 230 (Utā'mqt), 333 (Nicola).

As he continued to cry, much rain fell, and soon the swamp where the Frogs lived was flooded. Their house was under the water, which covered the tops of the tall swamp-grass. The Frogs got cold, and went to Beaver's house, and said to him, "We wish to marry your sons." But old Beaver said, "No! You called us hard names."

The water was now running in a regular stream. So the Frogs swam away downstream until they reached a whirlpool, which sucked them in, and they descended to the house of the Moon. The latter invited them to warm themselves at the fire; but they said, "No. We do not wish to sit by the fire. We wish to sit there," pointing at him. He said, "Here?" at the same time pointing at his feet. They said, "No, not there." Then he pointed to one part of his body after another, until he reached his brow. When he said, "Will you sit here?" they all cried out, "Yes," and jumped on his face, thus spoiling his beauty. The Frog's sisters may be seen on the moon's face at the present day.<sup>1</sup>

#### 4. BEAVER AND EAGLE<sup>2</sup>

Beaver and Eagle lived with their sister in the Lillooet country. They had no fire, and ate their food raw. The sister cried and complained constantly, because she had no fire at which to roast her dried salmon-skins. At last the brothers took pity on her, because she cried so much, and said, "Don't cry any more! We will procure fire for you. We will train ourselves for a long time, and during our absence you must be very careful not to cry or complain; for, if you do, we shall fail in our object, and our training will be fruitless."

Leaving their sister, the brothers repaired to the mountains, where they spent four years training themselves. At the expiration of that time, they returned to their sister, who had never cried during their absence, and told her they would go to procure fire, as they now knew where it could be found, and how they could obtain it.

After five days' journeying, they arrived at the house<sup>3</sup> of the people who possessed fire. Then one brother drew over himself an eagle's body, and the other one a beaver's body. The latter dammed the creek near by, and that night made a hole underneath the people's house. Next morning he swam around in the water made by the dam, and an old man saw him and shot him. He took him into the house, and, laying him beside the fire, told the people to skin him. While they were skinning him, they came on something hard underneath his armpit. This was a clam-shell, which Beaver had hidden there.

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 91; Boas, *Sagen*, p. 15 (Shuswap); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 653; Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 229 (Utā'mqt), 330 (Nicola).

<sup>2</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 56; Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 229 (Utā'mqt), 338 (Nicola); Boas, *Sagen*, p. 42 (Frazer Delta); Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 65.

<sup>3</sup> Most informants agree that the house was an underground house, which, according to some, was at a place near the sea.



Just then the people noticed a very large and fine-looking eagle perch on a tree near by. They were anxious to kill him to get his plumes: so they all ran out and began to shoot at him, but none of them could hit him. When they were thus engaged, Beaver, who was now left alone, put some of the fire in his clam-shell, and escaped through the hole he had made. He soon reached the water, which was now almost at the house, and swam away with his prize.

As soon as Eagle saw that his brother was safe, he flew away and joined him. They continued their journey home, Eagle resting himself on Beaver's back when tired. They brought the fire home and gave it to their sister, who now became very happy and contented.

#### 5. THE FIRE PEOPLE; OR, THE MAN WHO INTRODUCED FIRE

A man who lived on the Lower Lillooet River had a daughter who refused all suitors. The people said, "Perhaps you wish the man<sup>1</sup> who lives in the east to be your husband." This man, who lived in a very distant country, heard what they said, and came and took the girl for his wife. She went home with him, and some time afterward gave birth to a son. While the boy was yet a child, his father said to his wife, "Let us go and visit your people." A large number of the husband's people accompanied them on their journey. They were warlike, and endowed with magic and the "mystery" of fire. When they arrived on the Lower Lillooet River, instead of acting in a friendly manner, they attacked the people there, and killed a great many of them, and then returned home.

When the boy grew to be a man, he said, "I must pay my mother's people because they were slaughtered by my father's people." He went to his mother's country and gave them a present of fire, which was at that time unknown to them. He possessed the magic of fire, and could make fire appear at any time or place he wished. By commanding, he could make a house take fire a long way off. The shaman called Napoleon, of the Lower Lillooet River, learned his secret of making fire appear when he wished by supplicating these Fire people, for he had them for his manitou, and had thus learned some of their magic.

#### 6. ORIGIN OF LIGHT AND FIRE

Raven and Sea-Gull were friends, and lived in the Lillooet country. Their houses were close together. Raven had four servants; namely, Worm, Flea, Louse, and Little-Louse.<sup>2</sup> It was dark all over the world

<sup>1</sup> Some say he was a chief who was related to Thunder; others say he was the Sun; while still others say he was just an ordinary man who was known by a certain name which they have forgotten.

<sup>2</sup> *Es'kat-k'l'a*, described as being a very small louse. The Thompson Indians call dirt on a person's skin or on clothes *shELkE'L* (cf. Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 544).

at that time, as Sea-Gull owned the daylight,<sup>1</sup> which he kept in a box, and never let any of it out, except occasionally, when he needed some for his own use.

Raven thought it was not fair that Sea-Gull should keep the daylight all to himself, when it was of so much value, and would benefit the people if liberated. He made up his mind to obtain the daylight: so one night he placed many hawthorn-branches on the trail which led from Sea-Gull's house to the place where the latter's canoe was fastened; then, hastening to Sea-Gull's house, he cried loudly that his canoe had gone adrift. Sea-Gull rushed out in haste to save his canoe, and several thorns entered his bare feet. He cried with pain, returned to the house, and asked Raven to get his canoe for him, and draw it up. Raven went and drew up Gull's canoe, and then returned.

Gull complained much of the thorns in his feet, and Raven said he would pull them out if Gull would open the box enough to let some light out. To this Gull agreed. He sat down beside the box and opened it a little with one hand. Now Raven began to extract the thorns with an awl, but pretended he could not see well enough, and asked Gull to open the box a little more, which he did. Raven extracted most of the thorns, and said he could soon extract the last ones, if he were given a little additional light. When Gull opened the box a little more, Raven gave his arm a push. Thus he knocked down the box and broke it.<sup>2</sup> The daylight now all escaped and spread over the world, and Gull was unable to collect it again. Raven claimed that the push was accidental, and, after taking the last of the thorns out of Gull's feet, he left and went home, chuckling to himself.

Raven could now see very far with the new daylight: so one morning he washed himself, combed and oiled his hair, put on his best robe, and painted his face black. Then he ascended to the top of his underground house and looked around the world. He gazed about all day without seeing anything. Next morning he fixed himself up again, changed his face-paint, and sat on his house-top all day. That day, also, he saw nothing. The third day he changed his face-paint, and did likewise. That evening, before descending, he saw signs of smoke. On the fourth day he changed his face-paint again, and that evening he located the smoke, rising far away in the south, on the shore of the sea.

On the following day Raven embarked with all his servants in Little-Louse's canoe; but it was too small, and they were swamped. On the following day he tried Big-Louse's canoe; but it, also, was too small. Thus he tried all his servants' canoes, but with the same result.

<sup>1</sup> Some say the sun (cf. Boas, *Sagen*, p. 55 [Nanaimo]; Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 545; Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, iii, p. 393).

<sup>2</sup> Some say the box did not break, only the lid opened wide, thus letting out all the light.

Now he told his wife to go and ask the loan of Sea-Gull's large canoe, as he intended to go and get fire. The following day, after he had obtained the canoe, he embarked with his servants, and, after four days' paddling down stream, they arrived close to the house of the people who possessed fire.<sup>1</sup>

Now Raven asked his servants which of them was willing to go and steal the baby-girl of these people. Little-Louse offered to go; but the others said, "You will make too much noise, and wake the people." Big-Louse offered himself; but they had the same objections to him. Then Flea said, "I will go. In one jump I will reach and snatch the baby, and with another jump I will be out again. The people won't be able to catch me." But the others said, "You will make a noise, and we don't want the people to know." Worm now spoke, saying, "I will go slowly and quietly, and will bore a hole underground. I will come out underneath where the baby hangs in its cradle, steal it, and return without any one hearing me." They all thought this was the best proposition, and assented to Worm's plan. So that night Worm bored a hole underground, and stole the baby. As soon as he returned with it, they put it in their canoe and paddled rapidly away toward home.

Early the next morning the people missed the baby, and the wise ones knew what had happened. They gave chase, but could neither locate nor overtake Raven and his servants. Sturgeon, Whale, and Seal searched long and far, but at last gave it up and returned home. Only one small fish<sup>2</sup> found the course the canoe had taken, and overtook it. It tried to retard the canoe's progress by sticking to the paddles, but at last got tired and returned home.

The mother of the child caused a heavy rain to come,<sup>3</sup> thinking that would stop the thieves, but without avail. Raven reached his own country with the child, and the latter's relatives, hearing where it had been taken to, came to Raven's house with many presents; but Raven said they were not what he wanted, so they went back without getting the child.

Twice again they visited Raven with presents, but with the same result. On their fourth visit, too, Raven refused their presents, although they had brought different and more valuable presents each time. Then they asked him what he wanted, and he said, "Fire." They answered, "Why did you not say that before?" and they were glad, because they had plenty, and considered it of little value. They went and brought him fire, and he gave them back their child.

<sup>1</sup> They are said to have been all Fish people. See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 43 (Fraser Delta), 54 (Nanaimo); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 544 (Squamish; here the rain is obtained); Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, p. 94 (here the ebb-tide is obtained); Boas, *Sagen*, p. 158 (Kwakiutl).

<sup>2</sup> Said to be a small, very spiny fish inhabiting the sea.

<sup>3</sup> Some say by weeping.

The Fish people showed Raven how to make fire with dry cotton-wood-roots. Raven was glad, and said to Sea-Gull, "If I had not stolen light from you, I could not have seen where fire was kept. Now we have fire and light, and both are benefited." Thereafter Raven sold fire to every family that wished it, and each family that bought it paid him a young girl. Thus Raven became possessed of many wives.

7. THE SALMON MEN; OR, THE ORIGIN OF SALMON

Two brothers lived at the very head waters of the Upper Lillooet River, and spent most of their time training themselves in the neighboring mountains, for they wished to become great. One of them became ill, and had to remain at home. After four years' illness, he became weak, and so thin that he seemed nothing but skin and bones. His brother grew anxious about him, and stopped his training. He hunted, and brought in rabbits, squirrel, and all kinds of meat, for his sick brother. He also threw small pieces of stick into the water, making them turn into fish. Then he caught them and gave them to his brother to eat. But no kind of food seemed to agree with the invalid, for he rapidly grew weaker and thinner.

When the youth saw that no food did his brother good, he made up his mind to take him away to some other place to be cured. They embarked in a canoe, and proceeded down the Lillooet River, giving names to all the places as they passed along. They came to a place they called Ilamü'x. Here there was a rock which dammed the river. They made a hole through it to allow their canoe to pass. Even at the present day it appears like a stone bridge across the river. Proceeding, they came to a place they called Komê'lux. Here two creeks, running from opposite directions, met each other with very great force. They made the water smooth enough to be safe for a canoe to pass. Proceeding, they came to a place they named Kulexwi'n. Here there was a steep, rocky mountain close to the river. They threw their medicine-mat<sup>1</sup> at it, and it became flat like a mat.

Thus they proceeded down to Big and Little Lillooet Lakes and the Lower Lillooet River, until they reached Harrison Lake. All the way along they gave names to the places, made the waters navigable, and changed many features of the country. They reached Fraser River, went down to its mouth, and proceeded out to sea to the land of the salmon. When they arrived there; the strong brother hid himself, while the sick man transformed himself into a wooden dish, nicely painted and carved; and in this form he floated against the dam inside of which the people kept the salmon. A man found the dish, and took

<sup>1</sup> The mat which shamans put on their head as a mask when treating patients, or searching for souls.

it to his daughter, who admired it very much, and used it to eat from.<sup>1</sup> Whatever salmon she left in the dish over night always disappeared; but she did not care, because salmon were plentiful.

The dish ate the salmon, or, rather, the sick brother in dish form; and soon he became fat and well again. The other brother left his hiding-place every night to see the invalid, and to eat salmon out of the basket into which the people threw their leavings. He was glad to see his brother getting well so rapidly. When he had become very fat, his brother told him it was time they departed: so one night he broke the dam, and let the salmon out. Then they embarked in their canoe, and led the salmon toward the mouth of the Fraser River.

The salmon travelled very fast, and by the next morning they had reached the river. As they ascended, they took pieces of salmon from their basket, and threw them into the different creeks and rivers. Wherever they threw pieces of salmon, some of the fish followed. Thus they introduced the salmon into the streams of the interior. "Henceforth," said they, "salmon shall run at this time each year, and the people shall become acquainted with them and eat them." Then the brothers returned to their home at the head of the Upper Lillooet River, and they made near their house the hot springs called Tctq,<sup>2</sup> which they used for cooking their food.

#### 8. COYOTE

Coyote lived near Grizzly-Bear's house.<sup>3</sup> One day he went to where Grizzly-Bear used to ease himself from a cross-stick above a hole, and cut the stick nearly through. When Grizzly-Bear went as usual, the stick broke, and he fell into the hole, and spoiled his fur. He washed himself again and again, but could not clean himself. Coyote went to Grizzly-Bear's house, and said, "What is the matter? You smell like excrement." Grizzly-Bear felt ashamed, and went to the river to wash again. While he was gone, Coyote hurried to Grizzly-Bear's cellar and stole a pack of dried salmon. When Grizzly-Bear went to the cellar soon afterward, he missed the fish and followed Coyote; but the latter caused cold wind and snow to come; and Grizzly-Bear was afraid, and returned home.

Some time afterward Coyote was hungry, and knowing that Grizzly-Bear<sup>4</sup> had a large store of dried salmon, berries, and other food, he

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 27; Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 205 (Utā'mqt), 296 (Nicola); Boas, *Sagen*, p. 18; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 559 (Thompson); Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 43 (Seahelt).

<sup>2</sup> These springs are near the remote sources of the Lillooet River, in the main Cascade Mountains. The water is said to be very hot, and the springs are larger than any others known of. Hot-springs are numerous throughout the Lillooet country.

<sup>3</sup> Some say near the Fraser River in the Sla'tlemux country (see Teit, *Mythology* p. 311; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 630).

<sup>4</sup> Teit, *Mythology*, p. 311 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 630.

visited him, and said, "You have great stores of food, but never give me any at all. Why are you so stingy, when the salmon will be here soon?" Grizzly-Bear answered, "No, it will be a long time yet before the salmon come." Coyote went down to the Fraser River, near the mouth of Cayuse Creek, where he found some old sockeye-salmon and king-salmon bones, which he changed into fresh salmon. He found some old pips on rosebushes, and changed them into service-berries. Then he returned to Grizzly-Bear's house with the fish and berries, which he left outside. He said to Grizzly-Bear, "I am hungry," and the latter gave him some dried salmon and dried berries to eat. He threw the food outside, saying, "The berries are ripe, and the salmon have come, yet you give me that old stuff to eat." Grizzly-Bear would not believe him, so Coyote brought in the fresh salmon and berries. Grizzly-Bear ate Coyote's food, and believed what he said: so he went to his cache and threw away all his provisions.

Then Coyote went down to the river, and, seeing a pole overhanging the running water, he thought he would have some fun. He got up on the pole and danced up and down. Before long he became giddy and sick, and lay down on the river-bank. A man came along and kicked him. He got up and rubbed his eyes, saying, "I have been asleep."

Travelling on, he came upon a number of young Grouse at play,<sup>1</sup> and asked them where their parents were. Then he put gum in the eyes of one of them, so that it could not see. Their mother came and cleaned the child's eyes, and asked how it came to have gum in them. The child said, "Coyote did it." Coyote became so hungry that he fainted, and a man came along and kicked him, saying, "Why are you lying there?" Coyote got up and said, "I was sleeping."

He went to the Buck-Deer's house and told him that he was hungry.<sup>2</sup> The Buck put on a big fire, and stood with his back close to it. When the fat of his back was cooked, he told Coyote to eat his back-fat, and Coyote ate his fill. Then Coyote made the fire hotter, and, standing with his back in front of it, singed his hair. Then he asked the Buck to come and eat his back-fat; but the Buck threw Coyote out. Here he lay on the ground and slept, until a man passing along kicked him and woke him up.

Then Coyote went to Water-Ouzel's house and told him he was

<sup>1</sup> Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 17 (Shuswap and Thompson), 57 (Squamish), 89 (Comox), 114 (Nootka); Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 628, 740; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 547. Only the Shuswap versions are closely related to the present incident.

<sup>2</sup> For parallels, see Boas, *Sagen*, p. 359, under "Nachahmung;" George A. Dorsey and A. L. Kroeber, *Arapaho Traditions*, *Field Columbian Museum, Anthropology*, vol. v, p. 119; Farrand, *Chilcotin*, p. 18; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 575; Matthews, *Navaho Legends*, *Mem. Am. Folk-Lore Soc.*, vol. v, p. 87; Teit, *Traditions*, p. 40; Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 206, 301; Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 627, 739; etc.

hungry. Water-Ouzel went to the stream and dived for salmon-spawn, which he put in a basket, and boiled for Coyote to eat. After eating his fill, Coyote took a basket, and, going to the stream, dived in. Thinking the fine gravel was spawn, he tried to catch it with his mouth. He did this until he got tired, and the current carried him away. He eventually got ashore, and, feeling exhausted, lay down to sleep. A man passing by woke him up with a kick.

He felt hungry, and went to Kingfisher's house. The latter went down to the lake, made a hole in the ice, and speared<sup>1</sup> some fish, which he took home and boiled for Coyote. After eating his fill, Coyote made a spear of pitch-wood, and stuck it in his nose. Then, going to the hole in the ice, he put his head down to spear fish; but the pitch-wood struck a piece of ice, and ran up his nostril. Coyote fainted with the pain, and Kingfisher went and kicked him. Then Coyote ceased travelling for a while, and made a house in a new place.

He desired to have a son:<sup>2</sup> so he made one of clay, and told him never to go into the water nor to wash himself; but his son disobeyed, went into the water, and dissolved. Then he made another son out of gum, and told him never to go in the sun or near a fire; but he also disobeyed, for he lay down to sleep on a flat rock, and melted. Again Coyote made a son, this time of stone, and told him never to swim in the water; but, like the others, he did what he was told not to do, and, going to swim in the water, he sank. At last Coyote made a fourth son, from the bark of the balsam-poplar. The son washed himself, he swam, and he sunned himself, but nothing had any effect on him: so he grew up to be a young man. He hunted, and was very successful, and he and his father made many goat-hair and deer-skin robes.

Coyote<sup>3</sup> took his son with him to travel around the country. His name was Yiku'sxen. They passed by a lake, near which they saw many swans flying overhead. Coyote called on them to fall down. The Swans said to themselves, "It is Coyote. We will fall down." They fell like hail, and remained as if dead. Coyote told his son to make a fire to cook them, and he himself went for more wood. When he was away some distance, the Swans began to move, and some to fly away. Yiku'sxen called on his father, who ran back, carrying a stick, and began to hit the rising Swans in an excited manner. He hit his son, who cried out, "Stop!" and the Swans all got away.

Continuing their journey, they came on the carcass of a Grizzly-Bear.<sup>4</sup> They made an oven in the ground similar to those used for cooking roots, and put the whole carcass in. At night they took it out, and said they would let it cool and would eat it in the morning. While

<sup>1</sup> Some say his spear was made of pitch-wood.

<sup>2</sup> Teit, *Traditions*, p. 21; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 551; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 296.

<sup>3</sup> Teit, *Mythology*, p. 310; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 638.

<sup>4</sup> Some say the same grizzly mentioned in the story of the Black and the Grizzly Bears.

they were asleep, some women who were searching for birds' eggs came along and ate up the whole carcass.<sup>1</sup> When the women were leaving, they smeared the mouths and hands of the Coyotes with some of the grease. When Coyote awoke in the morning, he found nothing but bones. He was angry at his son, saying, "You ate the whole bear, and never called me." Yiku'sxen denied it; and Coyote said, "See the grease on your hands and mouth!" Yiku'sxen said, "See the grease on your own hands and mouth!" Then Coyote knew that a trick had been played on them.

They followed the tracks of the women, and, unperceived, passed by the place where they were gathering eggs. At evening, Coyote changed himself into a large branching cedar-tree, and his son into a log of dry wood. Then he caused a heavy shower of rain to come. The women sought shelter under the tree, and thought it was a good place to camp for the night. They said, "We have shelter here, and plenty of dry wood." The women cooked their eggs, and said they would leave most of them for breakfast. When they were asleep, Coyote and his son assumed their natural forms, and ate all the eggs. When the women awoke in the morning, there was neither tree, nor wood, nor eggs. They said, "This is Coyote's work." Continuing their journey, Coyote saw a Cannibal approaching.<sup>2</sup> He gave his pack to his son, and told him to hide in the bush. Coyote and the Cannibal met, and each asked the other who he was. Both answered that they were Cannibals and ate men, and the one pretended not to believe the other. Coyote proposed they should vomit, and thus find out who was telling the truth. The Cannibal agreed to this; and Coyote said, "We must both shut our eyes." They vomited, and, while the Cannibal's eyes were yet closed, Coyote changed the stuff they had vomited, placing his own in front of the Cannibal. When the latter opened his eyes, he saw lumps of human flesh in front of Coyote, and nothing but grass in front of himself. Coyote laughed at him, and said, "I knew you were a liar and a boaster."

At last they reached a country where there were many people who made baskets.<sup>3</sup> They staid with these people, who were very kind, and gave two girls to be the wives of Yiku'sxen. Coyote was not pleased over his son's marriage, and said, "He is very poor, and cannot support two wives." He thought they ought to have offered the girls to him, for he was anxious to marry. Coyote hunted a great deal, and gave presents of many deer-skins to the people, receiving in return

<sup>1</sup> Teit, *Mythology*, p. 310 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 683.

<sup>2</sup> See Boas, *Sagen*, p. 9; Hill-Tout, *Folk-Lore*, p. 206 (Thompson); Teit, *Traditions*, p. 30; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 300; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 632; Matthews, *Navaho Legends*, p. 227.

<sup>3</sup> Teit, *Traditions*, p. 21; Boas, *Sagen*, p. 17 (Thompson); Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 57; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 205 (Utā'mqt), p. 296 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 622, 737.



baskets, which he gave to the elderly women, thinking some of them might offer him their daughters; but they did not do so.

Then Coyote wished to get his son's wives: so he went to a small tree, defecated on the top of it, and turned his excrement into a nest full of young eagles. He asked them to say, "Sík, sík, sík!" like young birds; but they always said, "Excrements!" instead. At last he got them to speak in the right manner, and then he went to his son and told him that there were eaglets in a nest near by. Coyote had made the tree grow very tall. Yiku'sxen took off his clothes and climbed the tree. Coyote made the tree grow taller and taller, until it reached the sky; and his son kept on climbing, being encouraged by his father. At last he found himself so high up, he was afraid to come down. Coyote made himself look young, and, putting on his son's clothes, went to his wives. One of them, who had a baby son, would have nothing to do with him, as she was sure he was Coyote, and had played some trick on her husband; but the other wife was easily deceived, and thenceforth lived with Coyote. This was the wife his son did not love very much.

When Yiku'sxen reached the sky, he began to travel through the upper world, and came to two old women who were blind. They were handing each other gravel, which seemed to be their food. He took the gravel out of their hands, and they thought the one was fooling the other when they said, "I gave you some, and you took it." They were angry at each other for a time; then one of them said, "Coyote's son must be here: I smell him." He asked them if there were any houses near by; and they said if he kept on travelling, he would come to some underground houses.

He continued his journey, and saw the ladder of an underground house in the distance. When he arrived at the house, he found it inhabited by two old people, Spider and his wife. Spider gave him a bow and arrows, and told him to go hunting.<sup>1</sup> He said, "Don't shoot hard. If you do, the arrow will rebound from the animal and come back to me. Shoot gently, and always wait until you get the animals one in front of the other; then shoot the rump of the last one, and the arrow will go through them all and kill them." He went hunting several times, but always shot too hard, and the arrows went back to Spider. At last he learned how to shoot gently, and killed many deer and goats. Spider's wife was glad, and spun much goat-hair.

At last Yiku'sxen got tired of the upper world, and said he wished to return to earth. Spider said, "All right! My wife will make a very long rope of goat's hair, and we will lower you down." When the rope was finished, they tied a covered basket to the end of it, and put Yiku'sxen inside. They said, "You must not look out on your

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Mythology*, p. 257.

way down." They lowered him down until he reached the clouds, when he looked out, and the basket went up again. Next time he did not look out, and the basket passed the clouds, and soon reached the earth. He did not open the lid until he heard the Meadow-Lark cry, then he knew that he had reached the earth. He came out and ran with the basket, and swung it. The Spider then pulled it up. He looked around, and found that the people had recently left on a hunting-trip. He followed their tracks, and overtook his wife, who was carrying her child. The latter recognized him and called him by name, and his wife was glad to see him. They arrived at the place where the people were camped, and Coyote offered to give him back his other wife, but he would not take her.

Now Yiku'sxen went hunting, and shot a deer on the far side of a large creek. He took out the entrails, and made the intestines into a tump-line, which he hung up near the carcass. Then he returned home and told Coyote of his success. The latter said, "I will go with you to-morrow and help you carry it in." On the following morning, when they had gone some distance, Coyote said, "I have forgotten my packing-line." Yiku'sxen said, "Never mind! I left one yesterday with the deer." They forded the stream, and cut the deer up. Yiku'sxen said, "If you carry the deer home, I will go hunting, for the day is yet young." Yiku'sxen left, and Coyote put the deer-meat on his back. By this time it was raining hard, for Yiku'sxen had caused rain to fall; and Coyote hurried along, for he was afraid the creek would swell so, that he could not cross: but the pack-strap broke every little while, and he had to stop and mend it. When he reached the creek, he found the water was already deep, and still rising rapidly. He tried to ford the creek; but when in the deepest place, the tump-line broke, and the pack was swept away. Coyote tried to catch it, but the rising water carried him away, and it is said he was drowned.

#### 9. THE MAN WHO HAD A BRANCH FOR A WIFE<sup>1</sup>

Once a man lived alone in an underground house. All the other people in the land lived very far away. He longed to have a wife, but did not know where to obtain one. At last he made up his mind to make a tree-branch his wife. He travelled around many days, breaking branches from trees, until at last he found a suitable one, which broke off, leaving a hole through the part which had been next the tree. He carried it home, and treated it as his wife. He talked to it, and, changing his voice, talked again as if it were answering him. He slept with it; and when he went out, he covered it over with a blanket, and left food and water beside it.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 357; also Boas, *Sagen*, p. 23 (Fraser Delta); Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 222 (Utā'mqt), 316 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 652.

A woman who lived in a distant country knew how the man was acting, and went to see him. She reached the house during his absence, put it in order, drank the water and ate the food left for the branch-wife, and, as evening came on, lighted the fire. When the man came home, she hid herself and watched him. The man went hunting four successive days, and always found the house arranged, and the food and water gone, when he came back. He thought to himself, "My branch-wife must be doing this. She must be getting alive." And he was glad that his wife was becoming useful, and could eat and drink.

The next night, before the hunter came home, the woman threw the branch into the fire. When he arrived, and missed the branch, he wept and lamented, saying, "My loss is great. My wife must have fallen into the fire while she was climbing the ladder to go and get water. What shall I do for a wife?" Then the woman laughed at him from where she was hidden. She stepped towards him, and asked him for whom he was crying. She said, "I burned the branch, and now I will be your wife." She told him the whole story, and he was glad to have a real wife. They lived together, and had many children.

#### 10. GLACIER AND CHINOOK-WIND<sup>1</sup>

A Glacier in the mountains, near the north end of Lillooet Lake, wished to get a wife. He travelled<sup>2</sup> south until he reached the sea. He followed south along the seashore until he reached the house of Chinook-Wind, who gave him his daughter in marriage. He took her home; but she soon found she could not live with him because the temperature was so low. She felt cold, and lighted a fire. Her husband began to melt: so he put the fire out, and threw the wood away. He sent his servant, Water-Ouzel, into the water to fetch wet wood, and said to him, "When my wife desires wood for a fire, always give her wet wood, and never dry." The woman used some of the wet wood, but it gave no heat, and smoked so much that she could not see. The woman was thus very miserable living with Glacier.

She gave birth to a child, and shortly afterwards got an opportunity to send word to her relatives, telling them of her miserable state. When they received the news, her brother with many friends went to her rescue in a canoe. When they neared Glacier's house, they changed to snowflakes, and danced around and above it. The woman saw them, and said to herself, "The weather is milder: it is snowing.

<sup>1</sup> Compare "The Hot and Cold Winds," Teit, *Traditions*, p. 55. The origin of the Chinook wind, or the attempt to overcome the cold, are themes of other tales; see Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 624; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 210; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv, p. 204 (Lower Lillooet).

<sup>2</sup> Some say by way of Lillooet Lake, Lillooet River, Harrison Lake, Harrison River, and Fraser River, to the sea.

My brother has arrived." Glacier caused the cold to come, so that there was much frost on the trees, and drove Chinook-Wind away; but the latter returned again stronger than ever, and in the form of soft snowflakes and sleet danced around the house. Again Glacier made it cold, so that ice formed on the trees; but Chinook-Wind returned in the form of rain, which began to melt Glacier, who could now only produce a little cold with hail. Then Chinook-Wind came back, blowing steady and strong and warm; and Glacier retreated up the mountains, leaving his wife behind.

They put her in the canoe, and paddled back again down Lillooet Lake. When half-way down the lake, they put ashore to light a fire and eat. Here the brother noticed a hump on his sister's hips. He asked her what it was, and she said it was her baby. She was hiding it, intending to take it home secretly. Her brother took it from her, and, finding it was a piece of ice, he threw it into the fire, where it melted. Then he turned around and said, "Henceforth, in this country, cold and ice shall have the mastery for only a few months each year; then the Chinook-Wind will come and drive away the cold, and melt the ice, as we have done. Our voyage shall be made each year." They embarked again, and reached their home in due time. Because the woman carried her ice-baby on her hips, therefore in cold weather a woman's backside is always colder than a man's.<sup>1</sup>

## 11. WREN; OR, THE CHAIN OF ARROWS

This story, as told by the Liluet-ō'l, is just like the version which I obtained from the Utā'mqt.<sup>2</sup>

## 12. THE MOSQUITOES AND THUNDER<sup>3</sup>

The Mosquitoes were very numerous, and lived in the upper world, where they were ruled by a chief. Thunder also lived there, but not with the Mosquitoes. One day, when the weather was very hot, the Mosquito chief sent one of his people to the earth to search for blood. This Mosquito, finding some men, sucked their blood, and returned home with his belly full. When he arrived, he vomited the blood into a kettle, and, after boiling it, invited all the women to come and eat it. Then the chief sent another man to the earth in quest of more blood. He found some women asleep, and, after gorging himself with blood from their privates, he returned to the upper world. He vomited up the blood, boiled it in a round basket, and invited all the men to eat.

Having acquired a taste for blood, and having learned where to

<sup>1</sup> Some say the brother also ordained this.

<sup>2</sup> See Teit, *Mythology*, p. 246; compare also Boas, *Sagen*, p. 17 (Thompson); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 749.

<sup>3</sup> Compare "The Mosquito and the Thunder," Teit, *Traditions*, Story XI, p. 56; also Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 229 (Utā'mqt), 335 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 709.

obtain it, the Mosquitoes lived on it almost altogether. Every warm day their chief sent down great numbers to earth, where they collected much blood, and then returned home with it, boiled it, and ate it. Then the Mosquito chief said, "Henceforth mosquitoes shall go to earth and suck blood when they can get it. Female mosquitoes shall suck men's blood, and male mosquitoes shall suck women's blood; and any one who kills mosquitoes when sucking blood shall be attacked by many other mosquitoes, and thus be punished."

Now, Thunder heard that his neighbors the Mosquitoes were living on blood: so he went and asked the first Mosquito who had visited the earth where he obtained the blood. The Mosquito told him that he sucked it from the tree-tops. Then Thunder shot the tree-tops, went down, and sucked them; but he could not extract any blood. He went to the other Mosquito who had first brought blood from the earth, and asked him where he got the blood. The Mosquito answered, "I sucked it from the rocks." Thereupon Thunder shot the rocks, and sucked them; but he could not obtain any blood. If the Mosquitoes had told the truth, Thunder would have shot the people and sucked their blood, instead of shooting the trees and rocks, as he does at the present day. The Mosquitoes thus saved people from being shot by Thunder.

### 13. WREN<sup>1</sup>

Wren (*tsatso'*) strutted up and down, tossing his head, and striking his heels into the ground. As he walked about, he sang, calling Buck-Deer to come. Fawn appeared; and Wren said to him, "Let me look at your buttocks!" Fawn turned around. "Go away!" said Wren. "I do not want you. I do not want worthless deer. I want a fat one." He sang again, and One-Prong-Buck appeared. He asked him to turn around so that he could see his backside. Then he said, "Go away! I do not want you. Why does not Buck come? I wish a very fat deer." He sang again, and Two-Pronged-Buck came. He had a look at him, also, and then told him to go away. Next Three-Pronged-Buck came, and at last Four-Pronged Buck. After looking at his buttocks, and seeing that he was very large and fat, he said, "You are the one I want. Why did you not come before?" He smacked his lips, and drew out his small knife, which he held ready in his hand. Then he jumped into Buck's anus, and, reaching his heart, he severed his heart-strings. Buck fell down dead, and Wren went out again the same way he had entered.

Now he soon discovered that he had left his knife inside of Buck; and he dared not enter again for fear that he would die. He wondered what he should do. So he strutted around Buck's carcass, and sang to himself, "I want to get my knife to skin the deer." He forgot

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Mythology*, p. 342 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 751.

himself for the moment. He did not intend to say as much or to sing so loudly; for he was afraid the Wolf people, who lived in an underground house near by, might hear him. So he changed his song, and said, "I want to get my knife to skin a tree for bow and arrows."

A Wolf heard him the first time, and said to his friends, "Come outside and listen! Wren is singing that he wishes his knife to skin a deer. He must have killed one." They all went outside, and heard him sing, "I want my knife to skin a tree." They said, "We were mistaken: he has killed nothing." Now the Wren sang, "I want my knife to skin a buck;" then, correcting himself, he sang, "I wish my knife to skin a tree to make a bow." Then the Wolves said, "He has certainly killed something!" and they ran to see.

They met Wren, and asked him what he was going to skin. He said, "A stick." They said, "You sang, 'Skin a deer.'" He answered, "No, I did not sing that." They said, "He lies. We will go and see." They found the deer, and ate it all, excepting the tripe and the trotters, which they put aside for an old-man Wolf, who had told them when they left, "If you find any deer, keep the tripe and the trotters for me. I like them better than any other part of the animal." The Wolves forgot the old man's tidbits, and went home, leaving them beside Wren's knife, which they had found inside, near the deer's heart.

When the Wolves had departed, Wren returned, and, finding the trotters and tripe along with his knife, he ate, putting the tripe in his mouth, and cutting it off piece by piece, close to his lips.<sup>1</sup> He had not eaten very much when he accidentally cut off his nose. He tried to glue it on with saliva; but, as soon as the saliva dried, the nose fell off again. Then he tried clay, but without success: so he went away, carrying his nose in his hand.

Now, one of the Wolves, while eating the deer,<sup>2</sup> had gotten a large bone between his teeth, which he could not get out, and his face began to swell. He travelled about to see if he could not get relief. He met Wren, who asked him, "What is the matter that your face is swollen?" Then they told each other of their injuries, and agreed that they would cure each other. Wolf said, "My injury is the worse: you had better cure me first." Wren, however, maintained that his was the worse, and should be cured first. At last Wolf spit on his hands, smeared Wren's face, put on his nose, and it grew there.<sup>3</sup> Then Wren pointed his finger at the bone in Wolf's mouth, and it came out.

Now they were well pleased, and said, "We will live together." So they made a house in which they dwelt. Wolf always hunted at night, and he told Wren not to sleep too soundly, but to have plenty of

<sup>1</sup> This is a common way of eating among the old Indians.

<sup>2</sup> See Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 36.

<sup>3</sup> Some say he rubbed the saliva on his nose, and then stuck it on.

pitch-wood made into torches, ready to light, and to come to him when he called. He added, "If you do not attend to this, you will not get much to eat." The first night Wren slept, and for a long time did not hear Wolf shout. When he reached Wolf, the latter had just finished eating the deer. The next night Wren waked up just in time to reach Wolf when only the feet of the deer were left. The following night he awoke in time to reach Wolf when about half the deer had been consumed. After that, he always waked when Wolf shouted the first time, and thus was always on hand to receive his share of the meat.

Wolf was a great hunter, and had many observances to retain his luck. He told Wren to be particular never to throw water in which meat had been boiled near the door of the house, as he might tread on it when he went hunting. He also told him never to eat any of the hardened grease which had been thrown on the ground along with the water in which fat meat had been boiled. He said, "There is plenty of good fat in the house: always eat that." Wolf was very successful in hunting, and soon had the house full of good meat, fat, and deer-skins.

One day Wren disobeyed orders, and ate some grease from off the ground. At once all the meat, fat, and skins in the house became alive, and, assuming the form of deer, ran off and left him. Wolf came home, and, finding Wren asleep and nothing to eat in the house, became very angry, and kicked Wren in the back. Then he struck him in the face, and thrashed him soundly, and transformed him into the wren which we see at the present day, saying, "Henceforth you shall be known as the wren-bird, and you shall nevermore eat deer-meat."

#### 14. OWL<sup>1</sup>

Owl lived alone in an underground house on Owl Creek.<sup>2</sup> In the neighboring country lived a number of people near together in underground houses. In one house was a girl who constantly cried and fretted, thus annoying the people very much. The people became angry; and her parents said to her, "Owl will come and take you some day if you don't stop crying."

One night, after the people had all fallen asleep, Owl came to the house carrying his basket, which was half full of frogs, toads, snakes, and insects. An old man in the house, who had Owl for his manitou, knew when Owl came, and understood what would happen; but he said nothing. The girl was crying: so Owl took her, put her into his basket, and went away with her. The people noticed that the girl had stopped crying; but they did not know (with the exception of the

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 63 (Thompson); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 698; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 347.

<sup>2</sup> Owl Creek is a northwestern tributary of the Pole River.

old man) that Owl had taken her, nor had they expected that the threats of her parents would be fulfilled.

Owl took the girl home, and she became his wife. He was a great hunter, and every day was successful in the chase; but his wife would not eat the snakes and frogs which he killed and brought home. She became very hungry: so one day, seeing Crow near by, she asked him to go to her mother, and tell her the plight she was in, and ask her to give him some dried salmon, dried berries, and salmon-oil. Crow went. He met the girl's mother on her way to her food-cache and delivered her daughter's message. She would not take Crow's word at first, as she thought her daughter was dead,<sup>1</sup> but finally believed him and gave him the food he asked for. Crow at once hastened back and delivered it to the girl.

That day the girl put some of the oil on her hair, face, and body. When Owl came home, he noticed it, and asked what she had put on to make her look so nice and shiny. She told him that it was gum she had gathered from the trees. He said he would like her to put some on him too. She told him if he went and got some, she would put it on him. So he went, and soon returned with a large quantity of gum. Now the girl put the gum into a basket, heated some stones, and put them in also. When the gum had nearly melted, she said to Owl, "Shut your eyes! I will now anoint you." She put some of the pitch all over his body, but most of it she put on his head and face. When the gum dried, Owl could not open his eyes: so the girl ran away. Eventually she reached the house of her parents, and narrated to them her adventures.

When Owl had gotten all the pitch off his body, and was able to see well again, he went to search for his wife. As he went along, he cried, "Oo, oo, oo! Where is my girl? Where is my wife?" When the people heard him approaching, they hid the girl by putting her into a hole. Owl came to the top of the ladder, and said, "Hoot-a-hoo, oo, oo! Where is my wife?" They said, "She is here. Come down and see her!" When Owl descended, they pointed out a girl to him; but, seeing that she was not his wife, he departed, crying as before.

He went to all the other houses and searched them. He also tore down the salmon-caches, and searched through them. He became angry and went to the trees. He tore them up by the roots, and split them asunder. When he did not find her, he returned to the house in which she was hidden, and said, "That was not my wife you showed me. I know my wife is here." Then he began to tear down the house. The people became afraid, and told the girl to show herself. When Owl saw her, he was appeased at once, and staid with her.

<sup>1</sup> Some say the woman thought that Crow was trying to deceive her for the purpose of getting food for himself.



The girl's father told the young men to take Owl to sweat-bathe. They made the stones very hot; and when Owl was inside, they pushed him on the stones, held him down, and burned him until he was nearly dead. Then they transformed him into an owl, saying, "Henceforth you shall be an owl, and shall inhabit the mountains, living on frogs, mice, and snakes, and people will hear you at night crying for your wife."<sup>1</sup>

#### 15. THE GIRL AND THE DOG<sup>2</sup>

A girl who lived near the sea had a dog that always followed her. She was in love with the dog. One day she lay down and rubbed animal grease on her abdomen, and thus seduced the dog. The girl became pregnant; and when her father learned that she had conceived by the dog, he killed it, and left his daughter alone to her fate. They never came back again to that place. Some say they migrated north.

Some time after all the people had gone, the girl gave birth to four male pups and one female pup. She supported herself and her children with clams, which she dug at every ebb-tide. One night it was raining: so she covered herself with a mat of cedar-bark, and went to the shore to dig clams by the light of a torch. When the children saw by the light that she was busy, they took off their dog-skins, and began to play around the fireplace. The girl took off her skin from the upper part of her body only, as she was ashamed. Every little while one of the children went to see if their mother was coming. When they saw her approaching, they put on their dog-skins again. Their mother saw the footprints near the fire, where they had been running and dancing. There were tracks of children's feet, and not of dogs' feet. She then knew that her children were really human, and was very glad.

The following night the children did the same as before. On the third night the woman went, as usual, to dig clams, but made up her mind to deceive the children. She stuck her torch on the beach, and hung her mat on a stick near by. The children thought she was still there, and kept on playing. She peered into the house, and saw that the boys had laid their dog-skins aside, and that the girl had removed hers clear down to the ankles. She ran in suddenly, snatched away the dog-skins, and threw them into the fire. She held the girl's feet in the fire, and singed off the dog's hair. The children were ashamed, so she made them clothes of cedar-bark. She let them wash every day, and they grew fast.

<sup>1</sup> The Lillooet frighten children with the owl, and narrate to them this story in corroboration of what they say about the owl being liable to take away children who cry.

<sup>2</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 62 (Thompson); Teit, *Mythology*, p. 354 (Nicola); Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 25 (Fraser Delta), 93 (Comox), 114 (Nootka), 132 (Kwakiutl), 263 (Bella Coola); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 536 (Squamish); Farrand, *Chilcotin*, p. 7; Farrand, *Quinault*, p. 127; Boas, *Chinook*, p. 17; Boas, *Kathlamet*, p. 155; also widely spread in other parts of America (see references, for instance, in Farrand, *Quinault*, p. 127; also A. L. Kroeber, "Cheyenne Tales," *Journ. Am. Folk-Lore*, vol. xiii [1900], p. 182).

When they had reached maturity, she said to them, "I wish you to occupy yourselves each with a particular kind of work. You will now each choose what you will do." One said, "I will be a hunter, and will hunt land-game." The next said, "I will be a fisherman. I will catch fish, and will spear seals and sea-game." Another said, "I will make canoes and tools." The fourth one said, "I will split and hew cedar, and will make a house." The girl said, "I will spin, and make blankets from the hair of the goats my brother shoots." Thenceforth they all occupied themselves at their several tasks.

They built a large house, which they filled with food and blankets. The mother had told her two sons who worked in wood to be sure not to set fire to the chips and shavings, but carefully to preserve them. Then she collected them all together, so that they made a great pile, and, taking them up in her arms, she threw them up into the air, and they became people, and the place was at once thickly populated. After feasting the people, and clothing them, she told them that thenceforth they should provide for themselves. This they did, and they built many houses, so there came to be a large village there. Her children married among these people. As the chips and shavings were wood of many kinds of trees, differing very much in color, the people also differed in the color of their skins. Some were white, others red, some brown, and some yellow. That is the reason these shades are to be found among the Indians at the present day.

#### 16. RAVEN<sup>1</sup>

Four women lived together in one house. Their names were *Xwltx'*,<sup>2</sup> Bluejay, Crow, and Snail. They had gathered and cured a great quantity of berries during the season; and *Xwltx'* wished to take a large present of berries to her daughter, who lived down on the Lower Fraser.<sup>3</sup> The women could not go alone, for they had no canoe, and, besides, they needed a man to accompany them. They decided to invite Raven to go with them: so *Xwltx'* went and asked him. He consented, but told them it was an enemy's country they would travel through, and there would be much danger in the journey.

When they had been paddling two days, Raven told the women to paddle to the shore, for he must go ashore to ease himself. Going downstream some distance, he defecated and urinated, and told his excrements to shout loudly, which they did. Raven hastened back to the canoe, and told the women to hide themselves, for enemies were coming to attack them. The women believed Raven's story when

<sup>1</sup> See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 76 (Comox), 107 (Nootka), 178 (Kwakiutl), 210 (Bella Bella), 244 (Bella Coola).

<sup>2</sup> *xwltx'* or *xwltu*, a small bird which makes a whistling noise.

<sup>3</sup> Some say she lived on the seacoast, near the mouth of the Fraser.

they heard the shouting: so they ran, and hid in the bushes. Snail, being very slow, did not try to reach the bushes, but hid near the water's edge. Then Raven hit the canoe with his paddle, shouted, and made a great noise. The women thought he was fighting. After some time, all was quiet, and they thought he must be dead.

Now, Raven had eaten all the berries, fresh and dried, and, taking the juice from the bottoms of the baskets, had emptied it over his body and head. Having done this, he lay down in the bottom of the canoe, and covered himself over with cedar-bark mats. At last the women ventured to go to the canoe, and there they found Raven lying in the bottom. He said, "We must return home with all speed. I am badly wounded, and our enemies may attack us again." So the women got into the canoe, and paddled toward home.

Next day, Snail, who was suspicious of Raven, said, "Let me see your wounds!" Raven answered, "No. You must not uncover me. I am all cut up, and shall die if I am uncovered." When they got near home, a young man met the canoe, and the women related their story to him. He said, "Raven lies. He is not wounded. He has eaten all your berries." So he tore the mats away from Raven, and exposed him, all covered with the berry-juice, which had dried on him.

#### 17. BALD-HEADED EAGLE<sup>1</sup>

Bald-Headed Eagle lived in an underground house near Pemberton.<sup>2</sup> He had as servants Bluejay, Crow, and Frog. In another underground house not far away lived Hawk (Ātaa't), Golden-Eagle (Hala'u), and all the other birds. Up the Pole River, at no great distance, lived other people, among whom was the sweetheart of Hawk, who was noted for her beauty. The day arrived that the girl should go to her intended husband: so, taking her baskets and her mats on her back, she started out. She travelled toward a fish-dam on which she intended to cross the river. When she arrived there, she saw Bald-Head<sup>3</sup> engaged in taking away driftwood which had floated against the dam. There was no room for her to pass him, so she requested him to make way. She first addressed him by name, with no result. Then she said, "Man, let me pass!" but he never heeded her. Then, "Friend, let me pass!" but he paid no attention. Then she addressed him as brother, but he did not notice her. At last she said, "Husband, let me pass!" Then he embraced her, saying, "Why did you not say that at first?" He took her home with him, intending to marry her.

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 67 (Thompson); Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 243 (Utā'mqt), 345 (Nicola); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 684.

<sup>2</sup> About half a mile above the present bridge at Pemberton Indian Reserve.

<sup>3</sup> In another version, collected among the Lillooet of the Lakes and of Fraser River, it is said that she came to a bridge, which was in reality the penis of Bald-Head.

That evening a boy came from Hawk's house to obtain fire, and, seeing a good-looking woman there, he hastened back, and said to Hawk, "A girl who looks much like your sweetheart is sitting in Bald-Head's house." The birds at once made up their minds to get her, and laid plans accordingly. All of them went down into Bald-Head's house to play lehal with his servants, while Hawk and Golden-Eagle staid outside near the top of the ladder. They had buckets of water with them. Some of the birds continued playing lehal, while others kept adding fuel to the fire, until the house got so warm that the woman said to Bald-Head, "I must go outside and cool myself." As soon as she reached the top of the house, the watchers outside threw water down on the fire, and extinguished it: so the house became dark, and full of dust and smoke. Bald-Head now knew that a trick had been played on him, so he began to strike at the birds as they ran out. By this time, Hawk and Golden-Eagle had run away with the woman to their own house.

Bald-Head was angry because he had not succeeded in getting the woman to be his wife: so next morning he put on four breastplates of birch-bark, one above the other, and, going over to Hawk's house, he challenged the inmates to combat, one by one. The small birds went out first, and were easily killed by Bald-Head. Then, one after another, the three largest and fiercest hawks went out; and each of them, before being vanquished by Bald-Head, managed to break one of his breastplates. Then the woman combed the hair of Golden-Eagle, and he went out to battle. After a fierce struggle, he broke the remaining cuirass of Bald-Head, but was himself killed. Then the woman combed Hawk's hair, and he went out to fight. It was an even struggle now, for Bald-Head was unprotected by armor; and before very long Hawk killed him.

Each bird killed had been beheaded: so Hawk gathered all the birds' bodies and heads together in a heap, jumped over them, and they became alive. Then he put the head of Bald-Headed Eagle on his body, and, jumping over him, he became alive also. Now, Hawk transformed them all into the birds we know by their names at the present day.<sup>1</sup>

#### 18. THE SLAVE WHO MARRIED BALD-HEAD'S DAUGHTER<sup>2</sup>

A great chief lived near the sea. He had two wives, — one an old woman, and the other very young, — and he usually staid with the

<sup>1</sup> In the version referred to before, Bald-Head is scalped. The Fish-Hawk restores him; as there was no skin on the head, Bald-Head is bald up to this day. Compare Teit, *Traditions*, Note 217, p. 114.

<sup>2</sup> This story is clearly a combination of elements characteristic of the folk-lore of the coast tribes north of Vancouver Island, but arranged in a somewhat novel form. See, for some of these elements, Boas and Hunt, *Kwakwaka'wakw Texts*, iii, p. 365; Boas, *Tsimshian Texts*, *Publications of the American Ethnological Society*, vol. iii, pp. 109 et seq.

older one. The chief had four slaves, all young men; and they, noticing that their master neglected his young wife, who was generally left to sleep by herself, prompted one another to take advantage of the fact. Two nights they did this, but each one of them was afraid to act. At last, on the third night, the youngest one said he would go. Tying a board to his back, he went to where his master's wife slept, and lay with her all night.

That night the chief went to see his young wife, and, finding the man with her, he called the other slaves, and told them to take the culprit in a canoe far out to sea, and throw him overboard. The chief did not know that the man had a board fastened to his back, for it was underneath his shirt. The slaves took him in a canoe far out to sea, and threw him overboard. The man floated on the board for several days, the wind and currents gradually taking him nearer the land. At last, when he was near the shore, a strong gale arose, and blew him out of the water and up among the trees. Then he took off the board, lighted a fire, and slept. Twice a voice woke him, saying, "Come here!" The third time it called, he saw the short-tailed Mouse speaking to him. When Mouse saw that she was noticed, she disappeared in the grass. The man went to the spot where Mouse had been, and saw at the roots of the grass what appeared to be the entrance to a house. He went in and found Bald-Headed Eagle there, who treated him very kindly, and gave him his daughter to wife.

Some time afterwards, Bald-Head, who was a chief, said to his son-in-law, "The salmon will arrive to-day. Go with the young men and catch some. I will give you a magic blanket to put on, which will enable you to dive and to fly. When you see the salmon coming up the stream, you must be careful to let the first one pass, because it is 'mysterious.'"<sup>1</sup> Reaching the stream where the salmon were to come, they took up their positions in some large trees near the water's edge. When the salmon appeared, the man pounced down on the first one, which was some distance in the lead of the rest; but the fish pulled him under water. His brother-in-law caught hold of him to save him, and one of the young men grasped the brother-in-law, and so on with the rest, one behind the other; but all of them were gradually pulled under the water, except the last one.<sup>2</sup> Finally the young man's wife came: she dived and with a shell knife which she carried in her hand cut her husband loose from the salmon. Then she pulled them all out, and they returned to their seats in the trees. Before long, more salmon came; and the men swooped down on them, caught many, and soon filled a canoe with them.

<sup>1</sup> Or endowed with magic.

<sup>2</sup> Some say this man shouted loudly, and the woman, hearing his cries for help, ran to their assistance.

Some time after this the man said to his father-in-law, "I wish to travel, and should like to borrow your magic blanket." Bald-Head lent him the blanket, and the man flew away to the home of the chief whose slave he had been. He saw the chief come out of his house, and at once pounced upon him. His slaves came to the rescue; but he flew away with them all to seaward, and let them drop into the ocean far from land, where all were drowned. Then he took up his abode in his former master's house, and lived there for some time.<sup>1</sup>

His wife grew anxious, and wondered why her husband did not return: so she and her brothers took a large canoe and started out to search for him. The canoe had a bald-headed eagle's head at the prow, and another at the stern. They fed the heads food and water; and the canoe rushed along of its own accord, and needed no paddling. In due time they reached the place where the man was living; and the latter, when he saw them, gave a feast.

After a few days the brothers returned in their double-headed canoe, and left their sister with her husband. She gave birth to a boy, who grew rapidly. The husband always fetched water for his wife; and each day, when he arrived at the watering-place, he saw a beautiful woman, who tempted him. For a long time he rejected her advances. Each day, when he brought home the water, his wife plucked an eagle-feather from her wing, and dipped it in the bucket of water to find out whether her husband had been faithful or not. She told him, that, if he fell under the power of the woman, he would die.

One day not long after this, when he was at the watering-place, he became unable to resist the woman. When he reached home, his wife dipped a feather in the water as usual, and at once knew what her husband had done. She left him, and started for her father's house, accompanied by her son, walking on the surface of the sea. Her husband followed, entreating her to return. She spoke to him without turning around to look at him, saying, "Go back! If you continue to follow us, and I look at you, you will sink." She told him this three times, but the husband persisted in following them. Then the wife looked back at him, and he at once sank under the water and was drowned. The woman reached her father's house with her son.

#### 19. THE GRIZZLY-BEARS AND THE BLACK-BEARS

Four brothers lived with their sister in a house<sup>2</sup> near Pole River.<sup>3</sup> They built a dam across the river, as they were expecting the annual salmon-run. When they had finished the dam, they left their sister

<sup>1</sup> Some say he lived with his former master's wives, while others say he killed them too.

<sup>2</sup> Some say an underground house.

<sup>3</sup> Pole River is the northern tributary of the Upper Lillooet River, and falls into the latter at Pemberton Meadows, just above the head of Big Lillooet Lake.

to watch it, and went hunting in the mountains west of Pemberton Meadows. The day after her brothers had left, the girl went to the dam and found one salmon, which she caught, rolled up carefully in her robe, and took home. That evening she put it on a stick, and roasted it in front of the fire. When it was nearly ready to eat, she heard some one call, "Cali'tcia!"<sup>1</sup> and she at once fell asleep. It was Grizzly-Bear-Woman who called. She entered, and ate the fish. When the girl awoke, she found the salmon gone. Next day she took two salmon at the dam. When they were nearly roasted, Grizzly-Bear-Woman called, and she at once fell asleep. When she awoke, the fish had disappeared. The following day she caught three salmon at the dam, and the same thing happened.

The brothers were aware that something was wrong at home: so they returned to their sister, who told them what had happened. That day they went to the dam, and caught four salmon, which they put on sticks before the fire to roast. Then they hid themselves. They said, "If Grizzly-Bear-Woman eats or takes away all the fish, we will kill her."

Grizzly-Bear-Woman appeared, and, seeing only the girl, she called, "Cali'tcia!" and at once the latter fell asleep. Grizzly-Bear-Woman ate three of the salmon, and then left. The brothers followed her some distance, and then turned back, excepting the eldest, who followed her to her house. There he found Grizzly-Bear-Woman with her sister, Black-Bear. Each of them cooked some berries and roots for him. He ate what they gave him; but he found Black-Bear's food much better cooked, of better quality, and more palatable, than Grizzly-Bear's. He married both the Bears, and thenceforth lived with them. Grizzly-Bear-Woman's name was Tsemxa'litc, Black-Bear-Woman's name was Hu'kami'. Black-Bear, however, was his favorite wife, and Grizzly-Bear was jealous of her sister. Each of his wives bore him four daughters.

Grizzly-Bear-Woman made up her mind to kill her sister, her husband, and her sister's children: so one day she said to her husband, "Come along with me! I am going to dig roots. You can help me to carry them home."

[The rest of this story is like Tale xxii, "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians," p. 69, commencing with the sixth line from the beginning of the story, and continuing to the end.<sup>2</sup> The following are the only differences:—

1. p. 71, 9th line from top. Meadow-Lark said, "Look at the claws," instead of, "You are eating your own child."

<sup>1</sup> Some say that this was the sister's name.

<sup>2</sup> See also Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 16 (Thompson), 81 (Comox); Boas and Hunt, *Kwakiutl Texts*, x, p. 15; Telt, *Mythology*, p. 218 (Uta'mqt); Hill-Tout, *Folk-Lore*, p. 195; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 360.

2. p. 71, 14th line from bottom. When Kwo'nêqa<sup>1</sup> asked her to sit down on the unpatched hole, Grisly Bear asked, "What hole is that?" and Kwon'êqa answered, "It is the rectum of the canoe."
3. p. 71, 9th line from bottom. She did not land, but died in the canoe, and Kwo'nêqa threw her body into the river, and Coyote found it and drew it out.
4. p. 71, 3d line from bottom. The Lillooet say "some boys," instead of "the Fox."
5. p. 72, 1st line from top. The boys also, stuck a stick in Coyote's back.]

## 20. THE MALE GRIZZLY-BEAR<sup>2</sup>

An old woman lived in an underground house with her grandson. One day she said to him, "Go and soak some salmon in the water."<sup>3</sup> He took the salmon and laid it on the beach; then, after throwing water on his legs, he returned, and said, "Look at my legs! I have placed the salmon in a deep place: there is no danger of any one stealing it."

Next morning the lad said to his grandmother, "Heat the stones ready for boiling. I will go and get the salmon." In a short time he returned, and told her that some one had stolen it. She said, "I believe you did not put it into the water." Then she gave him some more, and told him to be sure and put it into the water, out of reach of any one.

He went to the creek, and placed the fish near the edge of the water. After wading up to the waist, he returned, and showed his grandmother how wet he was, saying, "I put it in a deeper place this time. See! the water reached to my waist."

The next morning, after telling the old woman to heat the stones, he went to get the fish. Returning presently, he said to her, "The salmon is gone. I think the Grizzly-Bear must have eaten it. I will kill him for stealing the salmon." The old woman said, "You ought not to talk so. The Grizzly-Bear will kill you if you try to shoot him. He is a dangerous enemy, and has killed many men; and you are only a lad."

The boy, never heeding what his grandmother said, made a bow and arrows, and laid some salmon near the water's edge. Then he concealed himself, and waited for the Grizzly-Bear to appear. He came; and, when he was just in the act of taking the salmon, the boy shot him. The arrow passed through his body in a vital place, and killed him.

The boy went home and told his grandmother what he had done,

<sup>1</sup> This is the Lillooet pronunciation of the name.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Boas, *Chinook Texts*, p. 119; J. Owen Dorsey, *The Cegiha Language*, p. 22 (Ponca); also Teit, *Traditions*, p. 75; Teit, *The Shuswap*, pp. 679, 751.

<sup>3</sup> Indians generally soak dried salmon or trout for a day before boiling it.



adding, "I just had to shoot him once. Now, you had better come and help me skin him." She would not believe him at first, but at last consented to go with him. When they had taken off the skin and cut the body up, the lad asked his grandmother if she desired any particular part to eat. She answered, "I do not wish any." Formerly, people never ate the meat of grizzly bears. He did not heed her words, and offered her one part of the animal after another, — first the skin, then the head, then the fore-legs, the hind-legs, the liver, the heart, etc., — but she refused them all. At last he offered her the rump and the membrum virile. These she accepted, saying, "Thank you. These are just the parts I want." She tied them up in her strap to take home, and the lad also made up a pack of the meat to carry home.

They started together, but had only gone a few yards, when his grandmother's strap broke, she fell down, and the Grizzly-Bear's membrum penetrated her. She tied the meat up again; but every few yards her strap would break, and, as she lay on the ground, the same act would be repeated. The lad left her, and continued on his way with his load. He cooked some meat when he got home, and also boiled and roasted bones to break for the marrow.

Toward evening his grandmother appeared at the top of the ladder; but, just when she was about to descend, her pack-strap broke, and the same thing happened as before. She fixed her strap again, and tied her burden up; but, just when she reached the bottom of the ladder, it broke again, and the same thing happened as before. Then the lad offered her some meat, but she refused to eat. He said, "It is a long time since you have had any food. You must eat, or you will die." Then he offered her some marrow-bones, which she took. She ate hastily, and swallowed a splinter of bone with the marrow. The bone stuck in her throat, so she told the lad to run for water.<sup>1</sup> He took a bucket and went to the creek. On his return, he fell down and spilled the water. He hastened back to the creek, but, when returning with the water, he fell down and spilled it again. He did this intentionally three times. The fourth time he saw that his grandmother was dying, so he brought the water to her; but it was too late, for she was turning into a bluejay. He offered her the water; but she said, "Keep it for yourself." Immediately afterward she flew away in the form of a bluejay.

When the lad realized that he was alone, he wept. At last he fell asleep. A louse bit him, and he awoke, thinking that his grandmother had come back. When he saw that it was only a louse, he called it names, was angry, and killed it. Then a flea bit him, and he awoke. When he found out what it was, he was angry, and killed the flea.

<sup>1</sup> Compare this incident with Nootka (Boas, *Sagen*, p. 109); Boas, *Kathlamet*, p. 146.

On the following day he went to the high mountains to search for his grandmother. He said to a short tree, "Have you seen my grandmother?" The tree did not answer, so he killed it. Then he went down to the creek, and asked a tall tree if it had seen his grandmother; but the tall tree did not answer, so he killed it. Then he said to a stone, "Have you seen my grandmother?" and, receiving no answer from the stone, he killed it also.

After travelling some distance, he came to a river in which he saw a salmon swimming. He said, "If I were a salmon, I would jump on the ground, instead of swimming in the water." The salmon, wishing to show that it could do this, jumped out on the bank, and the lad caught it and killed it. He put it on a stick, and set it before the fire to roast; but before it was cooked he fell asleep.

Some boys who happened to be near saw him. They took the fat salmon and smeared his mouth with it.<sup>1</sup> They ran the stick into his anus, and then hid close by to see the fun. When he awoke, he went to ease himself, and, finding something was wrong, he felt, and pulled out the stick. He now knew that the boys had played a trick on him: so, after going to the river and washing his mouth and backside, he cut some switches, ran after the boys, caught them, and thrashed them soundly.

## 21. FAWN

Some people lived in a large underground house near Pole Creek. One of them, an old man, partly blind, went hunting with a dog, and drove a Fawn into the creek. Fawn swam down the river to a place opposite the underground house, where the people saw and captured him. They took him down inside the house, and there he remained as a slave for many months.

One night, Fawn made up his mind to regain his liberty. When all the people were asleep, he arose and tried to jump up through the entrance of the house; but his head struck the timbers, and he fell down again. The noise awoke the old man who owned him, and he asked, "What is that?" Fawn answered, "One of the dogs fell down, and I am trying to throw him out again." Some time afterwards, Fawn tried again, but with like result. The old man woke up again, and said, "Let the dog remain. Go to sleep." Now, Fawn pretended to snore, and waited until the old man fell asleep. Again he arose to try to jump out the entrance, and this time succeeded.

He took to the waters of Pole Creek, and swam along until he reached its junction with the Upper Lillooet River. Swimming down the latter river, he reached the upper end of Big Lillooet Lake. Here he jumped on a shoal, and it became a little island. Thence he jumped again on to a sand-bank, and it became a large island. Here he remained hidden.

<sup>1</sup> Some say they also rubbed the fat salmon all over his buttocks.

Next morning the people found his tracks in the snow, but lost them where he had taken to the water. They followed along the river-banks, but could not find any trace of his having left the water. They came back and told the old man, who said, "Bring me some deer's trotters to eat, and I will soon locate him." The people brought some, and he ate them. Now he knew where Fawn was, and directed the people where to find him. They took canoes and went to the island that Fawn had created, but found nothing but his tracks. Fawn was aware that they were coming: so he jumped off, and swam away down the lake, and the people never saw him again.<sup>1</sup>

## 22. THE LAD WHO KILLED HIS COUSIN<sup>2</sup>

A family consisting of a man and his wife, their two daughters, and the man's nephew, once lived near Pemberton Meadows, where there were many people. The eldest girl was pubescent, and lived apart in her own lodge. Her mother visited her every morning to light her fire and to give her food.

One evening the nephew went to visit her, to see how she was getting along. When he reached her lodge, he saw a young man with her. He at once turned back, feeling very angry and ashamed. He went three successive nights, and found the young man with her each night. He made up his mind to shoot his cousin's lover: so he went and made a bow and some arrows, which he tipped with goose-feathers. A number of lads were with him when he made the weapons.

Next evening he repaired to the girl's lodge, and, finding the young man with her, he shot at him. His aim was not true, however; and the arrow went through his cousin's body, and killed her. When he saw what he had done, he broke his bow in pieces, went home, and lay down without speaking.

On the following morning the mother said to her younger daughter, "Take some fire and food to your sister." The girl went, but soon returned, wearing a terrified look, and saying that her sister was dead, with an arrow in her body. The mother waked her husband and the nephew, and they all went to see. The latter began to dance, and behaved in a warlike manner, saying he would be avenged on his cousin's slayer.

The people all gathered around, and began to cry. The father addressed the people, saying he wished to know who had killed his daughter. Some of the young men said, "We think your nephew killed her, for we recognize the arrow in her body as belonging to him." Then the nephew was afraid, and moved away from the people. As he went, he sang, "If I only knew who killed my sister! If I only

<sup>1</sup> Some Indians think that this is only a fragment.

<sup>2</sup> See Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 679; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 361 (Nicola).

knew who killed the daughter of my uncle!" He went to a small swampy lake in Pemberton Meadows, made a canoe of horse-tail grass, and paddled around in it, singing in the Thompson language "I killed the daughter of my uncle."

The people said, "It is certainly he who killed the girl." So they all went to attack him with spears. When he saw them coming, he stood up in his canoe, and danced, singing in Thompson, "I killed my sister. I killed the daughter of my uncle." They stabbed him through and through with their spears, and left him seemingly dead, with his blood and brains streaming out.

They had just reached home, and told that they had killed him, when they heard him singing loudly, as before. They returned, and saw him dancing in the canoe. They formed a circle around him, and drew in upon him. They said to one another, "Be sure he does not escape!" He paddled towards Coyote; and the others cried out, "Coyote, be sure you spear him!" He dived out of the canoe towards Coyote, who struck at him, and cried out, "I have him! I have speared him! Come and see!" When Coyote pulled out his spear, there was nothing but a lump of mud on the end of it. The people were angry with Coyote. Just then the young man appeared some distance away, singing in Thompson, as before, and mocking them. They transformed him into a muskrat, and ordained that he should always inhabit swamps.

### 23. NKĪMTCAMU'Ł<sup>1</sup>

An orphan boy lived with some people who took little or no care of him, and treated him very meanly. They gave him nothing to eat: so he had to subsist on the bones and refuse which they threw away. Neither did they provide him with clothes or blankets: so he slept naked beside the fire at night. Not content with starving him, they also beat him, and called him many hard names. Even the neighbors treated him badly, and despised him because he was naked, dirty, and ugly. They nicknamed him "Big-Belly" because of his distended abdomen.

When the boy grew older, he determined to become a great man, and make the people ashamed of their treatment, and envious of his success. He continued living with the same people, but used to go away at night to the mountains, where he passed the time in training himself. Every morning he was home before the people awoke: consequently they always found him sleeping beside the fire, as usual. For years he continued this practice, unknown to the people, and had become a wise and athletic young man. He spent many of his nights

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 37 (Thompson); Teit, *Mythology*, p. 300 (Nicola); Boas, *Sagen*, p. 9 (Shuswap); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 684; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 534. The name seems to mean "he who eats scraps of food."

now in hunting, and succeeded in killing great numbers of marmots, deer, and other animals, the skins of which he made into robes, and which he hid away.

Now, there was a young girl who was still a virgin, who lived in another village, and who had refused all offers of marriage made by the young men of the country, because she considered them her inferiors. Nk̄mtcamu't, for that was the name by which the orphan boy was generally known, resolved to marry this girl: so he went to her village one night, and, knowing the underground lodge in which she lived, he tore a hole in the roof, just above where she slept, and spat down on her navel. She became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to a son; but neither she nor any of the people knew who was the father of the child.

When the boy was a few years old, the girl's father called all the men of the country together, and told them he wished to find out who was the father of his grandson. He asked each one to make a bow and arrow, and give them to the boy. The men did as they were requested; but the boy disdained each of their weapons, and threw them away. The grandfather asked if every man had given his bow and arrow; and they answered, "Yes, every one except Big-Belly, who cannot possibly be the father of the child." The old man insisted that Nk̄mtcamu't should also present a bow and arrow: so he made very rough ones out of fir-branches, and handed them to the boy, who at once was delighted, and cried out, "Father!"

The people were all disgusted when they knew that the naked, despised Nk̄mtcamu't was the father of the boy. The old man gave his daughter to Nk̄mtcamu't; and all the people made fun of the girl, and laughed at her because of her husband. Now, Nk̄mtcamu't made a house for his wife and child, and, going to his caches in the mountains, brought home many fine skins, and presented his wife with several of the best marmot robes. Thenceforth he clad himself in the finest skins, and no longer went naked. He soon showed the people that he was a better hunter than any of them, and his family was always the best provided for of any in the village. He became rich, and had many children, and the people envied his success and wealth.

#### 24. THE MAN WHO GOT FOUR WIVES

Four brothers lived in the same house with their four sisters. They were all anxious to marry; but they knew of no people in their country except themselves. In the neighboring country there dwelt a man who trained in the mountains and became like a shaman. Through his magic he learned of these people, and made up his mind to relieve them. He put on a deer's skin, and in the form of a buck-deer passed by the brothers' house. Next morning they noticed the fresh deer-

tracks, and followed them up. After following them a long distance, they got tired, and three of the brothers gave up and returned; but the eldest persevered, and overtook the deer.

When the shaman saw that he was nearly caught, he made a house near a creek, and a sweat-house close by. Then, changing himself to his natural form, he began sweat-bathing. The brother came to the creek, and searched for the buck's tracks, which had come to an end there.<sup>1</sup> At last, unsuccessful and tired, he decided to return home. Just then he noticed the sweat-house, and, approaching it, found a man inside. He asked him if he had seen a buck go past; but the man answered, "No. Go to my house over yonder," said he, "and I will come to you when I finish sweating." The hunter went to the house, and the man, arriving presently, treated him very kindly.

On his return home, the brother related that he had seen a man living near a creek; and, as he was a good man, the brothers sent one of their sisters to him to be his wife. Some time afterwards the man changed himself to a deer again, and did as he had done before. Another of the brothers found him, and, thinking it was a different man in a different place, as soon as he returned home, sent one of his sisters to marry him. Thus the man acted four times, until he had got the four sisters for his wives.

Now the man said, "I have taken all the brothers' sisters. I will try to get wives for them." He changed himself into an eagle, and flew away to a neighboring country. Here he saw four girls picking berries. Three of them were singing, and one was quiet. He took off his eagle's body, and approaching the quiet one, who was alone, asked her if she would come with him. She consented, and jumped on his back; he flew away with her, and gave her to his eldest brother-in-law. Then he returned as a different man, flew away with another one of the sisters, and gave her to the second one of his brothers-in-law. Thus he continued until he had obtained wives for the four brothers, when he left, and went to a distant country with his own wives.<sup>2</sup>

## 25. THE GHOST-MOTHER

A man's wife died, leaving him with a young child, which he used to put to sleep at night in a basket-cradle suspended from a bough. The baby cried all day, but was always quiet at night. As soon as it got dark, the child's crying would suddenly cease, and the people would hear a noise as if the infant were sucking. The mother's ghost staid with it all night, and suckled it.

<sup>1</sup> Some say the deer-tracks led up to the sweat-house, and that the hunter followed them there, but could not find them beyond.

<sup>2</sup> Some say the man changed himself into an eagle throughout, and obtained husbands for the four sisters in the same manner as he obtained wives for the brothers. After getting the eight of them married and happy, he left, and was seen no more.

Now, the man was rich; and he wished, if possible, to capture his wife's ghost, and try to make her become a human being again. He sent to all the neighboring countries for shamans to come and try their skill. He offered to pay them well: so the best ones came from each country. Several came from down the river and from the sea, and one each from the Upper Lillooet, the Shuswap, and the Thompson Indians. When they had all arrived, they held a consultation, and agreed to work together. Some fixed the air above the child; others, the air on all sides around it; others made a fire underneath, all ready to light; and the Thompson shaman had a basket full of urine and medicine of herbs, ready to throw on the ghost. Then they all sat around, ready and waiting.

Just at dark the ghost entered the space occupied by the child. She did so from below, as that was the only way she could get in. Immediately the shamans lighted the fire, and took away the baby. Then the medicine was thrown on the ghost, and, her escape being cut off on all sides, she was a prisoner. The shamans treated her and sprinkled medicine on her all night, and by morning she was so changed that she had partly left the ghost state, and had begun to resemble a living woman.

Thus they treated her for several months, when she was so far advanced that she was able to lie down in her bed and suckle her child. Some of the shamans now left, while a few still remained, and continued their efforts. After many more months of treatment, the woman became human enough to be able to do a little of the housework, and to sleep with her husband. Then the last shamans left. When departing, they warned the man to take very great care of his wife, and to give her tasks by degrees, as it would take a very long time yet for her to become just as she had been before her death. If she were excited or startled in any way, she would at once change back to the spirit state.

Several years elapsed, and the woman had slowly improved during the interval, so that she was now able to do most of the work she used to do, much to the joy of her husband. One day the latter thought he would give her a new task to perform: so he asked her to go to the cellar for some roots. At first she refused to go, saying she might meet with some accident; but at last she consented, and went. She carried two baskets, — one woven for the roots, and one of birch-bark to fetch water in on her way back. She left the bark basket at the entrance when she descended into the cellar, and began to fill the other one with roots. When the birch-bark basket was about half full, it fell down and almost hit her, and startled her. At once she reverted to the spirit state, and was a ghost as before.

The husband found out what had happened, and was very sorry.

Her ghost never visited him or the people again. The child, however, was now old enough to do without her care, and grew up to be a man.

## 26. STORY OF THE SISTERS

A number of women went to gather roots at a place four days' journey from their home. Among them were two young women who were sisters. The first two days, as was the custom, they just gathered what amount of roots they could eat each night.<sup>1</sup> On the third and following days they intended to dig as many roots as they could.

On the afternoon of the second day the sisters went to bathe themselves; and the elder one noticed, in the reflection of a tree in the water, what appeared to be the form of a man. The tree was a large one growing near the water's edge; and the woman was afraid to look up at it, lest the man might think she had noticed him, and would kill them. That evening in camp she said to her younger sister, "Come here and let me louse your head!" The younger sister went and laid her head on the older one's lap. The elder sister then whispered into her ear, "There are enemies near. I saw the reflection of their scout sitting on a tree when we were bathing." The younger sister began to cry, and the other women asked what was wrong with her. The elder answered, "I just happened to pull her hair too much, and it hurt her." She then whispered to her sister, "Don't be afraid! I will hide you." She made a small hollow in the ground a little deeper by digging it, and made her younger sister lie down in it. She covered her over, and, putting her pillow on the top, she herself lay down over the place where her sister was hidden.

That night all the women were killed by a war-party of strangers, the elder sister's skull being split in two.<sup>2</sup> When the enemy had gone, the younger sister arose and started for home. That night she climbed a tree and slept in the branches. About dusk the ghost of her elder sister appeared at the bottom of the tree, with her split head flopping about on her shoulders. She could not see straight, everything appearing to be upside down.<sup>3</sup> So she said to her sister, "What shall I do to get up there? I wish to be with you." The younger sister answered, "Where I am is below. If you wish to reach me, you will have to put your feet up, and climb head down." The ghost did this, and tried all night in vain to ascend the tree. At daybreak the ghost left.

Next night the girl again slept in a tree, and was visited by her sister's ghost, who asked her the same question, and was answered in the same way. Thus the ghost followed her until she reached home,

<sup>1</sup> This is an observance among the Lillooet.

<sup>2</sup> Some say it was split perpendicularly, others say horizontally.

<sup>3</sup> As it flopped about, the ghost could not tell whether the ground, or anything she saw, was up or down. Sometimes it appeared one way, sometimes the other.



where she told the people her story, and then dropped down dead. The people blamed the elder sister for not having told all the women about seeing the man in the tree, and thus given them all a chance to escape.

#### 27. THE MEDICINE-MAN AND HIS SWEETHEART<sup>1</sup>

A young man in the Lillooet country had a sweetheart who died. He was very fond of the girl, and her death was a great blow to him. He went into the mountains and lived by himself. After spending four years there training, he returned home one night, and, going to the place where the girl was buried, he dug her up and took out her remains. After cutting the strings, he took off the mat in which she was wrapped, and began to treat her. Before long she showed signs of life, but was not able to move. He took fir-branches and struck her four times with them. She was able to get up, so he told her to go and wash in the river four times. When she had done this, she was quite well again, and went with the man to his parents' house.

On the following morning a brother of the girl came into the house to obtain a light to make fire. Seeing his dead sister sitting with the man who had been away so long, he ran back in astonishment, and informed his mother, who at once went to see for herself. She came back crying, and informed her husband that their daughter was really there. The father then went to see, and found his wife's story to be true. The people all flocked to the house to see the wonderful couple; and the man became known as a great shaman.

One day a lad's sweetheart died, and he thought he would like to raise her from the dead, as the shaman had done: so he went to him and asked him what to do. The shaman said, "If you train four days and nights, you will be able to bring your sweetheart back to life again." The lad did this, and then went and dug up the body of the girl. He carried her home, expecting she would come to life some time before morning. He covered her over with a blanket, and lay down beside her. The blanket was too short to cover her all, so her feet were exposed.

About daybreak the lad began to laugh to himself; and an old woman who had got up to light the fire, hearing him, looked in that direction. Seeing the bare feet sticking out from below the blanket, she wondered who it could be. She noticed that the feet were swollen and discolored, so she wondered all the more. Taking an awl, she stuck it into the sole of one foot, but there was no movement. She now took off the blanket, and was astonished to see before her the body of the girl who had recently died. She now guessed what had happened, and was very angry with the boy, calling him a crazy fellow.

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 68; Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxiv, p. 336.

They sent for the girl's parents, who came and took the body away, and reburied it.

28. TĀMTĀMĪ'KĪN<sup>1</sup>

Tāmtāmi'kīn was the name of a very tall man who had the power of changing himself at will into the form of a black bear. Once a Cannibal stole his wife, so he devised a plan to get her back again. He transformed himself into a black bear, and hid in a large hollow tree. A hunter came along, and, when he noticed a hole in the tree-trunk, said to himself, "A bear must live here." He took a long stick, poked it down the hole, and believed that he felt a bear sleeping there.

Next morning he returned to the place, accompanied by a boy, whom he left at the upper hole to watch, while he himself crawled in through the lower hole to kill the bear. He did not find the animal where he thought to find it, followed along through the log in search, and either was lost or killed, for he never came out again. The boy waited patiently for a long time. Finally, when the man did not appear, he began to cry.

Then Tāmtāmi'kīn transformed himself back again into a man, came out of the log, and approached the boy, saying, "Do not cry or be afraid! I will take care of you." He took the boy on his shoulders, and said, "We will travel a long distance. Thus he carried the lad at a rapid pace all day, without stopping. Once the boy said, "I wish to urinate;" and Tāmtāmi'kīn answered, "Urinate on my shoulders:" so the boy did so. Some time afterwards the boy said he wished to defecate, and the man told him to do it on his shoulders; so the boy did as directed.

At last they came to a lake, where they stopped to camp. Tāmtāmi'kīn felt very hungry, and, as there were many beavers in the lake, he decided to get them to eat. He instructed the boy to kill the beavers as soon as the lake was dry; then he stepped into the water, began to drink, and never stopped until the lake was dry. The boy killed many beavers, and Tāmtāmi'kīn ate them all that night; but the beaver-tails he threw away, as he thought they were unfit for food. At last, being gorged with food, and tired, he fell fast asleep. Then the boy collected all the tails, and ate them. When Tāmtāmi'kīn awoke, he saw the boy roasting beaver-tails at the fire, and eating them. He remonstrated with the boy; but the latter maintained they were the best part of the beaver, and invited him to try them. This he did, and found them to be excellent eating.

Now Tāmtāmi'kīn said to the lad, "I wish you to train, that you may be able to help me." So the boy trained himself under the tutor-

<sup>1</sup> Compare Teit, *Traditions*, p. 80; Teit, *Mythology*, p. 254 (Utā'mqt); also Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 713. The name means "burnt back."

ship of Tcłmtcłmī'kln. They repaired successively to three other small lakes, whose waters they drank dry, and where they killed and ate many beavers. When they were at the fourth lake, the boy was able to drink it dry himself, thus showing that he had attained the same powers as his teacher; but he continued training until he was able to jump across a river at one bound. Tcłmtcłmī'kln lay down on his back, and asked the boy to jump across the river. When he had done this, he asked him to jump back again. This he did, alighting on Tcłmtcłmī'kln's breast. After the boy had jumped across four times, Tcłmtcłmī'kln was satisfied that he was proficient.

He related to him the story of his wife, who had been stolen by a Cannibal, and suggested that they should go and fight him. The Cannibal lived on the opposite side of a large river, where he spent most of his time fishing for people with a dip-net. This net was endowed with magic, and was ornamented along the hoop and handle with strings of human teeth, and finger and toe nails, which the Cannibal had obtained from the bodies of his victims. Tcłmtcłmī'kln sent the boy across to torment him and to call him names. The Cannibal did not take any notice until the lad made fun of his brow. Then he became angry, and chased him. The boy jumped across the river, and the Cannibal after him. Now Tcłmtcłmī'kln came to help the boy, and they fought the Cannibal, and killed him eventually by dismembering him. The boy then went across the river, and brought over Tcłmtcłmī'kln's wife, who made the lad sweat-bathe four times before he left them.

After hunting for some time, the boy departed for home, taking with him four bladders which Tcłmtcłmī'kln had given him for protection. These he could make appear as dogs. He had to camp five nights before reaching home. On each of the first four nights he camped near a cliff, as Tcłmtcłmī'kln had directed him, and was visited by strange men who wished to kill him; but he made the bladders advance, and growl like dogs; and the strangers, in running away, fell over the cliff in their fright. On the fifth night he did not camp near any precipice, so the bladders would not act. That night he was attacked by a Cannibal, who ate him.

#### 29. THE LOON AND THE WOMAN<sup>1</sup>

A young man lived with his wife and mother-in-law. They dwelt near the small lakes called Kokwo'linaz and Wēlle.<sup>2</sup> The wife gathered

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 83; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 725. This is a widely distributed tale (see, for instance, Boas, *Sagen*, p. 247; Petitot, *Traditions des Indiens du Canada nord-ouest*, p. 407; W. Bogoras, *Chukchee Mythology*, *Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. viii, p. 26).

<sup>2</sup> These lakes are situated on the Upper Lillooet River, above Pemberton Meadows.

skemtc-root (*Erythronium grandiflorum*) every day near the lakes. She was fascinated by them, and began to have amorous desires.

One day she went down to a low rock which extended out into the lake, and, lying down flat on her back, she cried out, "Callk!"<sup>1</sup> repeatedly, and asked any one from the lake to come and to be her paramour. Soon Loon gave his weird cry, and approached the rock. Going ashore, he stood over the woman, and struck her repeatedly with his bill on the navel. When he left, the woman gathered roots; but she did not dig many.

At night her husband said, "Why have you gathered so few skemtc-roots? What have you been doing all day?" She replied, "The plants were scarce, and I had to wander around a great deal to get even a few."

The next two days the woman did the same thing. Her husband was now suspicious, and the next day he watched her. She felt sore where Loon had picked her; yet she went to the rock as usual, and called Loon, who came ashore, and did as before.

When Loon had disappeared, the husband went to his wife, and, after accusing her, he killed her, taking off her clothes,<sup>2</sup> and burying her body. Then he dressed himself in her clothes, fixed his hair as her hair had been, and, going to the rock, lay down and called, "Callk!" Soon Loon came, and, thinking it was the woman, he began to strike the man's navel with his bill. When he did this, the man stabbed him with his knife and killed him. He took the body, and buried it beside that of the woman.

When he reached home, his mother-in-law asked him where his wife was, and he answered her, saying, "I buried her with her paramour."

### 30. THE FAITHLESS WIFE<sup>3</sup>

Many people lived together in one underground house. Among them was a young man who was training. When the men of the house went hunting, he would never go with them, but always went out to train. When they had been away some time, he would always return and meet one of the men's wives some distance from the house. This woman would not go with the other women when they did work, but would complain of feeling ill, and would wander off to meet the young man. She would eat very little when other people were near, but when alone would eat heartily.

One day the men went out hunting, and killed so many deer, that they had to camp over night. The husband of the woman was suspicious

<sup>1</sup> Said to mean "stone."

<sup>2</sup> Some say he put his own clothes on his wife's body.

<sup>3</sup> See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 162 (Kwakiutl), 234 (Heiltsuk), 257 (Bella Coola), 281 (Tsimshian); Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 724.

of his wife: therefore he left that night, when the other hunters had fallen asleep, and went home to see his wife. He dressed himself as she did, in a marmot-skin blanket with a belt around the waist. When he reached the house, he descended the ladder quietly, and crawled up to near her bed. Then he heard the young man talking to his wife, crawled up to them, took out his knife and cut off the lad's offending parts. The lad did not utter a sound, but jumped up and ran outside, leaving many blood-stains on the ladder. The husband followed, carrying the parts which he had cut off, and which he hid in a tree.

On the following morning, when the people awoke, they found that the ladder was blood-stained, and wondered what had happened. The people said, "Every one is here except the hunters and the lad who is training. Perhaps it is he." But the lad's father said, "It cannot be he, for he is out training in the woods and mountains." The people followed the blood-marks, and eventually came to the body of the lad, who had bled to death.<sup>1</sup>

That day the woman pretended to be very ill, and sat down alone just outside the underground house. About noon a man<sup>2</sup> came along, having a dog with him, and, seeing the woman there, asked her if she were ill. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said he could cure her if she would eat his medicine. She said she would. So he told her that the medicine he would give her was some very good venison, but she would have to eat it a very small piece at a time. The woman gave him a basket, and he went some little distance away, and boiled the venison along with the privates of the young man. When it was cooked, he cut the whole into very small pieces, and gave it to the woman to eat. When she had tasted it, he asked her if it was good, and she said it was very nice. She ate it all, and died shortly afterwards. By that time the man and dog had disappeared.

### 31. THE SQUINT-EYED WOMAN; OR, THE MAN WHO OBTAINED A NEW HEAD<sup>3</sup>

A woman lived in a certain place with her son. She was squint-eyed, and had a wicked temper, so that no one would marry her. At last, however, she obtained a good-looking man; but every night she tore his face with her nails, so that he bled profusely. After some time

<sup>1</sup> Some say the lad did not die, but went to where the hunters had slaughtered the deer, and, seeing a big buck lying there, cut off its privates, and put them on himself. He returned to the house in a few days, and the husband was going to kill him; but his parents made peace between them by giving their daughter to the indignant husband.

<sup>2</sup> This was the woman's husband in disguise. Some say that only a dog appeared to the woman, and offered her the medicine, the dog being the husband metamorphosed.

<sup>3</sup> See Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxvii, p. 346 (region of North Victoria); *Ibid.*, xxxiv, p. 354.

of this treatment, he became so disfigured that he could hardly be recognized. He left<sup>1</sup> his wife, and went to a wise old woman to see if she could not tell him of some way to get back his good looks.

He reached the house of the woman, who lived near a trail; and she advised him to go to the house of the man who kept heads, and get a new one. "He will first show you all the worst heads, which hang on the walls," she said; "and then he will show you better ones, which he keeps in boxes: but refuse them all except one, which is kept covered in a small box by itself. It hangs in a corner. Ask for it, as it is the best and most beautiful one in the place."

Reaching the old man's house, he was invited in, and asked if he wanted anything. He said, "I wish to get a new head." The old man showed him all the heads, one after another; but he refused them all. At last he took the one out of the small covered box; and this the man accepted. He cut off his own head, and put the new one on in its place. As he went out and passed by the heads on the walls, the women's heads began to sing, and cried out, asking him to be their husband; but he passed by without heeding them.

On his way back he visited the house of Black-Bear-Woman and Crane-Woman,<sup>2</sup> who lived together. He married them and staid there, each of them bearing him a child.

When the children had attained some size, they cried continually to see their grandfather: so their father hunted, and killed much large game. He put all the meat and fat in one glove, and the skins in another, took his wives and children, and journeyed to his parents' house. Here he called all the people together, and gave them a great feast and many presents of skins.

Among the people who attended the feast was his former wife with her son. The latter laughed at his father because of his new wives; but the mother wished the man to take her back again as his wife. "Oh, no!" he said, "I have got a new head now, and I do not wish it spoiled." The woman became angry, and said, "I will get a new head too; and when he sees my beauty, he will admire me, and ask me to become his wife again." Taking her son with her, she went to the house of the man who kept heads; but, as she could not see straight, she chose a very ugly head with one eye looking to each side. Thinking herself to be now pretty, she returned home; but she was so ugly, that the people were all afraid of her, and the children ran away in terror: so the people took her and her boy and threw them into the water, saying that henceforth they should be water mysteries or spirits.

<sup>1</sup> Some say she turned him out.

<sup>2</sup> *Stwa'*, the crane, or some similar bird.

32. THE GAMBLER<sup>1</sup>

Once a man played lehal until he had lost everything. First he gambled away his weapons, then his clothes, then his blankets and food. He lost also his four children, his wife, his hair, and finally himself. He lay down that night feeling very miserable, for now he was virtually a slave for a time. Moreover, he was naked, and without wife or children. He brooded so much over his bad luck that he could not sleep, so at last he arose and went to the house of an old woman who was celebrated for her wisdom. She told him that his bad luck came through his not having trained enough; and she advised him to go to the mountains, and train himself for four years. "If you do this," she said, "you will become wise and rich." He took her advice, and at once retired to the mountains. At the end of the four years he had become very wise, and knew what to do. He had obtained several powerful protectors, chief among which was the knife.

Now he repaired to a lake on the other side of which dwelt a number of people in two underground houses. Those who lived in one were good people, while those who dwelt in the other were bad people and cannibals. Over each house presided a chief; Kalēnūxxwa' being the name of the bad chief, and Asūxxwa',<sup>2</sup> the name of the good one. On the lake-shore, and not very far from the houses, lived Loon, whose duty it was to take across the lake any one who wished to visit the chiefs. He had a copper canoe, which he used for this purpose. The gambler arrived at the lake-shore, and called on Loon to take him across; but Loon evidently did not hear, for he paid no attention. Getting tired of calling, the gambler lay down, and, feeling tired, yawned. As soon as he yawned, Loon seemed to hear or know that some one wished to cross; for he immediately launched his canoe and paddled rapidly across the lake. When still some distance from the shore, he stopped the canoe and told the man to jump in. This the gambler did at one bound. When he was seated in the canoe, Loon asked him which house he wished to visit, and the man answered, "I am going to see Asūxxwa'." Loon said, "Are you sure that it is not Kalēnūxxwa' you intend to visit?" But the gambler knew the difference in character of the two chiefs: so he said again, "Asūxxwa'." — "That is strange," said Loon. "Every one who crosses here goes to see Kalēnūxxwa'."

Reaching the other side, the gambler went up to Asūxxwa's house, and entered. The chief spoke to him kindly, and invited him to sit among the people; but the gambler preferred to sit apart, saying, "I do not yet know enough to sit among you." Then Asūxxwa' said, "I will make you all right," and, going up to him, he struck him four

<sup>1</sup> See Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.* xxxv, p. 199; also p. 364.

<sup>2</sup> Sometimes called Anēnūxxwa'.

times with a whip of switches, and then told him to go and wash himself four times. When he returned from washing, the chief gave him his two daughters to wife.

Kalēnūxxwa', hearing there was a stranger in the other chief's house, went to test him at lehal. • He put up his two daughters and much goods as a stake. The man won all, but returned the goods to Kalēnūxxwa', while the two daughters he kept. After this, Kalēnūxxwa' did not trouble him again.

The gambler had now four wives. One of his first two wives bore him a daughter, and one of the wives he won at lehal also bore him a daughter. After he had staid some time with these people, his children began to cry to see their grandmother: so he took his four wives<sup>1</sup> and two children, and returned to his parents in his own country. Some time afterwards a man there lost everything playing lehal: so, having heard the story of the gambler's success, he went and asked him how he had managed to become so rich and such a good gambler. The gambler said, "I trained four years, then went to the lake where Loon takes people across in his copper canoe. When crossing, I was asked whether I intended to visit the chief Kalēnūxxwa' or the chief Asūxxwa', and I said the former. I was directed to his house, and, on reaching there, I staid and gained great knowledge." The man believed the gambler's story, did as directed; and Kalēnūxxwa' ate him, and threw his bones out beside those of his other victims.

### 33. THE WOMAN WHO WAS IMPALED ON A TREE-TOP

An old woman lived in a house with her son and his wife,<sup>2</sup> a young woman. The wife went out every day to gather cedar-bark and to dig fern-roots. Although she always staid away until dark, she never brought home much bark or roots. She really spent most of her time each day with Lynx, who used to meet her in the forest. Her husband became suspicious. One day he watched his wife, and saw her with Lynx. On the following day he said to her, "I love you very much, and like to be with you. I will go with you to-day to dig roots and gather bark." When they had travelled some distance through the forest, they arrived at the bottom of a very tall, straight tree. The husband climbed the tree, and asked his wife to follow, which she did. When he reached the top, he sharpened the point of the tree with his knife, and impaled his wife on it. Then, as he descended, he peeled the bark off the tree for a long distance down, and went home, leaving his wife to die.

<sup>1</sup> Some say he took with him only the two wives who bore him children.

<sup>2</sup> Some say the man was a Lillooet, and that his wife belonged to one of the tribes of the coast (see Telt, *Mythology*, pp. 285 [Utā'mqt], 384 [Nicola]; Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 22 [Fraser Delta], 89 [Comox], 96 [Puntlatch], 123 [Nootka], 129 [Kwakiutl]; Boas, *Kwakiutl Tales* [Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology, vol. ii, p. 400]).



It was a very hot day, and the woman suffered terribly. She called for help to her brothers, who were at sea in a canoe, harpooning seals. They heard her, and went to her rescue, and she told them how she came to be there. They called together all the animals and birds, and asked them to try and save the woman; but they were all unable to climb the slippery part of the tree. At last Snail tried it. Snail was so slow climbing up the peeled part of the tree, that the woman was dead when he reached her. Snail took the body down.

Now, one of the brothers, who looked very much like his sister, cut off her hair and put it on his own head. He also put on her clothes, took her basket on his back, and in the evening went to the house of the old woman, who said, thinking it was her daughter-in-law, "What keeps you so late when you gather so few roots?" The husband was surprised to see what he thought was his wife, but he said nothing, and allowed the brother to go to bed with him. The pretended wife said to him, "You must not touch me to-night. I am sore after what you did to me." So the husband turned over and went to sleep. When he was sound asleep, the brother took out a large sharp knife which he had hidden in his clothes, and cut the husband's throat; then he put a log in his place in the bed and covered it over.

On the next morning the old woman called to her son and his wife to get up, but they did not stir. About noon she uncovered them, and found a stick lying in the place of the woman, and her son dead with his throat cut. The brothers buried their sister's body, and then returned to their home on the sea.

#### 34. BROTHER AND SISTER<sup>1</sup>

A widower lived in an underground house with his son and his maiden daughter. The father kept the girl in a box near his own bed, for he was afraid some of the young men might touch her. One night, when the father was asleep, the brother opened the lid of the box, went inside, and staid with his sister. Neither of them spoke, and the girl did not know who he was. The brother did this three successive nights. The girl desired to know who was visiting her, so she rubbed some powdered charcoal and grease on the palms of her hands; and, on the fourth night when he visited her, she embraced him, leaving the imprints of her hands on his back. Next morning she sat down on the roof of the house to watch the lads playing, to find out which of them had visited her. She saw the black hand-marks on her brother's back, and felt greatly ashamed. That night, when he visited her, she told him what she had done. "I am very much ashamed," she said. "It

<sup>1</sup> See Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 37 (Fraser Delta), 124 (Nootka); Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 566 (Thompson). Known to the Lower Thompson under the title "Roiastcu't" or "Roiestcu'tit" ("they burnt themselves"). Hill-Tout's principal informant, Chief Michel, belonged to the Lower Thompson.

will never do for our father and the people to know. We had better leave here together." That night they ran away together, and travelled to another country, where they lived by themselves. They made a house in a place where game was abundant, and in time the girl gave birth, first to a boy, and then to a girl.

When the children grew large enough to run around, their parents always made them stay on the opposite side of the fireplace; for they were afraid, if they came too near, they might notice the great resemblance between their father's and mother's faces. Notwithstanding this precaution, the children noticed the similarity, and said to each other, "How much alike our father and mother are!" The children asked their parents how it was they were so much alike, and the parents felt embarrassed.

At last the mother told them the story of their disgrace. The father said, "We feel too much ashamed to live with our children: we had better kill ourselves." They hung food and goat hair and skins in a tree, and told the children that it was for them, because they themselves were going to die soon. The children cried when they heard that their parents were going to die; but the father said, "We are not going to die yet." So the children laughed and were glad again. Their father told them how to travel to reach their grandfather's house. It would take them many days; but they would have food and clothes enough for the journey, if they took what was hanging on the tree. Whenever their father talked thus, they would cry. Then he would cheer them by saying it would not be for a long time yet; and the children would be merry, and play again.

The parents gathered much pitch-wood, which they placed in and around their lodge to make it burn quickly. Then, one day, when the children were playing some distance away, the woman went into the lodge; and the man, after setting fire to the house all around the outside, joined her. Thus they burned themselves to death in their lodge.

The children saw the flames, and hurried home, but too late to see their parents again. After crying bitterly, they made up packs of the food that had been left on the tree, and started for their grandfather's house. When they arrived there, their grandfather asked them who they were and whence they came, and they told him the whole story. They remained with their grandfather and his people.

35. THE FLOOD, AND DISTRIBUTION OF PEOPLE<sup>1</sup>

All the Lillooet people lived together around Green Lake, and for some distance below it on Green River.<sup>2</sup> At that time there came a great and continuous rain, which made all the lakes and rivers overflow their banks, and deluge the surrounding country. When the people saw the waters rise far above the ordinary high-water mark, they became afraid.

A man called Ntci'nemkfn had a very large canoe, in which he took refuge with his family. The other people ascended the mountains for safety; but the water soon covered them too. When they saw that they would probably all be drowned, they begged Ntci'nemkfn to save their children. As for themselves, they did not care. The canoe was too small, however, to hold all the children: so Ntci'nemkfn took one child from each family, — a male from one, a female from the next, and so on.

The rain continued falling and the water rising, until all the land was submerged except the peak of the high mountain called Split (Nci'kato).<sup>3</sup> The canoe drifted about until the waters receded, and it grounded on Smimelc Mountain.<sup>4</sup> Each stage of the water's sinking left marks on the sides of this mountain.

When the ground was dry again, the people settled just opposite the present site of Pemberton. Ntci'nemkfn with his wives and children settled there, and he made the young people marry one another. He sent out pairs to settle at all the good food-places through the country. Some were sent back to Green Lake and Green River; others were sent down to Little Lillooet Lake and along the Lower Lillooet River; and some were sent up to Anderson and Seaton Lakes. Thus was the country peopled by the offspring of the Green Lake people.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare Teit, *Traditions*, p. 20.

<sup>2</sup> Green Lake and Green River are situated in the heart of the Cascades, at the southwestern head waters of the Upper Lillooet River. They lie in the watershed between the Lillooet and Squamish, and the Squamish trail passes right along them. They are only thirty miles, or a little over, from the sea. From tradition, this place seems to have been the main early abode of the Lillooet people, and was convenient for trading with the Coast Indians. Probably long ago the Lillooet may have occupied a position similar to that of the Chilcotin, who at one time lived together near the divide, for convenience in trading with the Bella Coola.

<sup>3</sup> This mountain is situated on the west side of the lower end of Lillooet Lake. Its peak consists of a great precipice split in two perpendicularly.

<sup>4</sup> This mountain is just opposite Pemberton Meadows, to the northeast, and is rather low and flat. It has a number of flat terraces on its sides (one above the other), which are said to be the marks of the receding flood.

<sup>5</sup> Some say Ntci'nemkfn sent a pair to each country, and that every tribe in the interior and on the coast is descended from one of the pairs of Lillooet people sent abroad after the flood.

36. THE POOR MAN; OR, THE ORIGIN OF COPPER<sup>1</sup>

Formerly many people lived at Green Lake and its vicinity. The only other people known to them were some who lived on the Lillooet River.<sup>2</sup> They did not know of the Coast Indians at that time.

The Green Lake people were visited by some disease, and all died excepting an old woman and her grandson. They were very poor, and the boy cried constantly. The old woman made a bow and arrows, a bark canoe, and many toys with which to amuse him; but he continued to cry as much as ever. She made a fish-line of hair,<sup>3</sup> and taught him how to fish. This pacified him, and he now spent most of his time in fishing.

One day he caught something heavy, and his line broke. He went home and told his grandmother, who made a new line for him of hemp (*spa'tsan*) bark, and put a ball of her own hair on the hook as a bait. The boy was well pleased, and went back to the same place to fish. He hooked something heavy again; but this time he had a strong line, and was able to pull it out. It was a large piece of copper, — a thing which the people had never seen before. He rolled it up carefully in brush, and took it home. His grandmother saw it was something rare and precious, so she told him to lay it by, which he did.

When the boy had grown a bit, he began to shoot many humming-birds and other bright-plumaged birds, the skins of which he made into robes. When he reached the age of puberty, he began to hunt larger game, and became a great hunter. He killed many bears and deer and goats. His grandmother spent all her time making the skins into robes, in making goat-hair blankets, and in laying up a large supply of food. At the end of several years the house was quite full of food of all kinds, and robes of goat-hair, goat-skin, deer, bear, and marmot skin, etc.

Now the lad asked his grandmother what he should do with the copper he had found; and she said, "Show it to the people. I think there are some people who live on the Lillooet River."

One day not long after this, while the lad was hunting on the western slopes of the Cascade Mountains, he met some strange men who said they were Squamish. The strangers left him, and in their explorations reached his grandmother's house. She was surprised to see them. They said they belonged to the sea, and asked her what she was doing there all alone. She said that she and her son were the only ones left of the people of that region. Thus the Coast Indians became known to them.

<sup>1</sup> Some say that the events narrated in this story took place at a later period than those of the other stories, and that this tale does not belong to the time of the ancients.

<sup>2</sup> The Lower Lillooet is meant.

<sup>3</sup> Some say she made the line of her own hair.

Now the old woman said to the lad, "Our house is full. It is now time that you invited the people." So he went to the Lillooet River, and invited the people he found there. He also journeyed to the coast, and invited the Squamish. When all the guests had assembled, he went and got his copper. The Copper said to him, "When you show me to the people, you must put feathers and down on your head, wear a feather blanket, and carry a rattle in your hand. You must dance when you show me." The lad dressed as directed; and when he showed the copper, he danced, and sang the story of its origin, and how he found it. He feasted the people many days, and before their departure he gave each one a present of a robe. They all called him a chief. His fame spread; and, when the Lower Fraser people heard of him, one of their chiefs came and gave his daughter to be the young man's wife. One of the Squamish chiefs also brought his daughter and gave her to him in marriage. The young man gave marriage-presents of pieces of copper to his fathers-in-law.

By his two wives he had many children, mostly sons; and people of distant countries, on hearing of him and of his sons, visited them, bringing their daughters, whom they married to his sons. For each daughter-in-law he gave a piece of copper. Thus copper was distributed among all the tribes. The people who had received it valued it very highly, and would not part with it, for it was rare and gave them a higher standing among their people. When they showed their copper, they always dressed in feathers, and danced.

The Shuswap and the Thompsons each married a daughter to the sons of the Green Lake chief. Thus the Green Lake people became very numerous again; and some of them moved farther east, and settled around Pemberton and Lillooet Lake. In recent years the Green Lake Indians have left that region altogether, and settled among the Pemberton Indians.

### 37. THE S'Ä'INNUX<sup>1</sup>

Between the Indian village of Pemberton and Green Lake, at a place a little above Currie's Ranch, there formerly lived a number of people in two underground houses. These people were called S'ä'-innux, and were very familiar with the water, and powerful in magic. Their chief had two daughters who were very handsome, and many young men from the neighboring country were anxious to obtain them as wives; but all who had attempted to court them had been killed by their magic. The bones of these unfortunate suitors were heaped up around the houses for a considerable distance away.

One day the four Transformer brothers<sup>2</sup> arrived near their house,

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *The Lillooet, Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. II, p. 252.

<sup>2</sup> The Black-Bear Brothers (see p. 350).

and one of them at once undertook to obtain the girls. As he approached the house, the girls' mother saw him, and called out, "Another man comes for a wife!" Then one of the girls ran out, laughing, and embraced him when she met him. As soon as she did this, his flesh began to disappear, and he died: only a heap of bones was left on the spot. As he did not return, another brother went, and fared in the same way as the first. Then the third brother went; and he also met a like fate.

Now, the fourth brother knew that there was something wrong: so he went to an old woman who lived in a small house near the trail, and asked her advice. She told him what tests he would have to go through, and advised him to sweat in her sweat-house before he went to see the S'ä'innux. He did as directed; and when he finished sweat-bathing, he knew everything, and was full of magic. Then he took his quiver full of arrows, his bow and knife, his fish-spear, his snowshoes, and his paint and grease, went to the S'ä'innux at night, and lay down between the two sisters. When they awoke, they were surprised to find a man between them, and especially such a handsome man; for he shone like light, and his body was smooth to the touch. They awoke their parents, who were surprised; and, after looking at the man, they were satisfied with him as their son-in-law, and allowed him to stay with their daughters.

On the following morning the parents were surprised to find their daughters still in bed, for they were always in the habit of going to wash themselves at daybreak. At last they arose; and one of them went to fetch water, while the other one made the fire and began to cook. The man did not get up; and the parents, being curious to have a look at him now by daylight, removed the blanket which covered him. They were astonished to see a very old, decrepit, ugly man in place of the handsome man they had seen the night before. Then they laughed at their daughters, and said, "What a wretch to have for a son-in-law!" But one of the girls would not desert him, as she thought he was only playing a trick: so she carried him around in a basket everywhere she went.

Once the parents, expecting to have a laugh at the girl and her husband, said, "Let our son-in-law gather fire-wood!" His wife carried him to a tree, which, apparently with great difficulty, he chopped down and split up, the people meanwhile looking on and laughing at him. His wife went home with her basket, intending to return for him before long. In her absence, the parents attacked him, and left him for dead. When they reached their house, they said, "Our son-in-law killed himself while splitting wood." Now, when they had gone, the man arose, gathered the wood together, and made it assume the size of a small bundle, which he took to the house. He

threw it down, and the wood returned to its natural proportions. He had changed himself back again into a handsome, athletic man.

Then the parents said, "Let our son-in-law go hunting!" He took his weapons and snowshoes, and went out. When he had been gone a little time, one of the S'ä'innux, hoping to kill him on the mountains, sang a song to make snow fall; but he put on his snowshoes, ran over the snow, and killed much game, which he made to assume the proportion of a small pack. He threw it into one house, and it became almost full of meat and fat.

Then the people said, "Let him go to spear salmon!" They conducted him to a rapid some distance up the river, which was the abode of "water-mysteries"<sup>1</sup> in the shape of mermen, half man and half fish. One of these appeared, and the people said, "That is a salmon. Spear it quickly!" He speared it, and was at once dragged under the water. The parents returned home and said, "Our son-in-law has been drowned." But before long he arrived, carrying two mermen in each hand.

The people were afraid, and said, "Do not take them in here! Throw them away!" He paid no attention, however, and threw them into the house. At once the water rose in the houses, and drowned all the S'ä'innux, excepting the Transformer's wife and her sister, brother, and parents. Then the man made a large hole, which he caused to become full of water. He jumped over each of the skeletons which were strewed around the houses, and told each man, as he came to life again, to go and wash in the water. This they did, and afterwards returned to their homes. The descendants<sup>2</sup> of the S'ä'innux dance at potlatches, with masks and clothes representing half man, half fish.<sup>3</sup>

### 38. THE HAITLO'LAUX AND WOLF PEOPLE, ANCESTORS OF THE LILUET'Ö'L<sup>4</sup>

In the region inhabited by the Liluet'ö'l there formerly lived two groups or families of people who never intermarried with each other. One group, called HaiLo'laux (or Haitlö'laux), lived in underground houses at the mouth of the river that empties into the head of Big Lillooet Lake; while the other group, known as the Wolf people, lived a few miles upstream, on its north bank, above its junction with

<sup>1</sup> Some say these were friends of the S'ä'innux.

<sup>2</sup> These people are now included with the Liluet'ö'l.

<sup>3</sup> This story is obviously based on the widely-spread story of the tests of the son-in-law which is current among all the coast tribes (see Robert H. Lowie, "The Test-Theme in North American Mythology," *Journal of American Folk-lore*, vol. xxi [1908], pp. 97 et seq., particularly p. 135).

<sup>4</sup> Compare some Uta'mqt stories (see Teit, *The Lillooet, Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition*, vol. ii, p. 252).

the Pole River. They also lived in underground houses. The sites of their underground houses are pointed out by the Indians at the present day.

The HaiLo'laux were very tall people (the men about ten feet in height) and very broad and strong. Many of the men had hair on their breasts, and looked like bears; while all of them had very long hair on their heads, reaching almost to the ground. Most of them had black hair, but some had brown, and quite a number had red hair. They were a bad people, and were never known to sleep. They wandered about at night, and stole things from the Wolf people, who, when they went to their house and asked for the stolen property, were always met with the answer, "We know nothing about what you lost. Why do you come here to look at our privates?" When the Wolf people would put fish in the water to soak, the HaiLo'laux would frequently steal it, for they were fond of fish, and used to catch them by swimming after them under the water. The Wolf people were of medium size (some of them small), and were wealthier and better hunters and fishermen than the others. Both people were endowed with magic in a high degree, especially the HaiLo'laux.

The HaiLo'laux had a chief who had four daughters noted for their magical powers. The Wolf chief sent four men to watch the HaiLo'laux and see what they did at night. They hid themselves near the river-bank. At evening the chief came out of his house; then, a while afterwards, one of his daughters came out also. Thus they came out one at a time, the fourth daughter appearing about midnight. The four women went down to the river and washed themselves near where the Wolf men were hidden; and the latter jumped out on them, and took them home to be their wives. When they reached the ladder of the underground house, the women suddenly became invisible and left them, and each of the men found that he was bleeding, — one of them below the ankle, one at the back of the head, another above the eye, and the fourth one from the heart. The men were astonished, and went into the house and reported their adventure. The women had each taken some of their blood home.

Some days afterward a HaiLo'laux man came to the Wolf house, and asked if any of them had lost blood, as the chief's four daughters had each of them a piece of dried blood hanging above their beds. One of the Wolf men said, "I lost some blood from my foot;" and the HaiLo'laux answered, "You had better come and see if it is yours. If it is, the woman who has it will marry you." He went to the HaiLo'laux house, and, seeing the blood, he pointed out one of the pieces as his. The woman who possessed it said, "No, it is not yours. You must prove it to be yours by undergoing a test of your powers. Go into that small house yonder, and stay there for a time. You will see a



web of fat hanging in there which is continually dripping. If you allow the drops to fall on you, they will burn right through you, unless you are strong in magic. You will have difficulty in breathing when you first go into the house, but that will wear away. As soon as you feel at ease, take some of the fat and put it to your mouth. If you don't die when you do that, then eat some. If you still feel all right after eating the fat, then return to me. If you die during the test, your flesh will be burned up, and only your bones will be left." The man went into the house as directed, saw the web of fat, and said to himself, "I don't wish to stay here long, I will eat the fat at once and be done with it." He ate the fat, and at once died, his insides and flesh burning up.

The next day a HaiLo'laux man appeared at the Wolf house, and told them that their friend was dead, and that the women still had the blood hanging above their beds. He said, "Whoever of you can prove it to be yours, him the women will marry." One man said, "Some of it is blood from my eye." The HaiLo'laux said, "You had better go and claim it." The Wolf man answered, "No, I am not strong enough in magic." Another said, "It is blood from my head; but I will not go to claim it, for I also am weak in magic." The fourth man said, "It is blood from my heart." The HaiLo'laux answered, "Come and claim it, then."

The Wolf man said, "Yes, I will go, and conquer or die." Taking his bow and arrows, his quiver, his knife, his thunder arrow-head,<sup>1</sup> and his paint, he started. His grandmother lived alone in a little house close by, and, as he was passing, she called him in. She said, "I will give you advice." She told him what tests he would have to pass through, and added, "Before going to the HaiLo'laux, you must sweat-bathe in a very hot sweat-house. Thus you will gain the required strength and knowledge." He did as directed; and when he came out of the sweat-house he was very wise, and full of magic. He went to the HaiLo'laux house, and claimed a piece of the blood as his. The woman possessing it said, "Yes, perhaps it is yours; but you must go through a test." They gave him some of their meat to eat, which he bolted without chewing. Then the woman sent him to the small house, as his predecessor had been sent. When he had been inside a while, he put some of the fat to his mouth, then, before long, he ate some. When he came out of the house, he was at once changed to resemble a HaiLo'laux, with much red hair all over his body. The hair of his head also assumed a red color.

<sup>1</sup> Skim'äst, or thunder arrow-head, of the Thompsons. The Lillooet, Thompson, and Shuswap believe that they are fired by the Thunder. Most of these are simply large pieces of arrow-stone, generally blocked off more or less, so that they somewhat resemble a spear-head or an arrow-head of huge size.

When he came back to the people, they said, "Fell and split that tree yonder." He took his hammer and chisel, cut the tree down, and split it. When he had nearly finished, the wood suddenly became hard to split, and he had to put in several wedges. Then all at once it yielded, and one of the wedges fell into the crack. The people said, "Pick it out!" When he had his arm and head in the crack, they caused the crack to close on him. He spit out red paint, which he had in his mouth, and the HaiLo'laux thought he was dead; but the wood had not really closed on him very tightly, for he had placed his thunder-stone crosswise in the crack, which prevented its closing. When the people had gone away, he split up the rest of the tree, and, making all the split wood into one small piece, threw it down the hole of the underground house, and it assumed its original proportions.<sup>1</sup>

The HaiLo'laux tested his powers in many ways; but he was always equal to his task, and even showed them that he was more powerful in magic and knowledge than they were. He married the woman who had taken his blood, and eventually became chief of the HaiLo'laux. When he had become chief, he said, "The HaiLo'laux and the Wolves shall become one people."

One night he told stories<sup>2</sup> to the HaiLo'laux, and asked them to say "i'a'i"<sup>3</sup> as long as he continued relating them. They did as told, and eventually all fell asleep. After this, they always slept at night, like ordinary people. He assembled the HaiLo'laux and the Wolf people, and told them they must all eat deer-meat, and thus become like one people. They all partook of the venison, except some of the Wolf people, who refused. These he transformed into wolves, saying, "You shall be wolves, and shall always have poor food, and often be hungry." Then the people were changed to look like Indians, and no longer like animals, and they intermarried with one another.

The descendants of the Wolf people dress in wolf-skins, and wear wolf masks when they dance at potlatches; and the descendants of the HaiLo'laux dress in bear-skins, and wear masks somewhat like a bear's face, painted red, when they dance. The union of these two peoples made the Liluetō'l, who are their descendants. Some people, it is said, occasionally see HaiLo'laux in the mountains at the present day.

<sup>1</sup> See footnote 3 to p. 346.

<sup>2</sup> Some say it was another Wolf man who visited the HaiLo'laux, that told the stories.

<sup>3</sup> The Shuswap, Thompson, and Lillooet, all say "L'a'i" as long as a person continues relating a mythological story. It is something like saying "Yes," and shows that the people are awake and listening.

## II. TRADITIONS OF THE LILLOOET OF THE LAKES

## 39. COYOTE

Coyote was sent to travel over the world and put it to rights. He changed the natural features of the country where they were bad, so that the people should be able to live easier. He transformed all the bad ancients into stones, birds, animals, and fishes.

Coyote was fond of joking, and was boastful. He played many tricks, and was often worsted in his tricks. He was very wise, yet sometimes he was foolish, and did silly things. Notwithstanding, he was the greatest worker and transformer in the ancient times. He had four helpers,<sup>1</sup> who were great in magic, and sometimes accompanied him on his travels. They were the Sun, the Moon, Mu'epem,<sup>2</sup> and Skwia'xenamu.<sup>3</sup>

## 40. THE BLACK-BEAR BROTHERS

There were four brothers called the Little-Black-Bears, who were also great transformers, and travelled all over the earth. It is said they did not belong to the interior, but came from the sea. They came up the Fraser River from its mouth, and, after passing through the Thompson country, they travelled north through the Slatlemux and Shuswap countries.<sup>4</sup>

41. TSU'NTIA<sup>5</sup>

This story, as I obtained it from a Lëxalë'xamu, is the same as that printed in "Traditions of the Thompson River Indians" (p. 95), with the following differences and additions:—

- p. 95, line 3. The maiden belonged to Setl, and was one of several there who refused all suitors.
- p. 95, line 8. The girl was ashamed, and was going to kill her child, but the people told her to rear it.
- p. 95, line 12. He went to Skimka'in, and played shooting arrows with the children of Tsanā'tz, who was an old man, and who always had his face and body painted red. Tsanā'tz ordered him away twice, saying, "Go to your own place and play, you bastard son of Kokwe'la!" He afterwards changed this man into the fish of that name, which has a red color.

<sup>1</sup> See the coyote cycles of the Shuswap and Thompson Indians, footnote 2 on p. 292; also the Xäls traditions of the coast; Boas, *Sagen*, pp. 19 (Fraser Delta), 45 (Cowichan), 56 (Squamish), 63 and 76 (Comox); Hill-Tout, *Report 1900*, p. 518 (Squamish); Hill-Tout, *Anthrop. Inst.*, xxxiv, p. 360.

<sup>2</sup> Seems to mean "diver," or "to dive;" also "mū'ipem," "smū'ipem" or "nmū'ipem."

<sup>3</sup> Arrow wing (arm) man.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 322.

<sup>5</sup> See Teit, *Mythology*, pp. 224 (Utā'mqt), 319 (Nicola); Teit, *Traditions*, p. 45; Hill-Tout, *Report 1899*, p. 564 (Thompson).

- p. 95, line 6 from bottom. He returned to his mother, and told her the Water denied having killed his father. She then said, "The Rock killed him." He went to the Rock and drew his bow on it, saying "You killed my father: I will shoot you." The Rock answered, "I kill people sometimes, but I know those I kill. Your father I never killed."
- p. 95, line 3 from bottom. When he reached his full stature, he commenced to travel. He had grown to be a man of very large size and great physical strength. The first thing he did was to transform all those people who had called him "bastard" when he was a boy. He went to Setl and transformed those people who had mocked him. One he turned into a grizzly bear, one into a wolf, and one into a marten. Some others he transformed into birds and fishes. He then scattered them over the earth in different directions.
- p. 96, line 5. He crossed the Fraser River just above the mouth of the Thompson, and named the place Taka'ut. He met the four Black-Bears at the creek, a little above Nka'ia, below Lytton.
- p. 96, line 9. Sometimes they nearly managed to transform one another into stone, but there was always some part of their body they were able to move; therefore they gave up trying.
- p. 96, line 12 from end. He took it all in two spoonfuls, used horn spoons, and boiled food in a stone kettle.
- p. 96, line 4 from end. The brothers said they were thirsty, and were too lazy to go for water. Tsu'ntia took a rock, and, placing it before them, water gushed out of it, and they drank. Some say he kicked the rock, and water came out.

Wherever Tsu'ntia travelled, the kokwe'la-plants recognized him, and embraced him by entwining themselves around his legs.<sup>1</sup>

When Tsu'ntia and the four Black Bear brothers had travelled over the earth and put things to rights, they met one another at the edges of the earth. The brothers said to Tsu'ntia, "There yet remains one country in the world where the people are bad. We ourselves were not able to put them to rights: they were too strong for us. You, Kokwe'la, who are full of mysterious power, you go to that country and stop the sun, so they may all die and be burned up as a punishment." Tsu'ntia said, "If I go there and stop the sun, all the people in the world will be burned up, and everything on earth besides."

The brothers would not believe him, so he commanded the sun to stand still. Then the earth began to become hot and scorched, and at last the tops of the trees began to smoke. The brothers, overcome with heat, and afraid of being burnt, said, "We see you know, and speak the truth. Now let the sun move on!" He said, "Whistle at the sun, and it will go." But they asked him to do so himself. Now he whistled, and, pointing his finger at the sun, the latter followed his finger as he moved it toward the west. He moved his finger down

<sup>1</sup> The Liluet'ö'l say that he belonged to the lower end of Seaton Lake.

over the mountains, and the sun set rapidly. Then a breeze sprang up, and soon cooled the earth and its people. The bad people of that country were never punished, and still remain somewhere near the edge of the earth to the east.

42. (a) NK'Ē'OLSTĒM<sup>1</sup> (*first version*)

The Skimkainemux had become a numerous people, and a descendant of Xanau'kst was their chief. He had a son who became known as Nk'ē'olstēm. This boy went from one house to another at intervals during the winter, and asked the people for food of different kinds, saying that his father had sent him. The people always gave him what he asked for, because his father was chief; and the lad took the food away and ate it himself.

Just about spring, when most of the people had come out of their underground houses, he asked a certain hunter for deer's back-fat, which was given to him. The man went to the lad's father, and said, "How is it that you have been begging food all winter from the people, and sending your son for it?" The chief never answered for four days, because he was ashamed. Then he told the people secretly that they should all go up the mountains, and desert his son. They would ask some lads to take him across the lake, on pretence of gathering arrow-wood, and leave him there.

Early the following morning, some lads said to Nk'ē'olstēm, "Let us go across the lake to where there is plenty of wood, and gather sticks for making arrows!" As soon as they had gone, the people carried all their effects to the canoes, and set off up the lake. After they had gone a long distance, they left their canoes, and went up the mountains until they reached a place called Totce'leks, where they erected lodges for hunting.

The lads took Nk'ē'olstēm into the bushes to look for arrow-sticks, and said to him, "We will scatter here, and will whistle to one another, so that each may know the other's whereabouts."

When the lads were out of his sight, they defecated, urinated, and expectorated on the ground, and told their excrements, also their urine and spittle, to whistle, and when they heard a whistle to answer back. Then they jumped into their canoe, and paddled hard to overtake the other people. Nk'ē'olstēm heard whistling all around, and thought his companions were still near. Toward evening the whistling grew faint, and in some places stopped altogether. This was because the excrements had become dry. Finally he discovered what it was that whistled. He ran to where the canoe had been, and found it gone. He cried, and walked around the lake to reach home, crying as he went.

<sup>1</sup> The Thompson Indians call this story "The Sun and the Lad;" or Nke'kaumstem ("they twisted bark with him" [?]; see footnote 4 on p. 296).

He met Gray-Body (*papā'ixkīn*<sup>1</sup>), and said to him, "Oh! you are the only one that did not leave me. Why did you not go with the rest?" He struck him on the head with an arrow-stick, transforming him into the snake of that name. He said, "This place shall be known as N'êxō'it. You shall live here; and people in later days will find snakes very abundant here."

In his distraction he sat down, and shoved one foot past the other, leaving the marks as a bare scraped rock, which may be seen at the present day. Also at this place he threw his sticks away, and high service-berries now grow there in great plenty. The place is known as Place-where-he-kicked (*Nicocokcu'ELn*).

When he came to the place where the lodges had been, he found them all down. He went up to a place near by, called Ko'mikstīn, where the winter houses and caches were, and found them all deserted also. In one house which had been recently occupied he saw a large basket turned mouth down. He said, "Why do they leave their baskets behind?" and gave it a kick, disclosing an old woman, Mink, underneath. He was glad to see her. She had a slow-match, consisting of the upper part of a dry *balsamorhiza*-root,<sup>2</sup> which she had lighted when the people left. With this she had lighted a fire.

Now he went around all the people's caches, and found that many of the people had taken pity on him, and left dried fish, fish-heads, and back-bones for him. He took these to Mink, who sent him to gather bark to make twine for snares. When they had made many snares, he set them, and caught very many mice of different kinds, rats, squirrels, chipmunks, Hudson Bay birds, pinejays, bluejays, and other small birds and animals. The old woman sewed the skins together, and made many robes; so that, when she spread them out in the sunshine, they covered the knoll at the back of the house. They lived on the flesh of the birds and animals he snared.

Now he dreamed of the Sun, who appeared to him seven consecutive nights. On the eighth day, at evening, just after the Sun had set, he approached him from the west. At that time, people could look at the Sun; for he was like the Moon, not very bright. The Sun was clad in a robe of mountain-goat-hair, like those the Lower Lillooet use. He addressed the lad, saying, "You have been deserted by the people. I pity you, and will give you advice and power; but I wish to get one of your beautiful blankets. I have noticed them often as I passed overhead." The lad answered, "Take your choice of them: they are all spread out on the knoll." The Sun said, "I desire the

<sup>1</sup> The Lillooet name of a variety of snake. The Thompson call it *splamē'ixken*.

<sup>2</sup> The top of this root is called *sko'l'Eklen*, and is very fibrous. When old and dry, it was used sometimes as a slow-match by the Lillooet and Thompson, and perha other tribes of the interior.

one you use for a pillow; and my own robe I will give to you, for it is not bright enough, and the people can thus look at me." They exchanged robes. The Sun continued, "Those people who left no food for you in their caches you will transform when they come back." Then he showed the lad how to make fish-traps,<sup>1</sup> and instructed him how to set them. He followed directions, and made three traps, which he set next evening where several creeks emptied into the lake. He was the first man who ever made or used fish-traps; and those he made were afterwards turned into stone, and may be seen at the present day. He caught many trout in his traps, and Mink split them, and hung them up to dry on sticks and in branches of trees.

One day the lad saw Crow approaching in a canoe, and he told him to go back; but Crow said he was hungry; so the boy allowed him to land, and gave him some fish, some of which he took home and fed to his children after dark. His children made so much noise eating the fish, that the people said, "Crow must be feeding his children something. He is the poorest hunter, and yet he has food for his family. He must steal it from some place." Crow visited Nk'ē'olstēm again, and brought home more fish, which he gave to his children after dark. Now the people were sure: so they asked him what he fed his children with, and where he got it. He answered, "It is fish, and I got it from the lad we deserted. He has lots of trout."

As the people could find no game, and were starving, they all returned home in their canoes. When they arrived, the lad allowed those who had left him fish-bones to occupy their houses and live there as usual; but the others he transformed into "water-mysteries," and threw them into a canyon and waterfall in Cayuse Creek, where they inhabit the rocks, but are invisible. Indians go there to train.<sup>2</sup>

The Nkait people, hearing of his fame, sent one of their daughters to be his wife; and several people, both at Skimka'in and Nkait, are descended from him. He went to Nkait, and showed the people there how to make and use fish-traps, and then returned home again. After this the people could not look at the Sun, who obtained so much brightness by wearing Nk'ē'olstēm's magpie blanket.

42. (b) NK'Ē'OLSTĒM, OR NQĒ'QAUMSTEM<sup>3</sup> MYTH (*second version*);

The people of Seaton Lake are descended partly from Fraser River Lillooet belonging to Setl, and partly from Nk'ē'olstēm. The latter was the son of a chief who lived near Sqemqa'in, and was deserted by the people. He and his old grandmother made four large robes of mouse, rat, bluejay, and magpie skins respectively. At that time the

<sup>1</sup> The kind of fish-trap called by the Thompson *pš'px'p*.

<sup>2</sup> See also Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 711.

<sup>3</sup> The former name is used by the Lillooet; the latter, by the Thompson.

sun travelled overhead in the sky every day, as now, but it was invisible. Nevertheless it gave out far greater heat than at the present day: so the people sweated very much, and felt almost as if boiled in the day-time. It was hot like this all the year round. One day Nk'ē'olstēm had his four blankets spread outside, and was sitting by them, when he saw a man descend from the sky, who approached him, and said, "I am the Sun, and each day as I travel I see your robes and admire them. I wish to exchange my robe for one of them. If you will give me your beautiful robe, I will teach you many things." The lad said, "Perhaps, if I give you my robe, you will be hotter than ever, and the people will all die." The Sun answered, "No! it will make me bright, so that you can see me every day; but my heat will not be able to come out so much as through the robe I am wearing, therefore the people will be cooler." The lad said, "Very well, if you promise to be brighter and cooler, getting only moderately hot during the summer, and remaining cool during the rest of the year, you may take two of my robes in exchange for your one." The Sun handed the lad his robe, which was made of mountain-goat wool, with long fringe, and told him to dip the fringe of it four times into the lake, and each time fish of a certain variety would become very numerous. Then he told him how to make a picture of a fish-trap in the ground by scratching with his feet, and it would change into a real fish-trap with which he could catch the fish he created. He also told him to draw with his toes on the sand a picture of a fish-spear and a net, which would also change into real ones. After telling him how to use these things, he selected the bluejay and magpie robes of the lad, and ascended to the sky. Now the Sun began to wear the magpie robe, and the people could see him quite plainly. Although it was summer-time, the heat from the Sun was much less than formerly. When winter-time came, the Sun began to wear both the robes, and the heat he emanated became still less. Since then, the Sun has worn these robes; and the people are not now overpowered with the heat, and ever since have had moderately warm summers and cool winters. After the Sun's departure, Nk'ē'olstēm did as he had been directed, and created four fish-traps, one for each kind of fish. He also created spears and nets, and caught great numbers of fish. Thus were the first fish-traps, fish-spears, and fish-nets made, and four new varieties of fish were added to the waters of the lake. After this the people who had deserted the lad returned, and they gave him two of their daughters for wives. Eventually the transformers Qwo'qtqwatl came along, and, thinking the people of that place were bad, they commenced to metamorphose them into stones, and succeeded thus in killing all the people, with the exception of the lad and his two wives. Nk'ē'olstēm wrapped the Sun's magic robe around himself and his wives, and the transformers



could not harm him. He had many children. Afterwards a number of the people from Setl came and settled there, and the two peoples intermarried and became numerous. Nk'ē'olstēm changed his name to Xana'ukst, and became the chief of the band, and noted for his wealth. The original Seaton Lake people are thus descended partly from Setl Indians, and partly from the ancients Xana'ukst and his wives. The Sqemqa'in (Skimqain) people look upon him as their ancestor.

#### 43. (a) RAVEN; OR, HOW DEATH CAME INTO THE WORLD<sup>1</sup>

Raven<sup>2</sup> was once a chief of great power, and very wise. At that time people did not die. One day a man<sup>3</sup> came to Raven, and said, "I am not satisfied with the existing order of things. Let people die, so we may weep, and then we shall be happy."<sup>4</sup> Raven said, "Very well, if the people wish to die, it shall be so."<sup>5</sup>

The man went away, and shortly afterward his child died. He was sorry, and, instead of rejoicing when he wept, he felt sad and miserable. He said, "What a fool I was to tell Raven to make people die!" He went back, and asked Raven to stop people from dying; but Raven answered, "It is too late. You asked for that, and I made it so. I cannot change the order of things now. People shall henceforth continue to die." This is the reason that all people die. Afterward Raven was transformed into the bird of that name, because he introduced death into the world.

#### 43. (b) RAVEN AND OLD-ONE, OR CHIEF

After Raven had vanquished the Chief, or Old-One, and it was decreed that people and all things should die, Raven's child died.<sup>6</sup> This was the first death in the world. Hitherto people had died only for a time, and their bodies during death never changed. Raven tried to revive and doctor the child into life again, but utterly failed. At last he went to the Chief and said, "My child is really dead. Its body is changing, and the flesh is getting rotten, so that it smells. I wish I had not agreed to people's dying." The Chief answered, "Now you see how nasty a thing death is, and how sore your heart gets when your friends die; but it is too late to change. It has been agreed that henceforth everything must die, and, as the first death

<sup>1</sup> This widely spread theme is not very common on the North Pacific coast (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 329 [Nicola]).

<sup>2</sup> Raven, it is said by some, was at that time looking after the world, and seeing that everything ran smoothly. He had to see that nature worked properly, and had the power to improve things when necessary.

<sup>3</sup> Some say a chief; others, "The Old-One."

<sup>4</sup> Some say he said, "How would it be if people were made to die?"

<sup>5</sup> Some say he answered, "If they die, I shall be glad."

<sup>6</sup> This refers to the beginning of the L'axalé'xamuḡ version, given here as No. 43 (a).

has taken place, it cannot now be avoided." Raven, in his sorrow, took an arrow-stone and hit himself with it. He was surprised to find that it cut his flesh, and blood ran out. He thought to himself, "This stone is mystery, and can kill people. I will try it." He stuck it on the end of a stick and struck a man, who died of the wounds. Thus Raven first discovered that arrow-stone could kill; and the people learned to make it into knives and arrow-heads. Raven was the first person who made a spear, and became a murderer. Some say he did not kill any one with the arrow-stone, but, seeing that the sharp parts of the stone drew blood, he sharpened it with his beak, and cut himself more and more, in his sorrow, until at last he lost all his blood, and died. Thus he was the first person in the world who committed suicide.

44. ORIGIN OF BANDS OF NORTHERN SHUSWAP<sup>1</sup> LIVING NEXT TO THE  
LILLOOET OF FRASER RIVER

The neighboring Shuswap to the north (those of Fraser River), or at least part of them, are said to have originated from a man called Coyote, who lived somewhere north of Clinton. He lived alone in an underground house, and had for a wife the branch of a tree with a knot-hole in it. Whenever he went out hunting, he covered the branch with a robe.<sup>2</sup>

One day the four Black-Bear brothers came along and entered the house. As it was cold weather, they looked around for fire-wood, saw the branch, made a fire with it to warm themselves, and afterwards fell asleep. They were awakened by a voice calling from the top of the ladder. They hid themselves. It was Coyote, who was crying, "Wife, take my load of meat!" Then he answered himself in a louder, shriller voice, saying, "Let your pack fall." He said, "You are a lazy wife. Why don't you take down my burden?" Then, answering himself again, he exclaimed, "Just drop it down! There is no need of my getting up." The brothers smiled when they heard him talking thus.

Coyote let the pack of meat drop down. When he was inside, he noticed that the branch was not in the bed, and, looking at the fire, saw it there nearly burned out. He said, "Oh! my wife has been trying to go up the ladder, and has fallen back into the fire." And he began to weep. The brothers appeared, and tried to comfort him, saying, "We did not know it was your wife, so we burned the branch; but do not be sorry! We will give you a better wife." They asked for an arrow-stone adze, went to a grove of trees near by, and cut down

<sup>1</sup> Some say all the Shuswap originated in this way. See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 44; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 652.

<sup>2</sup> See footnote to p. 309.

two of them, — one an alder, and one a cottonwood or aspen-poplar. After shaping them to resemble women, they carried them to the house. They blew breath into them, and the figures began to breathe, became alive, and followed the brothers into the house. They presented them to Coyote, saying, "These shall be your wives." Coyote blessed the brothers, and called them good. They said, "One of these women has red skin, and the other white skin; and one has light hair, and the other has dark hair: therefore some of your wives' children will be dark, and some light.<sup>1</sup> Your wives will have many children; and your descendants will be numerous, and occupy a large country. They will all speak Shuswap." This is the reason why the Shuswap-speaking people occupy a large expanse of country.

#### 45. PORCUPINE; OR, THE STORY OF DEER<sup>2</sup>

All the lesser animals lived in human form in four underground houses near the place called "The Lake," at the portage between Seaton and Anderson Lakes. There were among them Wolf, Fox, Coyote, Lynx, Marten, Fisher, Wolverine, Porcupine, and many others. At that time deer were very wild, and could jump from one mountain-peak to another at a single bound; therefore it was impossible for the people to hunt them. They lived on the north side of the mountains which separated the lakes from the Upper Bridge River, and beyond as far as the Chilcotin River. This region was called the Deer Country; and the Deer people lived in four underground houses just north of the mountains. They were Mule-Deer, Elk, Caribou, Bighorn-Sheep, Mountain-Goat, Horse, and some others.<sup>3</sup>

At that time snowshoes were not known. The snow lay very deep on the mountains which separated the two peoples, for it was winter-time. The chief of the animal people said it would be advisable to ask the Deer people to a feast, and try to take away from them the power of jumping. They asked Coyote to go and invite the Deer people; but he returned at evening, not having been able to walk through the deep snow. One animal after another tried, but they all failed; and as a last resort Porcupine was asked to go. Coyote, his sons, and some others, laughed at the idea of Porcupine going, and said, "How can a person with such short legs and big belly go where we couldn't?" Porcupine took his shirt, leggings, cap, moccasins, and belt (all of which were richly embroidered with dentalia), and his

<sup>1</sup> This is why Indians in general, and Shuswap in particular, have different shades of hair and skin. Some Shuswap are very light-skinned, and others are very dark or red skinned (see Teit, *Mythology*, p. 313, where the explanation is given that the Indians are the children of Antelope and Coyote, and have therefore the colors of their parents).

<sup>2</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 51. Some Lillooet consider all the Athapaskan tribes as descendants of the deer or of the deer people.

<sup>3</sup> Some add moose, buffalo, antelope, and another variety of small deer.

dentalia necklaces, and rolled them all up in a bundle, which he put on his back. He said, "If we want to get these people here, we must make a rich display. If I manage to reach the summit of the range, I shall light a signal-fire, so that you may know of my arrival."

He went under the snow, instead of on the top, and at last reached the summit, where he lighted a fire, as he had promised. The following evening he reached the houses of the Deer people. On the side-hill above their houses he put on his fine clothes. The people cried out, "A stranger is coming, wearing beautiful clothes!" He was invited in, and as he descended the ladder, and jumped down at the bottom, dentalia fell from his clothes. Whenever he moved his arm, leg, or head, dentalia fell down, and the children gathered them up. The people gave him venison to eat, and asked him why he had come to visit them. He said, "I have been sent to invite you to the houses of my people to a feast." They at once answered, "We will start in the morning." They thought all the messenger's people must be like him, or even more richly dressed than he, and they would probably receive rich presents from them. They did not know that Porcupine was the only one of his people who possessed dentalia.

On the next morning Porcupine led the way, and all the Deer people followed. When the animal people saw them coming, they hastened and spread mats for them to walk on to the house, and others for them to sit on. They feasted them first, and afterward gave them presents. They gave each one a present of some article of a pubescent girl's clothing or paraphernalia. One was given a robe; one, an apron; another, paint; another, a scratcher; and so on. After all the presents had been given out, the people cried out, "You have forgotten Goat!" The animal people had nothing to give him, so they made two small sticks of vine-maple, sharp at the ends,<sup>1</sup> and threw them at his head, where they stuck, and became horns. Again the people cried out, "You have forgotten another person, — Horse!" The animal people had nothing to give him, so they threw a woman's privates at his legs, and thus he obtained the peculiar fetlocks he has at the present day.

The Deer people took their presents, and went away disappointed. They found themselves heavy, and no longer able to jump as before. This was because of the pubescent girl's clothes. When they arrived at the summit of the mountain-range, they were all transformed into deer, sheep, and goats, and scattered through the mountains,<sup>2</sup> as we see them at the present day. The things they received as presents may be found in their bodies;<sup>3</sup> and because they inhabited the

<sup>1</sup> Some add that they blackened them with pitch-smoke or soot.

<sup>2</sup> Some say over the world.

<sup>3</sup> Part of the inside of a deer is called the "paint;" another part is called the "apron" or "kilt," because supposed to resemble in shape these objects.

country around Upper Bridge River, and north to the Chilcotin River, therefore deer are more numerous there than in any other place, and goats and sheep are also plentiful.<sup>1</sup>

#### 46. THE MAN WHO LIVED WITH THE BEAR

A man lived at the mouth of Bridge River who had a wife and three children. He always went hunting with the other hunters; but, as he was never able to kill anything, the other men, when dividing the game, never gave him any share. The people were camped in mat lodges.

One evening, when the father was away, the children began to cry for meat; and their mother said in a sarcastic manner, "When your father comes home, you will have lots of fat to eat." Her husband was near by, on his way home, and heard what she said. He felt so ashamed, that he turned back and went up to a place in the mountains called Npaa'nk,<sup>2</sup> where there are bare, burnt hillsides and bluffs of rock, with a small lake on the top. Here he slept. Next morning early he travelled in an aimless manner toward the lake, saying to himself, "I will wander around until I die."

When near the lake, he saw a male black bear sitting in front of him. He went toward it, but never attempted to shoot it, although his quiver was full of arrows. Bear said to him, "Come, friend! I am glad you do not try to shoot me. I know how the people have treated you, and the bad luck you have had in hunting. If you come with me and do as I direct, I will teach you, and you will become very wise."

It was the fall of the year; and Bear went into his den, taking the hunter with him. It was a large cave, in one end of which Bear defecated and urinated. In another place there was a small pool of water, at which he wet his lips. Bear said, "I am going to stay here all winter, and I wish you to remain with me." The hunter looked around, and, seeing no food, said to himself, "I wonder what we shall eat!" Bear knew his thoughts, and said, "You need not think of that. I will provide food for both of us." Now Bear gathered fir-branches, and made a bed; and the man did likewise. Then Bear closed the entrance to the den, and said to the man, "You will sleep in that corner, and I will sleep here. Take off your clothes and lie down. It is now dark, and we will go to sleep." The hunter divested himself of his weapons and clothes, and lay down. He felt quite warm, for there was no draught, and the breath of the Bear kept the place warm. Bear said, "I will wake you when it is time to eat." At the

<sup>1</sup> It is said that some of the people around the portage—namely, the head of Seaton Lake and the foot of Anderson Lake—claimed descent from the animal people who used to live there, and, when dancing, wore masks representing deer and porcupine. They also wore many necklaces of dentalia, and deer-skin robes.

<sup>2</sup> Means "burnt" or "gray side-hill."

end of one month, Bear wakened him, and gave him one paw to suck, while he himself sucked the other. Thus Bear wakened and fed him at the end of each month for four months.

Now it was spring-time; and Bear, opening the den, gave the man his bow and arrows, and bade him good-by. Taking four of his arrows, he fixed them so that they became different,<sup>1</sup> and said, "Take care of these! If you shoot them at game, they will always kill. Never try to shoot any black bear. No shaman will ever be able to bewitch you, or take away your luck. You will be lucky, and kill all kinds of game, and will never be hungry. You will be a great hunter. Don't give the people anything you kill at first." Then he told him where to find deer; and the man did as directed, and shot a buck, which he carried home on his back.

Coming to where the people were camped, he passed by above them, and went to his wife's house. She had cut her hair as a sign of widowhood. He ate the meat with his family. The people came to see him, but he would not give them any meat to eat. They were angry, and said, "He has been out five months, and only killed one deer: it is well if he eats it all himself."

Again the man went hunting, gathered the deer all in one place, and shot forty. He took home a piece of one. The people said, "The poor fellow has killed another deer." They went out hunting; but each time they returned without seeing any deer, and feeling very tired. Then an old man said to the others, "He has learned the 'mystery' of the deer: talk nicely to him, and he may give us meat." Now he asked the people to go and carry in the deer. They laughed, and said, "It does not require us all to carry in one deer." At last, however, they all went, and were surprised to see so many dead deer. It took them all of one day to skin and cut up the carcass, and all of the next day to carry home the meat. The man became the most famous hunter of the tribe.<sup>2</sup>

#### 47. ORIGIN OF THE LILLOOET AND BRIDGE RIVER PEOPLE<sup>3</sup>

Formerly there were no people who lived at Bridge River and the Fountain; but a number of people lived near a spring close to where the present Indian village of Lillooet is situated.<sup>4</sup> They were Lillooet, and lived principally on deer-meat. Lower down, between them and the Fraser River, at another spring where white people are living now,

<sup>1</sup> Some say he simply made them lucky.

<sup>2</sup> A few of the people at Bridge River, his descendants, used to wear the mask of the black bear at dances. They are probably now extinct.

<sup>3</sup> Called, respectively, *Se'tlamux* and *Nxo'istxnamux* (from *Setl*, the name of Lillooet; and *Nxo'isten*, the name of Bridge River). They are *Sla'tlemux* or *Slatlemux-ŏ'l*. Compare this story with *Telt*, *Traditions*, p. 96 (Lillooet).

<sup>4</sup> *Setl*.

dwelt other people who were called Frog-Mouths (*Papē'latcin*) because they ate frogs. They lived all together in an underground house, and never held any intercourse with the people who lived above them. They subsisted principally on frog-flesh; but they also ate snakes, lizards, and all kinds of reptiles.

In those days the frogs and toads were as large as buffaloes; and the Frog people called them, "the animal," in the same way as the Indians of the present day designate the grizzly bear. These people made all their clothes and blankets of frog and toad skins. Their dress consisted of shoes, breech-clout, and robe. They hunted the frogs with spears similar to beaver-spears, and carried home the meat at night.<sup>1</sup>

Among these people were two marriageable girls whom the young men of Setl were very anxious to marry. The young men repaired to the underground house to obtain the girls; but each one, in turn, was overcome by the smell of frog-fat when the people cooked, and died inside the house. Their bodies were carried out, and left on a bench near by. Thus all the young men of Setl met their death; and their bones whitened the bench near the house of the Frog-Eaters.

Only one young man was left, and he repaired to the mountains to train himself. He took the back-fat of four deer with him, and lived on that during the four years he was away training. At the end of that time he had learned all the "mystery" of water, lake, swamp, mud, spring, and river. He had also learned all the "mystery" of the animals that inhabited or lived near them, such as frogs, snakes, and lizards. He could eat all these animals, and their flesh did not harm him. Being complete in all the magic required for his purpose, he returned home, and told the people he intended to go and obtain the daughters of the Frog-Eaters. The people said, "Don't go! You are sure to be killed, and you are the only young man we have left." After swallowing arrows, snowshoes, and a dog, he went to the Frog-Eaters' house, clad only in breech-clout and leggings. A Frog-Man was sitting at the ladder, striking one foot against the other, and, seeing him coming, he said, "All your friends have died by coming here. Don't you see their bones on the bench? Why do you court death? Have you had no lesson?" The lad answered, "I wish to obtain your two daughters, and am prepared to die." The man struck him on the legs as he went down the ladder, but he paid no attention. Reaching the bottom, he went aside, and sat down with his back to the wall. The people were all lying down; but when he entered they said, "Cook some meat: we have not eaten since morning." Then they began to boil and roast frog-meat, and the smoke from the fat filled the house. The people ate, and, when the smoke cleared away, they

<sup>1</sup> Some say they also hunted at night.

saw him sitting in the same place. They said to one another, "He does not die as quickly as the others did." After a while, the people said, "We will cook again;" and this time they roasted the intestines and inside parts of the frog. The house became so filled with smoke from the burning fat, that the people could not see one another. When it cleared away, the lad still sat alive, and the people wondered. When they went to sleep, their chief said, "The lad has vanquished us, and seems to be able to live with us. He may have our daughters." He staid with his wives that night, and they covered him with a frog-skin blanket, which smelled horribly.

On the next day the people said, "Let us hunt! We are nearly out of food." They all went and hunted over the mountains back of Lillooet, returning by the mouth of Bridge River, without seeing any game, for the lad made all the frogs leave their usual haunts. The people all returned home, the lad being the last one, and some distance behind. He felt thirsty, went to a spring called Kêlamu'lâx, and, although knee-deep in mud, he drank, pushing aside the dead leaves which covered the surface of the water. To his surprise, he beheld a huge frog looking at him. It was nearly concealed by the dead leaves, water, and mud. It was early winter, and the frog had probably gone into his winter quarters. The lad said, "I am not afraid of you," and drank his fill of the water. Then he hurried home to the house, as it was getting late.

He was wearing frog-skin shoes, and his legs were all covered with mud. When he entered, the people noticed the mud, and said, "Our son-in-law must have found a frog! He is a great hunter." His wives pulled off his shoes and leggings, and hung them up to dry. He told them where he had seen the frog, and they said, "We will go to-night and kill it." They all went to the place, and, after spearing the frog and killing it, they began to roast the meat. The place where they had their fire and roasted their meat may still be seen near the mouth of Bridge River. Then they carried the meat home, and ate again when they reached there.

The lad did not eat any frog-meat. He told his wives he was going to hunt, and bring in a different kind of meat to eat. Early next morning he went out, and vomited the dog he had swallowed, sending him to round up deer. Then he vomited his snowshoes and bow and arrows, and put the snowshoes on, chased the deer into a gulch, and shot them all. He cut up one, took some of the meat home, and, when he found his wives out washing themselves, he persuaded them to eat some. They thought they would die; but after waiting a long time, and finding no bad effects from the meat, they were glad.

The lad said, "I will change the food of your people to-morrow." He brought some deer-meat to the house the next day, but the people



were afraid to eat it. On the fourth morning he went to the gulch, roasted the whole carcass of a deer, and brought it to the house and dropped it down the hole. The people were afraid of such a mysterious object. He told them, "You must eat this meat, and I will eat with you. It is good, and will not harm you. I shall transform any one who does not eat of it." The people at last ate of the meat, and, finding that they did not die, they declared it to be good food. Three of them would not eat of the meat.

Then he sent his wives and all the people to bring in the deer from the gulch. When they had left, he took all their clothes, blankets, skins, and meat of frogs outside the house, and burned them. When the people returned, he said, "You are already in my power, and I can do with you as I like. Having eaten of venison, you are now like my own people." He told them to strip naked, and burned all their frog clothes. Then he showed them how to tan the skins of the deer they had brought home, and make themselves deer-skin clothes.

When they were all clothed, he told them to sit down on the edge of the bench where the skeletons were, and watch what he would do with them. He said, "You killed these people: now I will make them alive." He jumped over the skeletons, one after another, and immediately each one became alive. They stood up, and he ordered them to walk around and mix with the Frog people. Then he transformed into "water-mysteries" the three Frog-Eaters who would not eat venison, and threw them into a creek near by, saying, "You shall remain there as 'water-mysteries,' and shall howl like dogs. If a person happens to see you, you may do them harm, if their time has come to die."<sup>1</sup> Then he conducted all the Frog-Eaters up to Setl, where they lived thenceforth, and the two peoples intermarried.

After they had amalgamated, some of the people moved, and settled at the mouth of Bridge River: therefore the Bridge River and Setl or Lillooet people are the same. Many of them claim descent from the Frog-Eaters and their ancestor who changed the Frog-Eaters. The other Lillooet nickname them "Frog people," or "Frog-Mouths," because of their origin and ancestry. They used to impersonate their ancestor at feasts and potlatches, and wore masks resembling frogs.

#### 48. ORIGIN OF THE SKĪMQAI'N PEOPLE<sup>2</sup>

The earliest known inhabitants of Skĭmqai'n were two families who lived some distance apart. The head of one family was a man called Xana'ukst, who had many wives and a large number of sons. He was

<sup>1</sup> The sight may cause them to die.

<sup>2</sup> Called Skĭmqai'nēmux, from Skĭmqai'n ("head" or "top"), the name of the lower end of Seaton Lake, so named because the river emerges from the lake here: consequently it is the head or top of the river. They belong to the division called Lēxalē'xamux. Compare part of this story with p. 338.

very wealthy, and lived exactly at the spot called Sk̓mqai'n. The other family lived at the place known as Slaka'l, and their head was a man called Twisted (*Lupst*), who had a twisted jaw. These two families were the original inhabitants, and were kin to one another.

On the far side of a lake called St̓ôq, situated a considerable distance away, lived a different people,<sup>1</sup> who were related to one another. They occupied two underground houses. The chief of one was by name Zen̓uxha'; and his elder brother, whose name was Nkal̓uxha',<sup>2</sup> was chief of the other. These people were endowed with magic, and Nkal̓uxha' was a wicked man and a cannibal. His brother Zen̓uxha' had two daughters, who were good-looking young women; and Xana'-ukst's sons had, one by one, gone to woo them: but each in turn had made the mistake of going to Nkal̓uxha''s house, and had been eaten by him and his household. Thus all of Xana'-ukst's sons had perished, except one, who grew very restless because his brothers did not return, and asked his father what had become of them. His father told him they had been eaten by a cannibal.<sup>3</sup>

Xana'-ukst gave his son the back-fat of four deer, and sent him up Cayuse Creek to train. There he trained himself for four years, and never combed his hair in that time, so that it had become filled with needles from the fir-branches with which he washed himself, and stuck out like a ball around his head. When he had finished training, he found himself to be full of knowledge and magic. He was the discoverer of arrow-stone, and from it made the first arrow-heads and knives, which he used in hunting. He also made the first bow and arrow and quiver, and the first pair of snowshoes. When he had made all these things, he hunted and killed deer for food.

One day he swallowed a dog, quiver, bow, arrows, knife, and snowshoes, and then went down to the lake, on the other side of which lived the people who had killed his brothers. He shouted for a canoe all day long, but the people took no notice of him. About evening he grew tired, and, leaning back on the bank, yawned. All at once the people seemed to hear him, and sent off two men in a canoe to fetch him across. They stopped the canoe about ten feet from the shore, and asked him to jump in. He said it was too far: so they brought the canoe a little closer, and he jumped in. When they were going across, they asked him which chief he intended to visit,<sup>4</sup> and he said, "Zen̓uxha'." They said, "You must be making a mistake. Every one who comes here visits Nkal̓uxha'." But he said, "I visit Zen̓uxha'."

When Nkal̓uxha' saw the canoe approaching, he thought the man

<sup>1</sup> Some say they were cranes, or similar to them.

<sup>2</sup> Also called *Kal̓uxha'*.

<sup>3</sup> Kal̓uxha' used to throw them alive into his kettle, and boil them.

<sup>4</sup> Some say they first told him two chiefs (giving their names) lived across the lake, and said, "It is our duty to take you to either one you wish."

would certainly come to him, as the others had done: so he made his little kettle boil (it was a hole in the earth, lined in the inside with flat stones), and he cried, "Ntm, ntm, ntm, I will soon have some dainty meat to eat!" He was disappointed, however, for the canoe men had to conduct the man to Zenüxha's house, as he had requested.

Entering the house, he said to Zenüxha', "You are a great chief, and I take refuge with you. I come for your daughters." Zenüxha' said, "Kneel down before me." Then he struck him on the back of the head four times, each time with a different fir-branch, and the lice fell out of his head. Then he said, "Go and wash yourself in my water," pointing to a little creek near by. When he returned, Zenüxha' gave him his two daughters to be his wives. His father-in-law said, "It is well that you came to me. If you had gone to my brother, you would have shared the fate of your brothers."

The young man did not leave the house for a couple of days. He staid with his wives, who were making moccasins for him. The other young men in the house said, "Zenüxha's son-in-law should hunt. He has given his daughters to a useless, lazy fellow. He should have given them to us, who are hunters and industrious men." On the next morning the young man went hunting with his brothers-in-law and all the men. They travelled fast, and left him behind with one of his brothers-in-law, who said, "You hunt in that direction, and I will hunt in this direction." After they had parted, the young man vomited his snowshoes,<sup>1</sup> and put them on. He also vomited his dog and his weapons. The dog ran all the deer into a gulch, where his master came up and shot them. He cut up one, and took the web-fat from around the paunch, and put it inside his quiver.

It was dark when he got home; and all the other men had preceded him, being unable to find any deer. They laughed when they saw him come in without any meat. When his wives had pulled off his shoes, he said to them, "Give my quiver to my father-in-law to dry." Zenüxha' was astonished to find the fat inside, and the others at once ceased laughing. He cooked the fat, and invited Nkalüxha' to come and eat. The latter made great haste, thinking his brother had cooked his son-in-law. He said, "Ntm, ntm, ntm!" as he came down the ladder. Zenüxha' said, "If you kill any more people, I will kill you." So Nkalüxha', after eating part of the fat, went home disappointed. Now the young man said, "I have killed many deer. To-morrow you will bring them in." It took all the people four days to carry all the meat home.

When the man had lived four years<sup>2</sup> with these people, he decided to go home. He had now a child by each wife, and the children were

<sup>1</sup> These people had never seen snowshoes.

<sup>2</sup> Some say three years.

asking to see their grandmother. He said to his wives, "Your people are very bad. You must not be sorry if I transform them. Then we will go home to my people. There is no hurry, however, for my father does not expect me yet. I told him I would be away eight years."<sup>1</sup>

One day he took Nkalūxha', transformed him into a crane<sup>2</sup> and threw him on one side of the lake, and the water at once turned black. Then he threw Nkalūxha's wife behind her husband, transforming her into a mountain of a black color.<sup>3</sup> Seizing Zentūxha', he changed him into a *s'a'tuen*,<sup>4</sup> and, throwing him to the other side of the lake, the water there assumed a white color. Then he threw Zentūxha's wife behind him, and she became a white mountain. Thus the lake became "mysterious;" and half of its waters is black, and the other half white.

Now he took all the rest of the people, transformed them into lizards, and threw them around the lake-shore.<sup>5</sup> Then he jumped over the bones of his brothers, and they became alive and walked home. He followed them, with his wives and children. On the way, his wives dug roots<sup>6</sup> in great abundance, which he caused to assume the size and weight of two small bundles. He hunted deer, killed forty, and gave them the size and weight of an ordinary pack of meat, which he carried himself.

When he arrived at home, he caused the roots and deer to return to their original proportions, and they filled many scaffolds. Then he gave a great feast and a potlatch, — the first one on record. He spread fir-branches all around the outside of the house for his guests to walk on, and invited all the people from the Lower Lillooet River north-east to the Fountain, and they all had plenty to eat.

Most of the Skīmqa'in people are descended from the man and his two wives. They were the first women that used bone whistles,<sup>7</sup> on which they used to imitate the cries of the crane, heron, swan, and other birds. The people who claimed descent from them used to imitate cranes in their dances, used whistles, and wore masks like the heads of cranes. The Skīmqa'in people are nicknamed "cranes" or "*s'a'tuen*" by the other Lillooet.

<sup>1</sup> Some say seven years.

<sup>2</sup> The kind of crane called by the Thompson "*skolaxa'n*."

<sup>3</sup> Changed to black color, because bad. Black seems to be symbolic of evil.

<sup>4</sup> A bird so named by the Thompson Indians. I did not learn the Lillooet name. The narrator told the story in the Thompson language. It is a variety of crane or heron.

<sup>5</sup> Lizards are very plentiful near this lake and on the neighboring hills. Near by, on the hillsides, lilies of two kinds grow in great abundance; and the women, when about to dig their roots, address a prayer as follows: "O Zentūxha'! know thou that we come to dig roots. May no lizards harm us, or follow us when we go home!"

<sup>6</sup> The varieties of roots called *tatu'en* and *sha'met* by the Thompson Indians.

<sup>7</sup> The same kind that pubescent girls and boys use. They are also sometimes used as drinking-tubes.

49. ORIGIN OF THE FOUNTAIN PEOPLE<sup>1</sup>

The first person known to have lived near Fountain (X'a'xalɛp<sup>2</sup>) was a man called Coyote, who dwelt in an underground house at a place called Laxó'xoa, below the present Fountain rancheria. He was going to cut open the belly of his wife, who was pregnant, when the four transformers — Black-Bear brothers — came along, and, hearing him weeping, entered the house and asked what was wrong. He said, "You see your mother lying there! Well, I am about to cut her open and take out her child." He was sharpening a stone arrow-head knife for the purpose. "She will die; but I will rear the child, who will, in turn, become my wife. I have been doing this for generations." The brothers answered, "You are certainly to be pitied; but we can help you. Give us some bird-cherry bark." They took the bird-cherry bark, which they moistened, and, inserting it in the woman, they pulled the child, the head of which came out. The bark string broke, and they asked for some deer-thong, which they fastened to the child, and pulled it out altogether. Then they said, "Your wife will henceforth give birth to children, and there will be no longer any need of cutting her belly open." Coyote was very glad. They further said, "You will have very many children by your wife, and your descendants will become numerous in this country."

Coyote had a numerous family, half of whom married Shuswap from up the Fraser, and the other half married Lillooet from across the Fraser. Their descendants settled in and occupied the country to a point up the river beyond Kala'ut, and near to the mouth of Pavilion Creek, and as far down as opposite the mouth of Bridge River. There one of them, by name Keaxu's, made an underground house; and his descendants increased, and occupied several houses at that place. They always intermarried with both the Lillooet and Shuswap, and from the first have been a mixed people, as they are at the present day. They are neither Lillooet nor Shuswap, but part of both, and speak both languages. Their ancestor, Coyote, is supposed to have been a Shuswap, or at least he spoke that language. They are nicknamed "Coyote people" by the other Lillooet, and used to impersonate their ancestors at dances. They wore coyote masks at potlatches and when they danced. Some of the Lillooet who intermarried with them continued to wear the frog masks of the Setl people at their dances.

<sup>1</sup> The Fountain people are called X'a'xalɛpamux or Laxó'xoamux (from X'a'xalɛp, the name of the place where their present village is situated; and from Laxó'xoa, the name of their original abode, which is only half a mile away). The latter is the more ancient name. They are sometimes called Statlemux, as belonging to that division; but some people look on them as different, and simply call them Laxó'xoamux (see footnote 1 to p. 291; also p. 295).

<sup>2</sup> The name of the present Fountain village.

50. KOMAKSTI'MUT<sup>1</sup>

A woman called Komaksti'mut lived in the west, in a high mountain of the Cascade Range, overlooking a lake, in a cave of two rooms. Stretching from her house to the lake was a smooth, steep slide where she amused herself by sliding down into the water. She had no hair on head and body. She needed no food, for she lived by her magical powers. She waylaid hunters, upon whom she cast a spell. At once they lost all will power, and became entirely subject to her control. Thus she had captured many men, and taken them to her house. There she stripped them naked, and cohabited with them. They lost all desire to leave her; and when she was absent, they sat in the house, waiting for her. As she kept no food, they could not eat, and, owing to her influence, they were never hungry. Thus they remained until they gradually wasted away and died. Then she put them in the inner cave, beside the skeletons of her previous victims.

Now there came into this region two sisters gifted with magic, who were accompanying their husbands on a hunting-trip. The husband of the elder one was the Horned-Owl; and her son was the Deer. The younger one had for husband the Golden-Eagle; and her daughter was the Frog. Both sisters had luxuriant heads of hair, upon which they bestowed much care, combing it, and washing it with medicine. The hair of the elder one reached to her heels, and that of the younger one trailed on the ground.

One day the two men, while hunting, came near to where Komaksti'mut was, and fell under her spell. Eagle became completely spellbound, and Owl lost his mind. He escaped from her, and wandered about, hooting as he passed the women's camp, which he would not approach.

When the women learned that Komaksti'mut had taken Eagle, they said, "We must rescue our husband." They gave Owl's son toys to play with during their absence; but he cried and they had to return. Then they gave him different kinds of toys; but again he cried. At last, the fourth time, they gave him a bow and arrows and a fawn to play with. He was delighted with these, and amused himself by shooting at the fawn. The women fastened up the door of the lodge and departed, carrying the girl on their backs. The boy never cried. When he was tired he slept, and when he woke up he played again.<sup>2</sup> When Komaksti'mut had captured Eagle, she took him to her home. As they travelled along, she plucked out all his feathers. The sisters followed their track, picked up the feathers as they went along, and put them in a sack. At last they came to the lake,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Teit, *Mythology*, p. 251. Said to be so named because she had no hair on her head. Some say she was the otter.

<sup>2</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 64; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 675.

and saw on its calm waters the line of feathers stretching right across. Now they took bones, flesh, and intestines out of the girl that they were carrying, and transformed her skin into a canoe, which moved through the water like a frog. They picked up all the down and feathers as they crossed. When Komaksti'mut saw them, she said, "Oh! at last my rivals have come. What fine hair they have!" When they reached the house, she said to them, "I should like to have hair like yours." They answered, "We can easily make hair like ours grow on you, if you wish." Now she proposed that they should go and play on the slide. She wanted them to go first, but they refused. Then she jumped on the slide, and rolled down to the lake, but did not sink in the water. While she was gone, one of the women filled her mouth with red paint, and the other with white paint, from their paint-pouches. When Komaksti'mut returned, she said, "Now it is your turn." The elder one then stepped on the slide, and rolled down into the water, which became tinged with red from the paint she spat out. Then the younger one stepped on the slide, and rolled into the water. Soon the lake turned white; and Komaksti'mut thought the girls had dashed out their blood and brains.<sup>1</sup> She went home laughing. Barely had she reached there, when the sisters appeared quite unharmed.

They said, "Now we will make hair grow on you." They told her to bring pitch and flat stones, and to make a fire. The sisters heated the stones, and let Komaksti'mut sit down. One of them held her from behind, while the other one, standing behind her, put a large lump of pitch on the top of her head. She then placed a hot stone on the pitch; and, when the melting pitch ran down over her, Komaksti'mut began to squirm. In order to keep her quiet, they passed some of their own hair in front of her ears, so that she could see it, saying, "Look! your hair is over your ears already." Then they put on another stone, hotter than the first, and she began to struggle; but they made her believe that her hair reached over her shoulders, and she sat still again. The fourth stone burned a hole through the top of her head and killed her.

Then they threw her body into the lake, and said, "Henceforth you will be the 'water mystery' of this lake. You will seek and kill no more men. Only when a hunter sees you here in the lake, then you may kill him." Even in our days, hunters occasionally see Komaksti'mut in this lake, and, if their time has come, they die after seeing her.

The women found Eagle, who was already very thin. They put all his feathers on him. Then they revived all Komaksti'mut's victims, who then returned to their homes.

<sup>1</sup> See Teit, *Traditions*, p. 39; Teit, *The Shuswap*, p. 666.

The sisters and Eagle crossed the lake in the frog canoe. They put the flesh, bones, and intestines back into their child. She assumed her original shape, and they carried her along. When they arrived at home, they found their son playing with the fawn. Now both sisters were Eagle's wives, for Owl was still wandering in the mountains. Later a transformer changed him into the horned owl, saying, "Henceforth you will be an owl, and hoot and cry. Hunters will imitate your cry when they hunt, so that each may know where the other is." The Eagle and the sisters returned home, and later on, they and their children were also transformed.<sup>1</sup>

SPENCES BRIDGE, B.C.

<sup>1</sup> The narrator belonged to Seaton Lake, but he said the story was known to the Lillooet of Pemberton and of Fraser River. He had forgotten the end of the story.



## NOTES AND QUERIES

**THE DEATH OF ANDREW LANG.** — Andrew Lang died on the 20th of July, 1912, at the age of sixty-eight. The wizard of St. Andrews is no more. His was a life of restless activity in more than one field. He was a student but not a scientist, a scholar but not a book-worm. Whether he delved into history, literature, mythology, social origins, his scholarship was always of a high order, and his work never lacked that quality of sparkling lightness, that *élan*, which was altogether his own. Nothing, perhaps, could bear better witness to his ever youthful pen than the fact that four books bearing his name have appeared since his death, not to speak of a score of articles in various periodicals.

Of Lang's many achievements his services to the science of man rank among the highest. While still a young man he wrote the article on mythology for the ninth edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica." It was a formidable attack upon the mythological theories of Max Müller, who was then at the height of his fame. Lang developed what was destined to become the anthropological method of dealing with myths, as opposed to Müller's narrowly philological method. The subsequent development of the science of mythology, to which Lang himself contributed in no small degree, fully vindicated Lang's position in that first fight of his fighting career. Regarding myths as free products of the imagination, Lang to the end stalwartly resisted all attempts to ascribe historical significance to mythological records. His "Custom and Myth" appeared in 1884, followed in 1887 by his "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," — the forerunner of Frazer's "Golden Bough," Farnell's "Cults of the Greek States," Hartland's "The Legend of Perseus."

Later he took up the fight against Tylor's animism. While having the highest regard for Tylor's achievement (*cf.* Lang's splendid tribute to Tylor in the "Anthropological Essays," 1907), Lang found that his facts did not fit into the animistic frame set for them by the father of anthropology; and he insisted on a hearing. He drew attention to certain phenomena of twilight psychology, — hallucinations, illusions, crystal-gazing, etc., — the rôle of which in shaping primitive forms of religious belief had, he thought, been vastly underestimated. He gave expression to his ideas in "Cock Lane and Common Sense" (1894), and in part in "The Making of Religion" (1898). The latter work, however, was inspired by another heresy, — the discovery of a primitive belief in a Supreme Being. A heated discussion with Hartland (1898-99) ensued. Lang's advocacy of the High-God theory was altogether free from prejudice, and he looked askance at Father P. Schmidt's voluminous appreciation of himself.

Classical scholars are divided in their estimates of Lang's Homeric studies, — "Homer and the Epic" (1894), "Homer and his Age" (1906), "The World of Homer" (1910); but, whether right or wrong in his conclusions, Lang once more set an example of a broad-minded ethnological analysis of the data.

Lang's most signal contributions to anthropology fall in the domain of primitive sociology and totemism. In his "Social Origins" (1903) he propounded the jealous-sire theory of the origin of exogamy; while the totemic name theory

of the origin of totemism received its definitive form in "The Secret of the Totem" (1905). With unflagging interest, Lang followed the rapidly accumulating facts and theories on primitive society and totemism, ever watchful of the blunders of his encyclopædic rival, J. G. Frazer. In 1910 Frazer published his "Totemism and Exogamy," in which the name of Andrew Lang is barely mentioned. Aroused at last, Lang took terrible, albeit soft-gloved, revenge in his article on totemism in the eleventh edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica."

In his posthumous "Last Words on Totemism, Marriage, and Religion" (*Folk-Lore*, September, 1912) Lang writes, "For the last three years I have written and rewritten, again and again, a work on totemism and exogamy." All those who love primitive society, all those who care to hear once more the voice of Andrew Lang, will join in hoping for the appearance of this his last attempt to unravel the secret of the totem.

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THE NINETEENTH INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICANISTS, 1914. — In the fall of 1911 a number of delegates to the past congresses of the Americanists met in Washington, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the Anthropological Society of Washington, for the purpose of taking preliminary steps toward extending an invitation to the Congress, at its London meeting, to hold its nineteenth session in 1914 at Washington. A temporary organizing committee was selected, consisting of Professor W. H. Holmes, chairman; Mr. F. W. Hodge; and Dr. A. Hrdlička, secretary. This committee entered into communication with the principal local institutions and organizations which are interested in the work of the Americanists; and by May 1, 1912, a formal invitation to the Congress was agreed upon by the Smithsonian Institution, the Anthropological Society of Washington, the George Washington, Georgetown, and Catholic Universities, and the Washington Society of the Archaeological Institute of America. A list of names of persons to form the permanent organizing committee was agreed upon; and Dr. Hrdlička was instructed to present the joint invitation, with the list just mentioned, to the council of the London meeting of the Americanists, which was done, and both were accepted without objection. In addition an official invitation from the Bolivian Government was accepted for a second session, to be held at La Paz, following that in Washington.

On October 11, 1912, the permanent committee for the Washington session met in the United States National Museum, for organization. Its membership is as follows: —

Messrs. Franklin Adams, Frank Baker, Charles H. Butler, Mitchell Carroll, Charles W. Currier, A. J. Donlon, J. Walter Fewkes, Alice C. Fletcher, Gilbert H. Grosvenor, F. W. Hodge, H. L. Hodgkins, William H. Holmes, Walter Hough, Aleš Hrdlička, Gillard Hunt, J. F. Jameson, George M. Kober, D. S. Lamb, Charles H. McCarthy, James Mooney, J. Dudley Morgan, Clarence F. Norment, Thomas J. Shahan, H. J. Shandelle, George R. Stetson, Charles H. Stockton, J. R. Swanton, Harry Van Dyke, Charles D. Walcott, and M. I. Weller.

The elections of officers resulted, in the main, as follows:—

For *Patron of the Congress*, The President of the United States.

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*Secretary*, A. Hrdlička, Curator Division Physical Anthropology, United States National Museum.

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*Treasurer*, C. F. Norment, President The National Bank of Washington.

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The sessions of the Congress will be held, due to the courtesy of the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution, in the new building of the National Museum. The exact date for the meeting will be decided upon later, in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the delegates to the Congress; but the month will in all probability be September. Active preparations for the session, which promises to be one of the most important ever held by the Americanists, will be begun without delay.

A. HRDLIČKA, *Secretary*.

NOTES ON MEXICAN FOLK-LORE. — On p. 251 of this volume I pointed out that the story of the "Journey of the Soul" as told in Pochutla, Oaxaca (see pp. 215-219), has a parallel in the Philippine Islands; and I concluded from this that it is presumably of Spanish origin. I have since found a Portuguese parallel in the collection of Portuguese popular tales gathered by Z. Consiglieri Pedroso, and published in the "Revue Hispanique," vol. xiv (1906), pp. 148 et seq., under the title "O Rio de Sangue." The tale is a little fuller; but the same classes of obstacles occur, — a river of water, of milk, of blood, two striking rocks, two lions, wood-choppers and firemen, and fat and lean doves. The explanations are analogous to those given in the Pochutla version, only water, milk, and blood are referred to the Virgin and Christ. — The story of the "Rabbit and the Serpent" (see pp. 209, 210, of this Journal) is told in the same Portuguese collection, under the title "A raposa" (pp. 116 et seq.); and a version of "John the Bear" occurs under the title "João Pelludo" (pp. 166 et seq.), the title of which agrees with the Tehuantepec form and that of the Assiniboine (see this volume, p. 255).

FRANZ BOAS.

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